US $1.95 (by air) 30th January 1982 30p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 62c NZ 70c Den Kr 10.75 Fr. NF 6.80 Ger Dm 4.50 Malaysia $2.25 Spn 175pts IR 43p (inc. VAT)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME POLL

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ALTERED IMAGES

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Page design: Peter Anderson.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	6	**THE MODEL / COMPUTER LOVE**	**Kraftwerk (EMI)**	3	1
2	1	THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE	Buck Fizz (RCA)	6	1
3	5	OH! JULIE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	3
4	8	BEING BOILED	Human League (EMI)	2	4
5	2	GET DOWN ON IT	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	4	2
6	14	GOLDEN BROWN	Stranglers (Liberty)	2	6
7	10	I'LL FIND MY WAY HOME	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	5	4
8	22	DEADRINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	3	8
9	4	DON'T YOU WANT ME	Human League (Virgin)	7	1
10	21	DROWNING IN BERLIN	Mobiles (Rialto)	2	10
11	12	WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU	Foreigner (Atlantic)	5	11
12	3	MIRROR MIRROR	Dollar (WEA)	6	3
13	9	I COULD BE HAPPY	Altered Images (Epic)	6	9
14	17	YELLOW PEARL	Phil Lynott (Vertigo)	3	14
15	29	MAID OF ORLEANS	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	2	15
16	20	ARTHUR'S THEME	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	2	16
17	11	IT MUST BE LOVE	Madness (Stiff)	7	4
18	24	I WANNA SPEND SOME TIME WITH YOU	Alton Edwards (Streetwave)	2	18
19	18	DON'T WALK AWAY	Four Tops (Casablanca)	3	18
20	(—)	EASIER SAID THAN DONE	Shakatak (Polydor)	1	20
21	13	ANT RAP	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	6	3
22	7	ONE OF US	Abba (Epic)	6	1
23	28	WEDDING BELLS	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	8	7
24	(—)	HERE IS THE NEWS	ELO (Jet)	1	24
25	19	I WANNA BE A WINNER	Brown Sauce (BBC)	2	19
26	16	DADDY'S HOME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	9	2
27	(—)	SENSES WORKING OVERTIME	XTC (Virgin)	1	27
28	(—)	RESTLESS	Ian Gillan (Virgin)	1	28
29	(—)	EUROPEAN SON	Japan (Hansa/Ariola)	1	29
30	(—)	NEVER GIVE UP ON A GOOD THING	George Benson (Warner Bros)	1	30

XTC in at No 27 — *Andy Partridge pic: Paul Cox*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**DARE..**	**Human League (Virgin)**	14	1
2	3	THE VISITORS	Abba (Epic)	6	1
3	4	HITS HITS HITS	Various (Ronco)	4	3
4	2	QUEEN GREATEST HITS	Queen (EMI)	11	1
5	(9)	LOVE SONGS	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	2	5
6	(16)	MODERN DANCE	Various (K-Tel)	2	6
7	12	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	11	3
8	9	GHOST IN THE MACHINE	The Police (A&M)	12	1
9	5	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	11	1
10	7	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	10	5
11	(27)	SOMETHING SPECIAL	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	2	11
12	10	CHART HITS '81	Various (K-Tel)	9	1
13	13	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	20	1
14	(30)	DEADRINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	11	1
15	6	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	16	4
16	(28)	TRAVELOGUE	Human League (Virgin)	6	15
17	14	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	18	2
18	(18)	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	20	2
19	22	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	10	8
20	11	THE BEST OF BLONDIE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	12	4
21	19	MADNESS 7	Madness (Stiff)	11	2
22	17	FOUR	Foreigner (Atlantic)	5	17
23	23	CHRISTOPHER CROSS	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	3	23
24	20	SIMON & GARFUNKEL COLLECTION	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	8	7
25	29	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	7	6
26	15	NON STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	7	9
27	(—)	CHANGESTWOBOWIE	David Bowie (RCA)	4	19
28	(—)	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	24	3
29	25	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	7	3
30	21	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	7	9

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**Do You Believe In The Westworld**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
2	(1)	**Streets Of London**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
3	(15)	**Drowning In Berlin**	Mobiles (Rialto)
4	(4)	**Papa's Got A Brand New**	Pigbag (Y)
5	(3)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory / Benelux Import)
6	(—)	**No Survivors**	GBH (Clay)
7	(5)	**This Is Your Capt**	Capt. Sensible (Crass)
8	(11)	**Banned From The Pubs**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
9	(—)	**Yesterday's Heroes EP**	4 Skins (Secret)
10	(13)	**Waterline**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
11	(7)	**Big Gold Dream**	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
12	(8)	**Don't Let Them Grind You Down**	Exploited/Anti-Pasti (Exploited)
13	(6)	**In God We Trust**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
14	(—)	**Saturday Night Special**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
15	(16)	**Distort To Deafness**	Disorder (Disorder)
16	(24)	**Eddies Out/Jazz The Glass (12" & 7")**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
17	(21)	**Demolition War**	Subhumans (Spiderleg)
18	(29)	**Love Will Tear Us Apart**	Joy Div (Factory)
19	(14)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
20	(12)	**Lie Dream**	The Fall (Kamera)
21	(10)	**Headbutts**	Otway & Barrett (Stiff Indie)
22	(23)	**Run Come Girl**	Talisman (Recreational)
23	(9)	**Merry Crassmas**	Crass (Crass)
24	(27)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
25	(—)	**Fairy Tales**	Stockholm Monsters (Factory)
26	(17)	**Country Fit For Heroes**	Various (No Future)
27	(—)	**Ooh Ah Yeah**	Mouth (Recreational)
28	(22)	**Yesterday's Heroes**	Vice Squad (Riot C)
29	(—)	**Shoot You Down**	APB (Oily)
30	(—)	**Vicious Circle**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
2	(9)	**Sextet**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
3	(3)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Ace)
4	(4)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
5	(2)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
6	(5)	**Two Bad DJ**	Clint Eastwood and General Saint (Greensleeves)
7	(6)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Exploited)
8	(10)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep Int)
9	(12)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
10	(27)	**Wa Do Dem**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
11	(8)	**LC**	Durutti Column (Factory)
12	(16)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
13	(7)	**Fourth Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
14	(13)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
15	(11)	**Wild And Wandering**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
16	(14)	**For Madmen Only**	UK Decay (Fresh)
17	(25)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
18	(17)	**Present Arms In Dub**	UB40 (Dept Int)
19	(20)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
20	(—)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
21	(19)	**Inflammable Material**	S.L.F. (R. Trade)
22	(28)	**The Last Call**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
23	(18)	**Das Kabinet**	Bill Nelson (Cocteau)
24	(22)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
25	(15)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
26	(30)	**Fresh Fruit**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
27	(—)	**Threat To Creation**	Creation Rebel and N.A. Steppers (Cherry Red)
28	(—)	**Rosemarie**	Lone Ranger (Black Joy)
29	(21)	**Pleasure**	GAOB (Happy Birthday)
30	(23)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Trod Along**	Lone Ranger (Jah Guidance)
2	**Let Go This One**	Anthony Johnson (Greensleeves)
3	**Me and Jane**	Bingy Bunny (Cha Cha)
4	**Pants and Blouses**	Rankin' Toyan (Grimm Ben)
5	**Rucumbine**	U. Brown (GG)
6	**You Lied / Free Up Blackman**	Rising Sun (Cha Cha)
7	**Woman A Come**	Marcia Griffiths (Solomonic)
8	**Stormy Nights**	Rolands (Hawkeye)
9	**Raving**	Tristan Palmer / Jah Thomas (Midnight Rock)
10	**Gunman Connection**	Nicodemus (Cha Cha)
11	**Jah Is My Light**	R-Emanuel / R. Simeon (Black Roots)
12	**Show The Youths The Way**	Junior Brown (Kingdom)
13	**Revelation 18**	Jah Shaka (Shaka)
14	**Wheel O Matilda**	Sowell Radics (S/G)
15	**No Wicked**	Eek A Mouse (Laelinch)

REGGAE LP'S

1	**Tribute To Bob Marley**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
2	**Reggae Streets**	Mighty Diamonds (Shanakee)
3	**Badder Than Them**	Lone Ranger (Studio 1)
4	**Wah Do Dem**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
5	**Mad Over Me**	Yellow Man (J&L)

Charts by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1

US SINGLES

1	**Physical**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
2	**Waiting For A Girl Like You**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
3	**Centrefold**	J. Geils Band (EMI)
4	**I Can't Go For That**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
5	**Harden My Heart**	Quarterflash (Warner Bros)
6	**Leather And Lace**	Stevie Nicks (Atlantic)
7	**Turn Your Love Around**	George Benson (Warner Bros)
8	**Let's Groove**	Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)
9	**Trouble**	Lindsey Buckingham (Elektra)
10	**The Sweetest Thing**	Juice Newton (Capitol)

US LP'S

1	**Foreigner 4**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
2	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)
3	**For Those About To Rock**	AC/DC (Atlantic)
4	**Hooked On Classics**	The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (RCA)
5	**Tattoo You**	Rolling Stones (Decca)
6	**Bella Donna**	Stevie Nicks (Modern Records/Atlantic)
7	**Freeze-Frame**	The J. Geils Band (EMI)
8	**Private Eyes**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
9	**Ghost In The Machine**	Police (A&M)
10	**Memories**	Barbra Streisand (columbia)

Courtesy Billboard

WEST GERMANY

1	**Polonaese Blankenaese**	Wendehals (Teldec)
2	**Tainted Love**	Soft Cell (Vertigo)
3	**Cambodia**	Kim Wilde (Rak)
4	**One Of Us**	Abba (Polydor)
5	**It's My Party**	D Stewart & B Gaskin (Stiff)
6	**Skandal Im Sperrbezirk**	S M G (EMI)
7	**Sharazan**	Al Bano Romina Power (EMI)
8	**Du Entschuldigeni Kenn Di**	P C (Phonogram)
9	**Rock'n'Roll Gypsy**	Helen Schneider (WEA)
10	**Physical**	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)

Courtesy Der Musikmarket/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Don't Give Up On Us**	David Soul (Private Stock)
2	**Don't Cry For Me Argentina**	Julie Covington (MCA)
3	**Side Show**	Barry Briggs (Dynamic)
4	**Isn't She Lovely**	David Parton (Pye)
5	**When I Need You**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
6	**I Wish**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
7	**Daddy Cool**	Boney M (Atlantic)
8	**You're More Than A Number**	Drifters (Arista)
9	**Car Wash**	Rose Royce (MCA)
10	**Wild Side Of Life**	Status Quo (Vertigo)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Horse With No Name**	America (Warner Bros)
2	**Telegram Sam**	T. Rex (T. Rex)
3	**I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing**	New Seekers (Polydor)
4	**Mother Of Mine**	Neil Reid (Decca)
5	**Brand New Key**	Melanie (Buddah)
6	**Stay With Me**	Faces (Warner Bros)
7	**Let's Stay Together**	Al Green (London)
8	**Where Did Our Love Go**	Donnie Elbert (London)
9	**I Just Can't Help Believing**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
10	**Have You Seen Her**	Chi-Lites (MCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**I'm A Believer**	Monkees (RCA)
2	**Matthew & Son**	Cat Stevens (Deram)
3	**Night Of Fear**	Move (Deram)
4	**Let's Spend The Night Together**	Rolling Stones (Decca)
5	**I've Been A Bad Bad Boy**	Paul Jones (HMV)
6	**Green Green Grass Of Home**	Tom Jones (Decca)
7	**Standing In The Shadows Of Love**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
8	**Hey Joe**	Jimi Hendrix (Polydor)
9	**Happy Jack**	The Who (Reaction)
10	**I'm A Man**	Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**The Young Ones**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	**Let's Twist Again**	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
3	**Forget Me Not**	Eden Kane (Decca)
4	**Rock-A-Hula Baby**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	**Multiplication**	Bobby Darin (London)
6	**Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen**	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
7	**I'd Never Find Another You**	Billy Fury (Decca)
8	**Stranger On The Shore**	Acker Bilk (Columbia)
9	**Walk On By**	Leroy Van Dyke (Mercury)
10	**Let There Be Drums**	Sandy Nelson (London)

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+++NME POLL-WINNERS SCHEDULE 22-DATE TOUR AND ALBUM+++

Jam from the archives: at Hammersmith's Red Cow in Feb '77. Pic: Peter Kodick

IN THE CITIES

THE JAM celebrate their remarkable successes in the *NME* Poll by announcing details of their 1982 UK concert tour. With a schedule of 22 major dates, several of them at off-beat venues, it's the biggest tour they've yet undertaken in this country.

The full itinerary is Brighton Centre (March 13 and 14), London Brixton Fair Deal (15), London Alexandra Palace Pavilion (16), Shepton Mallet Royal Bath & West Showground (17), Port Talbot Afan Lido (18), Birmingham Bingley Hall (20 and 21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22 and 23), Manchester Apollo (25 and 26), Deesside Leisure Centre (27), Sheffield Top Rank (30 and 31), Leeds Queens Hall (April 1), Newcastle City Hall (3 and 4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5 and 6) and Glasgow Apollo (7 and 8).

The March 16 show marks the first rock gig at North London's Alexandra Pavilion, a 4000-capacity fibre-glass hall which was erected to cater for exhibitions, after the main Alexandra Palace burned down 18 months ago — it's situated behind the main palace site, and is intended to function until the main building re-opens in 1985.

There's another "first" the following night, when the band play in the new Showering Pavilion, which opened last June at the Royal Bath & West Showground — and this, too, can accommodate 4000.

Tickets at all venues are a blanket £4.50, and they are on sale now at box-offices, with the following exceptions and additions:

● LONDON BRIXTON. Postal application only to MCP Ltd., P.O. Box 124, Walsall, West Midlands WS5 4AP. Postal Orders only made payable to "MCP Ltd.", enclose SAE and allow two weeks for delivery. Maximum four tickets per applicant.
● LONDON ALEXANDRA PAVILION. Post only, details as above for Brixton. A limited number of tickets are also available at Alexandra Palace, ring 01-883 6477 for details.
● SHEPTON MALLET. Not on sale at the venue, but at Virgin (Bristol), Records Unlimited (Bath and Midsummer Norton), La Monde Travel (Wells), Acorn Records (Yeovil), Bath Place Records (Taunton) and Pathway Records (Shepton Mallet).
● PORT TALBOT. Box-office plus Derricks Records (Swansea and Port Talbot) and Spillers (Cardiff).
● BIRMINGHAM. Box-office plus Sundown (Wolverhampton), Virgin (Coventry) and Cyclops (Birmingham).
● SHEFFIELD. Also available at Virgin of Sheffield.
● LEEDS. Box-office plus Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Virgin (Sheffield), HMV (Bradford), Sound Effects (York), Barkers Records (Leeds), Gough and Davy (Hull) and The Box Office (Lincoln).
● DEESSIDE. Box-office or Penny Lane Records (Liverpool and Chester) and Mike Lloyd Music (Stoke). There will also be a bus service from Liverpool, ring 051-709 4321 for details.

The Jam have arranged coach travel to the concerts at Brighton, Port Talbot and Shepton Mallet from regional towns in the vicinity — contact the South West Concert Club (02372 6219) for further information about points of departure and cost. Fan Club members must show their cards and identification when purchasing tickets by personal application at all venues, or alternatively enclose them with postal applications.

It's expected that The Jam's new album will be released by Polydor to coincide with the tour. It has now been completed, but details are not yet available. It's unlikely that the band will tour again this year, though some isolated dates are probable in the autumn.

Stones: still Wembley

THE ROLLING STONES' plans to play a massive open-air concert in London this summer have been the subject of conflicting reports during the past week, causing confusion to their supporters. *NME* revealed last week that they had lined up Wembley Stadium for Saturday, June 26 — but Sunday's *News Of The World* plumped for a free show in St James's Park on July 29, the anniversary of the Royal Wedding.

This latter report seems most unlikely, for two reasons. First, the police would never agree to such enormous disruption in Central London on a normal working weekday (Thursday), particularly on the doorstep of Buckingham Palace. Secondly, the Royal Parks Commissioners have already ruled out such an event being staged in any of their domains.

It's known that the Stones' first preference was for a free concert, and this could still happen if they found a suitable site — though this seems improbable inside London, which is where they specially want to play. Discussions have been taking place for several weeks, with no satisfactory outcome so far.

It's because of the impractical nature of a free London show that Wembley Stadium has been reserved for June 26. And although this date and venue are still subject to confirmation, the stadium remains booked and — at this stage — looks the most logical outcome of the Stones' deliberations.

Conny's Joke

KILLING JOKE return from Germany, where they're currently recording a new album with producer Conny Plank, to make four concert appearances next month — at Leicester University (February 20), Manchester Rotters (21), York University (22) and London Hammersmith Palais (23), with tickets on sale immediately.

The band will be previewing material from their upcoming LP, still untitled, which is scheduled for April 27 release. The gigs are also the foretaste of a major UK tour, at present being finalised, which will coincide with the release of the album.

Meanwhile, a new single from the Conny Plank sessions is due out on February 19, titled 'The Empire Song' and backed with 'Brilliant'.

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RAR set to roll with the Right To Work

IN 1978 RAR badges were everywhere, the famous RAR lollipops were carried on marches all over the country and a hundred bands flocked to benefit gigs to pump out militant entertainment for all of us who were determined to rinse out the blue scum.

Rock Against Racism played an often under-estimated part in flooring the Nazis at the '79 Election and opened the eyes of thousands of working class kids to the attempts being made, by the NF and BM, to use them.

Since the heady days of the Carnivals, however, RAR has often seemed to be on the verge of disappearing whilst, in the moron division of youth subculture, the Nazis have dumped their ballot box pretensions and turned overtly to street-aggro, fire-bombings and murder.

An organised response is obviously in order, and last week RAR outlined its plans and emphasised the urgent need to liaise with other relevant parties in order to fight racism at all levels.

Ian explained: "It's not just that there are too many racists at gigs and at the football grounds — there are too many racists in the Cabinet."

Both the Anti-Nazi League and the Right To Work Campaign were represented at Monday's crisis meeting, to plan a concerted campaign for '82.

Gerry: "RAR's been pretty quiet since the 'Anger On The Road' tour last year, but now we're stepping it up — this is RAR's counterblast!"

Ian and Gerry (RAR mouths) stressed the importance to RAR of pooling resources / joining forces and, with various financial problems now sorted out, RAR looks set to roll with the London Right To Work march on February 21.

In the lull since RAR's last major mobilisation (the Leeds Carnival), the NF has intensified its attempts to claim a stake in music. Last month's issue of Bulldog — the Young National Front paper whose editor, Joe Pearce, was jailed a fortnight ago for encouraging racial violence — carried an article on the 'Strength Thru Oi' LP and included Spandau Ballet, Theatre Of Hate and the Upstarts, among others, in its Rock Against Communism charts.

Ian: "*Bulldog* are desperate for bands to call their own so they falsify quotes or infer support of the YNF and the groups never know about it. The point is, this is on London streets and unemployed kids are susceptible to it — you can't just brush off this kind of shit."

Gerry: "RAR's got to get in at the dole queues because that's where the Front and BM breed. The best way to do that is with the RTW Campaign. We're sorting out bands for the London Right To Work march at the end of February and if any local groups want to play on the route through North and East London they can give us a ring on (01) 351 2823.

"There'll be a whole load of celebrities and bands appearing along the route."

Ian: "We want different bands and different types of music. Punk and RAR grew up hand in hand and fed off each other but now RAR needs a wide range of bands to put the same message across.

"We want pop groups, Oi bands, funk bands . . . One of the biggest successes of last year was the 'Funk The Wedding' gig where there was ten thousand people and more black kids than at any other RAR gig.

"That's the sort of music, the sort of event we need to fight fascist propaganda."

After that, RAR are planning a May Day carnival in Hackney, a mass outdoor anti-Tory, anti-racist, anti-cut festival organised in conjunction with the ANL and the RTWC.

Music and protest are as crucial as ever and this year Rock Against Racism will be putting anger and humour back into life on the dole.

Funk for the Right To Work?

—X. MOORE

1980 demo to mark the anniversary of Blair Peach's death. Pic: Mark Rushder

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Prof Thompson bombs the ban

ANDREW TYLER sees the press struggle to impress as E. P. Thompson launches the imprint of his banned lecture

IT WAS the man from the *New Statesman* we were kept waiting for in Committee Room 7 of the House of Commons last Friday. But what an entry — waving his left-wing cigar in the air, takes a light from E. P. Thompson, jumps back in his chair, then a sort of silent dot dot dot, *"you may proceed."*

In fact, Thompson himself was the listed main attraction. He was there to preside over a press gathering called to mark the publication by Merlin Press of his infamously-banned Dimbleby lecture. Called *Beyond The Cold War* and saucily sub-titled *Not The Dimbleby Lecture,* it would have been delivered last year but for the cringing autocratic BBC governors.

They also put paid to a replacement speech by Edward Heath on the North/South dialogue.

Jonathan Dimbleby (son of Richard) told Room 7 it was all "an acknowledged BBC cockup". They allowed Roy Jenkins, he said, to sell the SDP and Robert Mark to sell the policemen's view of law but they would not give time to a vital analysis by "one of the few genuinely engaged intellectuals that we have".

***Beyond The Cold War,* said JD, is "passionate, illuminating, eloquent and provoking".**

Thompson himself called the paper his *"cri-de-coeur* on behalf of the generation that endured the Second World War". It was desecrating the graves of those war dead, he exclaimed, to accept as normal the division of Europe into two deeply hostile nuclear-armed blocks.

The divide — supposedly for the benefit of the peoples of Europe themselves — is now an anachronism. The cold war structure had urgently to be confronted and dismantled and in so doing, allow the peoples of Europe to flow together again.

The intiatives must run through a "hundred different channels"; through the new peace movement, through the thrust for civil and union rights in the East, through artistic and intellectual exchanges, and through the music of the young.

"I am talking of a new kind of politics which cannot be conducted by politicians" (this greatly irritated Labour's Eric Heffer, who chaired the Room 7 meeting). "It must be a politics of peace, informed by a new internationalist code of honour, conducted by citizens."

But the phrase that really got the goat of several of the top drawer pundits on hand was his reference to "destabilising these (cold war) systems from below". The man from the *New Statesman* found it utterly dangerous talk. Another considered Thompson's reading of the impact of the peace movement naive.

Both praised then corrected him like he was a precociously wrong-headed child.

Then there was the Polish correspondent who wanted to debate and debate Thompson's analysis of the problems of that country.

The press, Thompson said, promoted Poland as a "showbiz drama" while politicians pressed for ideological gains and in so doing increased tensions that strengthened the divide.

Contrast, he said, the outcry over Polish marshal law with the atrocities presently being committed in (the West-aligned) Turkey, where military rule has resulted in an estimated 30,000 people detained without trial.

The more famous of the journalists, however, continued to insert their arid interpretations; to argue without passion; to care only for the precision of their logics and generally to piss off those present who have had more than enough of this kind of intellectual belly-crawling — the likes of which led in the first place to Thompson's cold war lecture being banned.

For a copy of *Beyond The Cold War — Not The Dimbleby Lecture,* send 60p plus p&p to: Merlin/END, 227 Seven Sisters Road, London N4.

— ANDREW TYLER

E. P. Thompson — 12th Most Wonderful Human Being. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

Putting a spanner in the nuclear works

LOOKING FOR a job? Careers in the nuclear industry are mushrooming. The government is investing billions on military/nuclear expansion while cutting every other sector of public service and industry — and since jobs are only created where money is invested, more people are going to be faced with the impossible choice: unemployment, or make bombs?

It is clear that the threat of nuclear war under which we now live, nuclear power stations (plutonium factories), and uranium mining are integrally linked. So Students Against Nuclear Energy (SANE) have launched a campaign to expose the real activities behind the slick recruitment advertising of the military/nuclear complex.

SANE's activist pack advocates direct action to halt recruitment from campuses. Already Leeds University students have filled in false application forms and infiltrated the interviews — either to ask awkward questions, or to pose leading questions armed with a concealed tape recorder.

At Edinburgh University the pranksters erected signs directing potential recruits to another room and then conducted mock interviews, whilst blockading the real room full of lonely interviewers.

The activist pack contains many more ideas and experiences. There is a comprehensive ten-page briefing document on the activities of companies involved in the military/nuclear complex. Also two excellent colour posters, two badges, stickers and leaflets. It costs £1.20 (post free) from SANE, 9 Poland St., London, W1 01-486 4634.

— MARTIN GOLDSCHMIDT

ERROL

ERROL! My tears are enough!

Where have I been? Courting, counting my money, consulting my stars, competing in the international language of the world, considering whether to reveal the truth about **Kirk Brandon,** converting your hate into lust, love cascading, deep sea diving, long distance rallying, and most of all . . . copulating, all without ANY CONSIDERATION WHATSOEVER!

Do I care for you? I care enough to know that I can never love you . . . did you hear about me and **Susanne** out of **the League?** You know she's unattached? Of course you do — didn't the cretin **Baba Robertson** mention just that on *Friday Night, Saturday Morning?* Well, we were that close to getting married, but we decided that we'd just have to follow it through and have children and, really, there was just no way that we could let that kind of babee out into your world. So, without really believing it could be true, we let it split. And instead of me and Susanne appearing on Baburp's programme to announce our engagement, we let **Phil** take our place, knowing in our full hearts that he'd end up looking like an appalling turnip.

But that's love: a social disease, a lack of memory, a piece of cake. Phil will never understand unless I put the words into his mouth. Is **The Fire Engines' Davey Henderson** joining The Human League as the third backing singer? No, say the League. Yes, say **Heaven 17.** Who cares, say **The Associates,** still recovering after their disorientating appearance on *Friday Night, Saturday Morning.*

"Give me some opium," sings **Billy Mackenzie.** I oblige with awesome haste. And a treble black magic for my very good friend **Paul Weller;** oh many a drunken night I've shared with that old wanker discussing the rank stupidity of his fans continually fawning after every little thing he does. Every little thing he does is magic? My old chum Weller would laugh at such a suggestion, cigar in one hand, bloody mary in the other. Elsewhere in this issue Weller pokes gentle fun at my gorgeous self and my friends concerning our frequenting of cocktail bars. From a man seen sipping in the Coconut Grove on more than one recent evening, that's a little 'rum'. . .

Do you know that some cultures don't even have words for 'I' or 'ME'?! I don't know how they ever get up in the morning. And oh my giddy goo what the hell is this about **Garfield Kemp** soon-to-be OBE, and unspoilt unsure unbelievable unattached unwilling undulating **Clare Grogan?** Should we remain cold and silent about this relationship? Pretend it's a lie? Admit to the compelling truth? Wait until it's made into a **Bill Forsyth** film? Who cares, say The Associates, who have released four singles since this column began.

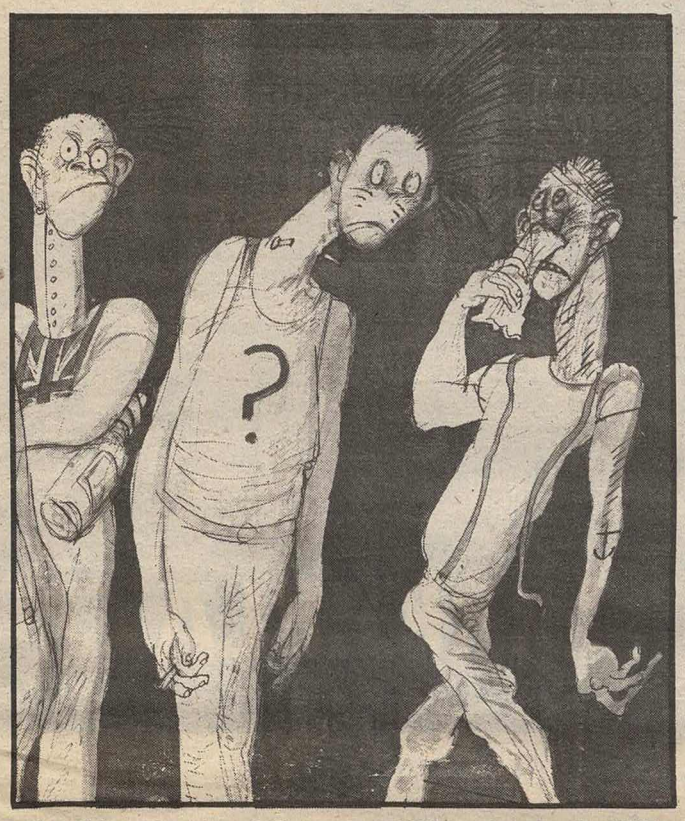
Belief gets more than suspended when your Errol is involved. Belief gets taken out for long country walks. Since belief is impossible we must do things that we do not believe in. I do not believe in you, and yet you pay for my wages. This is incredible. As is the news that it took my dearly departed **Susanne** THREE DAYS to record the vocal solo on 'Don't You Want Me'. Well done, darling. I don't know how you managed it with that ugly **Martin Rushent** staring at you.

ERROL — THE AWARD-WINNING COLUMNIST — ONLY IN NME! (who said no-one

Pic: Pennie Smith

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

RALPH STEADMAN



Detail from Steadman's illustration of 'Ghost Town' — the NME readers' Single Of The Year — first printed in our Xmas issue.

FILMS

Age Of Gold ..... **Luis Bunuel**
Magnificent Seven
The Flame & The Arrow ..... **Burt Lancaster**
Circus ..... **Charlie Chaplin**
(Never put on general release)
M. Hulot's Holiday ..... **Tati**
The Great Dictator ..... **Chaplin**
Modern Times ..... **Chaplin**
Metropolis ..... **Fritz Lang**
Spring In Park Lane ..... **Michael Wilding**
Casablanca ..... **Bogart**

This is ridiculous — as a guide to anything — they just form a list of the first to come to mind.

RECORDS

Burning Blue Soul ..... **Matt Johnson**
Strange Fruit ..... **Billie Holiday**
It's Alright Ma ..... **Bob Dylan**
Slow Train Comin' ..... **Bob Dylan**
12th Of Never ..... **Des O'Connor**
Theme from Coronation St
Missa Solemnis ..... **Beethoven**
Requiem Mass ..... **Verdi**
You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'
Righteous Brothers
An American Prayer ..... **Jim Morrison & The Doors**

This was very difficult and so a bit spoofy.

ARTISTS

Marcel Duchamp
Leonardo da Vinci
Rembrandt
Francis Bacon
Pieter Bruegel
Vincent van Gogh
Cezanne
Goya
Georg Grosz
Turner

Not in any preferential order — and there are more of course.

BOOKS

Sex 'n' Dogs 'n' Rock 'n' Roll ..... **Tom Johnston**
Roget's Thesaurus
Foundations Of Modern Art ..... **Ozenfant**
The Poor Mouth ..... **Flann O'Brien**
Fear & Loathing In Las Vegas
Hunter S. Thompson
Letters From God ..... **Mark Twain**
The Imp Of The Perverse ..... **E.A. Poe**
Lord Of The Rings ..... **Tolkien**
Sweet Thursday ..... **John Steinbeck**
Heart Of Darkness ..... **Joseph Conrad**

The first ten that came to mind — and one at the top for a friend.

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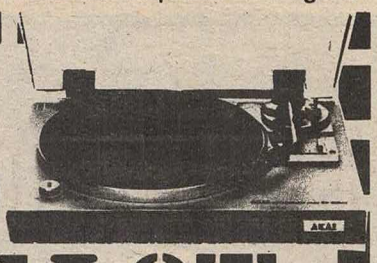
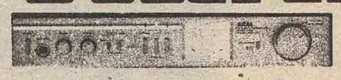
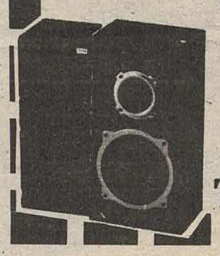


£119 THE LOT.



We've a limited number of this **guaranteed 'nearly new' Akai system** in stock, plus loads of low-price add-on goodies like **cassette dex** (from £49) and the matching **Akai stereo tuner (£39.90)**. The **£119 system** includes the **AM-U11 amp** (23WPC), **SRH30** 2-way, 40W **speakers** and **AP-B21C deck & cartridge**. **Connecting leads** are free with your system. Pop in to the world's scruffiest hi-fi store — **it's better for your pocket!**



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E.L.O.
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NME

I don't know, I just don't know. Just because I'm an honorary feminist doesn't mean that I can't cherish my memories. Do you remember the days we spent navigating the Manchester Ship Canal? If I were you, Susanne, I'd try **Perry Haines** next. Or **Alix** out of **Stimulin**. Body Heat!

Which reminds me — The Fridge. Maybe it will last after all . . . AT THE END OF THE DAY. Phew, when Errol uses a cliche, he puts it in CAPITAL LETTERS!

Talking of cliches, did you know that **Blue Rondo A La Turk** and **Modern Romance** use the same percussion players on their records? SO THEY'RE BOTH AS BAD AS EACH OTHER, at the beginning of the day, let alone the end. And did you know that Blue Rondo asked just about anyone who is anyone in London to produce their next single, including me and Martin Rushent, and had to make do with **Godley and Creme?** All this will teach you to associate your discriminating Errol with the appalling London salsa soup. I pull my tongue out!

Hey, and I appreciated the great readers joke . . . **Echo and the Bunnymen** as band of the year! If Modern Romance were a bad **Frankie Howerd** joke I might laugh. If Echo and the Bunnymen winning LP of the year isn't a joke I might cry. If it wasn't for the awesome **Siouxsie,** this year's poll winners' poll would have been absolutely pathetic. Even Clare fiddled about and neglected to mention me. After all I've done for her!

But thanks for your votes. It's lovely to think that I'm creeping closer and closer and closer . . .

else will have him?)

Fair Deal: Solidarity drops out

THE FAIR DEAL, South London's new 5000 capacity rock venue in Brixton, had this week still not finalised the bill for its opening night on February 12 — even though it was able to announce confirmation of its first major booking, with The Jam set to appear there on March 15.

As reported last week, it was intended to open the centre with two benefit shows on February 12 and 13 on behalf of the British Solidarity Campaign for Poland, whose Marek Garztecki was understood to be lining up the shows, but venue owner Alan Briggs said on Tuesday: "Solidarity haven't been able to get it together. I can't wait any longer."

He added: "I gather that several groups wanted to appear, but their arms were twisted by their agents, who are opposed to their acts coming to Brixton. Even so, I've told Solidarity we'll put on a benefit any time they can organise it.

"This means I now have to promoted my own opening night show, and at such short notice there's the enormous expense of having to take blanket advertising next week."

So far lined up for February 12 are Bo Diddley, Talisman and Dr Feelgood, plus a jam session with John Entwistle and Roger Chapman among others, but Briggs' main trump card, one of Britain's top bands, remains subject to confirmation while the key figure recovers from illness.

Ramones get '50s treatment

The Harptones

SHEENA IS A DOO-WOPPER!

WHILST RANSACKING just about every possible revival from rockabilly to the Red Guard became something of a British national sport in '81, Stateside they've been quietly tooling-up for the doo-wop deja vu: the street corner sound of voices in close harmony.

Spearheading this return to the roots is CBS subsidiary label Ambient Sound, who have relocated such legendary '50s vocal groups as The Mystics, The Capris, The Jive Five, The Harptones and Randy & The Rainbows — and cut an album with each of them.

In every instance, the group is fronted by its original lead singer. As far as The Capris were concerned, it meant front man Nick Santos fitting in sessions between his shifts as a New York cop.

Though launched under the banner 'Everything New Is Old . . . Everything Old Is New', these doo-wop'ers aren't concerned with just reworking old glories. Amongst other material, The Mystics tackle a Joey Ramone original called 'Doreen Is Never Boring', The Capris rearrange 'Imagine', The Jive Five croon Steely Dan's 'Hey Nineteen', Jackson Browne's 'Love Needs A Heart' get the Harptones treatment, and Randy & The Rainbows revive REO Speedwagon's 'In Your Letter'.

Have Modern Romance been informed?

— ROY CARR

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Ideal L-R: Hansi, Ernst, Annette, Eff Jott. Pic: Wolfgang Burat / Spex.

IDEAL MILK DER JUGEND MARKTPLATZ

CHRIS BOHN makes a meal of German idols Ideal in Essen

THE MONOTONOUS landscape of Germany's Ruhr industrial heartland blurs into a tearful grey behind the rainswept windscreen of the tour bus.

With nothing to focus on outside, I look to my hosts Ideal for entertainment. Having looked at Ideal's entertainment in Cologne the night before, I don't expect much. Although they're the country's best-selling contemporary group, their dilutions rarely intoxicated me, even if they left a packed hall satiated.

The feeling of being an unwelcome guest carries over to the journey to Essen, despite Ideal's efforts to ease our uncertain relationship. Dewy-eyed guitarist Eff Jott Krueger opens, rumpling his high forehead into worried wrinkles to test the water with an investigation of German favourites. Out of perversity I stick to the steely extremes: Die Krupps, Einsturzende Neubauten, Frieder Butzmann, D.A.F., Ralf Dorper, Malaria. . .

"Ach die harte Welle!" he nervously comments to bassist colleague Ernst Deuker. "We're too normal for him."

. . . and deliberately ignore the more playful new wave poppers who deserve the hits Ideal are getting. People like chubby schoolboy Andreas Dorau, whose daft 'Fred From Jupiter' has all the sweetness of a Depeche Mode song; Palais Schaumburg (featured in *NME* last November) who have the major company backing apparently required to score heavily in Germany; or even those great pioneering parodists der Plan and Pyrolator.

This devide, between critical and popular opinion, roughly conforms to the usual independent/Majors pattern — though now that the slumbering companies have wised up to the new pop renaissance in their backyard the lines are merging. Being ignored for so long contributed to the fierce pride of the German groups, but many of them, like their equivalents here, became frustrated at the limited ability of the independent distribution networks to get their records into the shops. And following D.A.F.'s phenomenal chart success in Germany via Virgin/Ariola with their hardcore sexquencer disco, others have benefitted from the majors' rush to sign their very own German New Wave group.

Ideal were never part of the debate. For one thing they're slightly divorced from it by their age (mainly late 20s); for another they come from Berlin and not Dusseldorf; and thirdly their first LP's 300,000 sales predated D.A.F.'s rise by a few months.

Ideal never made any claims on new wave credibility, but like The Police here they earned scorn for capitalising on the change in values brought about by British punk without putting anything back. They initially took some of its superficial motifs — a corrugated plastic stage backdrop, singer/songwriter/keyboards player Annette Humpe's quirky dress sense, her songs' aggressive/defensive self-assertion, the records' cheaper production — to flavour an otherwise flat dance mix of rock guitar and simple spikey keyboards, enlivened only by occasional exotic Carribean or Middle Eastern inflections.

They also made some mileage out of their Berlin connection (the city's myths are almost as potent to West Germans as elsewhere), hitting first with a song 'I'm Backing Berlin' and following it up with a Berlin Rock Circus tour. To the mass of middle class Germany, theirs became the acceptable face of new German pop — despite their protestations of non-alignment — and it's now being pushed as such to British audiences with WEA's UK release of their second LP 'The Seriousness of Life'.

In less trying times, Ideal's pop would flutter in and out of the German hit parade without stirring a wasp's nest of critical stings. But for the moment Germany's budding new music scene hasn't developed far enough for its critics to accommodate ideologically unsound groups, like Ideal, whose ideals are obscured and their ambitions low:

"Personally I'd like to say we make dance music," emphasises Eff Jott. Bassist Ernst continues: "We're updating the tradition of good '50s Deutsche Schlager for the '80s. It's important to understand that we make German Schlager."

Their affable drummer Hansi Behrendt expands: "There was a time between the '30s and '50s when there were some uncommonly beautiful German Schlager, sung by people like Marlene Dietrich, which were both musically and lyrically good. Then in the '60s and '70s they became terrible, kitschy, and young people couldn't listen to them." (Think of the Tweets crossed with Tom Jones) "The only good things were English or American; so nobody wanted anything to do with songs written in German. But now it's all changed again, and young people have discovered it is possible to write in German, that German texts could also be good."

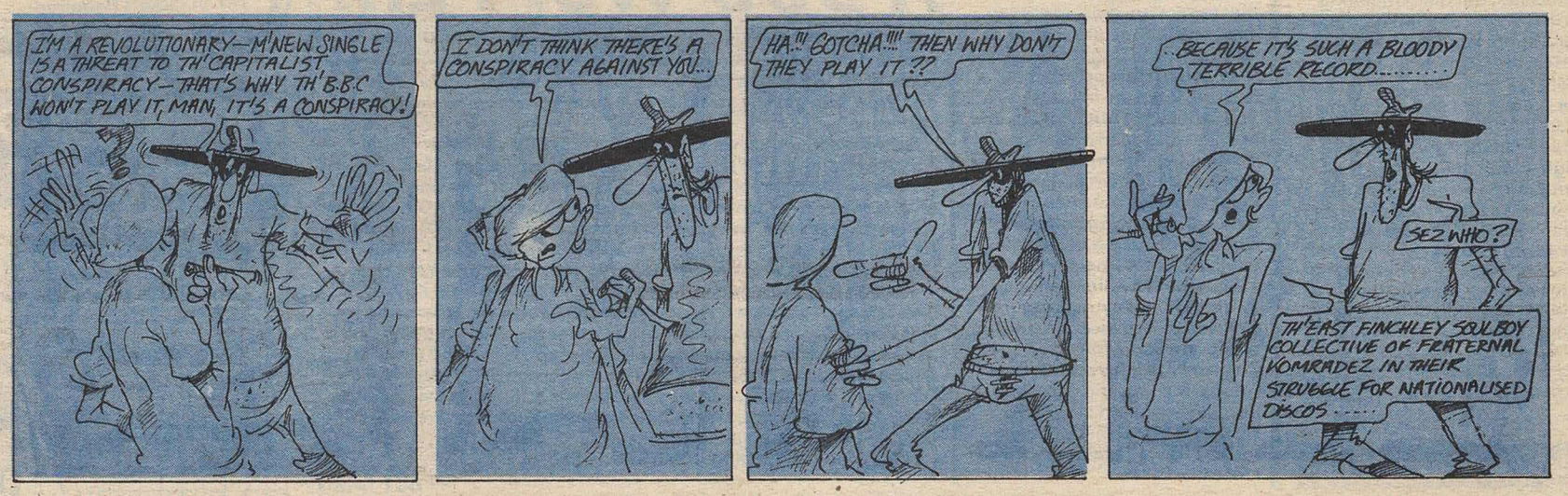
The discovery — touched upon by Nina Hagen and a rock comic called Udo Lindenberg — was really made by the German new wave, which broke down the earlier fashion of singing in English. And that same wave really updated the German song tradition, more so than Ideal who, if anything, continue the '70s Schlager bent towards chirpy blandness.

Ideal's design for living is about as advanced as Habitat's. They blunt sharpness, round off the rigorous edges to make a commodity of modernity for the less discerning mass. Don't be fooled by their British importers into thinking Ideal is the real thing. There is an alternative ...

An idealised Schlager Parade selected by Chris Bohn

1. How Do You Like My New Dog ..... Malaria (Crepuscule)
2. Bring Your Body To The Party ..... The Family Five (Schallmauer)
3. Lorelei ..... Die Lemminge (Rondo)
4. Ein Jahr (Es Geht Voran)..... Die Fehlfarben (Welt/EMI)
5. Lili Marleen ..... Hanna Schygulla (Celluloid/Metropolis)
6. Hauruck ..... Sternhagel (Rondo)
7. Fred Vom Jupiter ..... Andreas Dorau and die Marinas (Atatak)
8. Wat's Dat? ..... Der Plan (Atatak)
9. Telephon ..... Palais Schaumburg (Zickzack)
10. Happy New Wave/Punk Supermarkt ..... Xao Seffcheque (Zwickzwack)

The Lone Groover — Benyon


I'M A REVOLUTIONARY—M'NEW SINGLE IS A THREAT TO TH' CAPITALIST CONSPIRACY—THAT'S WHY TH' B.B.C WON'T PLAY IT, MAN, IT'S A CONSPIRACY!
I DON'T THINK THERE'S A CONSPIRACY AGAINST YOU...
HA!!! GOTCHA!!!! THEN WHY DON'T THEY PLAY IT ??
BECAUSE IT'S SUCH A BLOODY TERRIBLE RECORD.....
SEZ WHO?
TH' EAST FINCHLEY SOULBOY COLLECTIVE OF FRATERNAL VOMRADEZ IN THEIR STRUGGLE FOR NATIONALISED DISCOS.....

Innocent until proven newsworthy

DANGEROUS VISIONS

IAN PENMAN sees the TV ghouls descend on another rape case — and sorts the sex from the smut

IN CREPE-PAPERY tones of ethical innuendo and flight they debated, sifting through the trembling, troubling intimacy of **Police: A Complaint Of Rape** (BBC1). Night in, night out, the debating sparred; Left in, Right out . . .

On **Did You See . . . ?** (BBC2) it was discussed between comedienne Victoria Wood, Jim Jardine of the Police Federation and *Cathy Come Home* author Jeremy Sandford. The treatment afforded the woman who had made the complaint of rape was, all agreed, disgraceful; things focused on Jardine, talk clung stubbornly to implications for the Rape issue and the Police force, the Moves Being Made. This was typical *Did You See,* enlisting people who do not so much talk about TV programmes or their context or the ripples they produce in that context, but people who apply their media persona to what has been screened, and chitter away.

The frightening ambiguities of *Complaint* glossed over, the team switched to Chris Tarrant's pie-in-the-disgrace **Over The Top**. This, they agreed, was goodtime peppy ribaldry. What it harmlessly says is "here's some tits, here's some custard, here's some satire", I was surprised to hear Victoria Wood say. A clip of proof showed a supposedly inadvertent baring of breasts (the woman in question turned up on page three of *The Sun* a week later). Jim Jardine — sins by association buried — chuckled and said he "preferred Erika's". By way of coincidental continuity, a seven p.m.-ish LWT ad for the evening ahead featured a few seconds of Candy Clark's "tits" as a trailer for an execrable hack movie.

I note this not in a spirit of new puritanism, but on the suspicion that sex abstracted — and advertised — out of context so obsessively is not the sign of a healthy and utterly unhypocritical society. The standard of discussion *Did You See* broaches seems to be sadly symbolic of TV's general inability to review or regulate itself *as an institution,* rather than as a seething conglomerate of whacky way-out phenomena — what has been proven one of the police force's worst crimes, as found guilty by TV trial.

The prosecutions being secured by the *Police* series utilise what is known as the "fly on the wall" approach to documentary film-making. It is not a question of how 'effective' this method is — for there is surely no one universal 'effect' available. In **444 Days and Counting** (BBC1) the fly spied slyly on the final hours of the Jimmy Carter administration; a parlour piece — more like the spider than the fly, weaving with an anecdotal spell, procuring incidental details and illuminating quotes the like of which would usually take hours in turgid memoirs to find.

A Complaint of Rape was altogether different. Our precedents for the cold confession-seeking of the interrogation room are all securely structured; be it *The Sweeney* or *The Gentle Touch,* business is always concluded, and it is carried to that conclusion by characters with recognisable qualities — be they ever so sympathetic or tempered with temper. Things get *resolved,* and if the narrative hasn't helped us along the way, hints are scattered in flashback.

Complaint's torment came in a torrent of explicit dialogue — probing the faulty mechanism of ejaculation, the vigil of menstruation, all the shuntings and derailings of sexuality — the sort of sticky syntax TV has kept (b)locked up for decades. The delivery caused further tension, between camera-conscious officers and the unnervingly unruffled woman — and the complete absence of a BBC voiceover. The camera did not so much look through the woman's eyes as through the back of her head; she was an empty centre, there was no glimpse of the face on which the flush of emotion registered. We were left with the faltering rhythms of her voice, simultaneously trying to find words with which to express herself *and* to describe the 'facts' of her alleged ordeal.

In criminal detection — as in classical literature — language is presumed to be the mirror of the soul, hence the guarantor of truth. This woman's interrogators, in their search for 'truth', used language as if they were better accustomed to using broken-off chair-legs, knees, fists — in other words whatever came to hand, to batter, to gain a submission rather than a confession.

But ultimately what appalled was not their lack of sympathy, subtlety or *persuasive* syntax, but the terrifying *haphazardness* of procedure (different officers just wandered in and out of the interrogation room) carried out by people without the first clue about psychology, never mind the specific pathology of sexual crime.

Why had this woman been chosen? Why did she agree? What kind of extra pressure does TV presence constitute? It turned out that she'd previously spent time in psychiatric care, and received ECT. "What's that, then?" grunted one of the officers, like a TV parody of police thickness. Punctuated by nervous little gasps of laughter, she tried to explain that, because of the ECT, her memory was often a thing of the past.

This was tragedy without bold gestures or opulent colour, and I felt that perhaps I should avert my gaze; we had entered a grey zone where whatever use the programme might have in a struggle against rape — (and for wider understanding of the victim's malaise) disappeared amongst the misleading ruins of this woman's life.

She was persuaded to drop the complaint. The 'truth' was anybody's guess. Nothing resolved, nothing gained?

Ill-construed metaphor had become a matter of life and death, law and order . . . but too dense, too debilitating to function as a mediator for our social conscience.

Complaint was itself an assault of sorts: smashed into our cosy life with no introductions, no persuasion, battered us senseless and left us dazed and bewildered and in the dark.

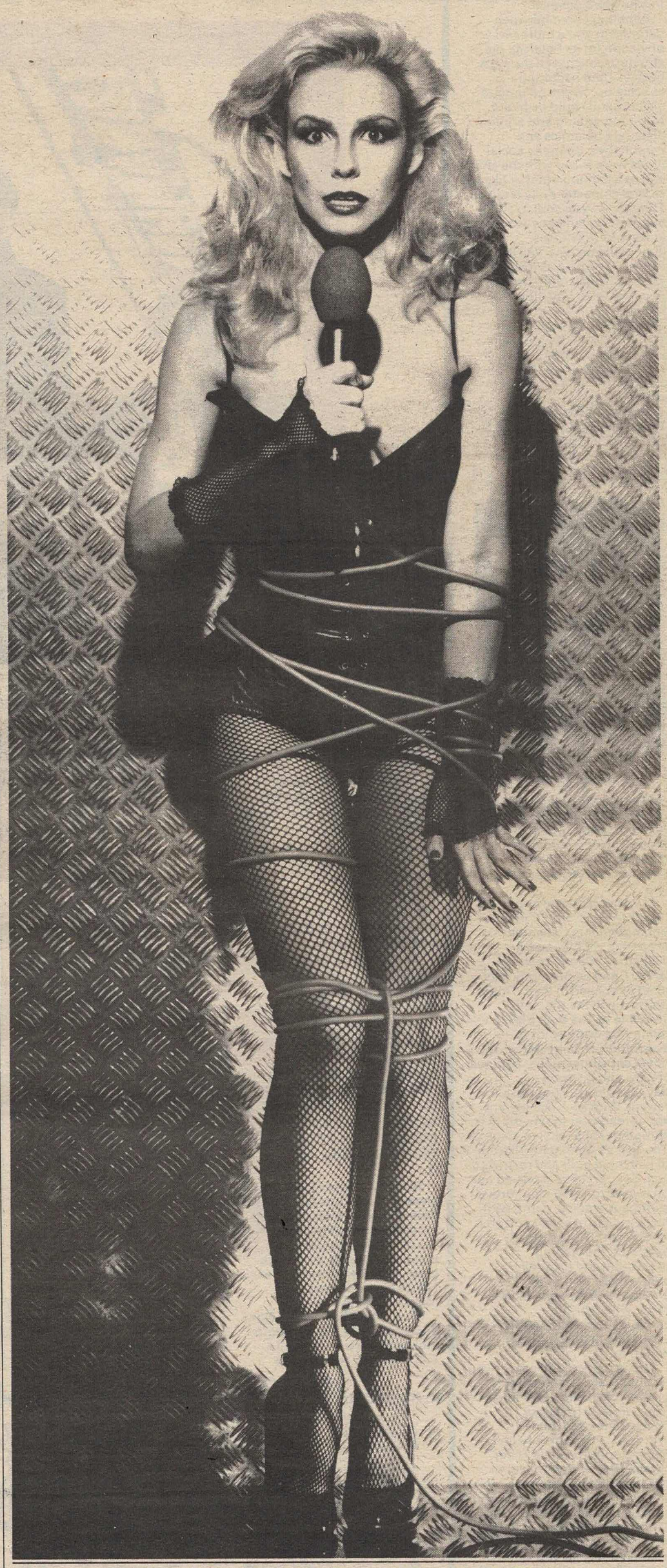
JANEY PREGER'S play **Under The Skin** (BBC1) was also about sexual violence, but a more verbal kind, unevenly sublimated into that banal perennial 'the war of the sexes'. This feud had permutations enough to pickle the mind: sexes, classes, moderate and radical feminists, moderate and malignant chauvinism, and, one suspects, a few warring voices

■ *Continues over*

The Bell: Ian Holm Applauds as Penman gets cross. . .

Sweet (and sour) irony: we here at NME Editorial are glad to see this Major TV Personality making her contribution to the debate on media treatment/exploitation of violence-against-women. . .

PAMELA STEPHENSON
UNUSUAL TREATMENT



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Dangerous Visions

■ *From previous page*

within the author herself. There were skirmishes of dialogue that recalled *The History Man,* and for a good half of its duration it did not overreach this hollow brilliance.

Bobbling about between naturalism and a more tacky obviation (of its Politics), the structure concussed during a hectic — and hectoring — conclusion, where an outsize elastic band could be heard twanging around and around disparate polemics and personages. So many social types were sliced with the sharp end of a lampoon that — like the central character Polly (Francis Tomelty) — you couldn't help but be stranded between surety and stand-offishness, depending on who *you* laughed *at* most. The play as it stood was really only effective as a gauge of what you already knew (of your own Politics). The only potentially sympathetic male character, for instance, had a permed hairstyle which killed my belief in him before he opened his mouth. See what I mean?

As a half-successful *Play For Today,* it would have made a great, more relaxed Series For A Few Weeks. But some good lines remain behind in its wake. Polly has a woman friend who

Frances Tomelty in Under The Skin

delights in the polaroids taken during the birth of her children — "and if she *is* going to hand those kind of pictures round at a dinner party, she really *shouldn't* serve redcurrant jelly."

"I've got far more important things to worry about than *entanglements,*" sneered academic snob Kenneth Williams in **Carry On Nurse** (BBC1), and he promptly falls head over head in love. This is pretty much the thematic storyline of **The Bell** (BBC2), this being Reg Gadney's TV adaptation of an Iris Murdoch novel set amongst the religious crazies and disruptive day-visitors at a countryside retreat. With so much blatant sex spread over the media, it is something of a relief to come to *The Bell's* seething maelstrom of twitching guilt and restricted lust. Sexual chess is played out on the vectors of a languorous summer paradise, damp with tiny droplets of sweat and arch symbolism. The acting is excellent, the staging irresistible and the pitch somewhere along the equatorial of metaphysical farce, where brittle conversational end-games evaporate in unspeakable dialogue.

This is particularly so within the love/hate relationship of husband and wife, Paul and Dora Greenfield (Tessa Peake-Jones and James Warwick). "Of course I don't respect you," he spits at her. "I'm in love with you, *unfortunately* — that's all." But she later gets her own back in a snappy one-liner: "Aren't you like all art-historians: in love with what you cannot possess, in love with what you cannot destroy?"

I love it, and could preen away over every little detail. Certain strains of psychology and brands of feminism will doubtless point to this as evidence of my bourgeois retardation and an inability to come to terms with real adult sexuality. They could be right; then again, *I* could be lying. . .

OK then — so what does happen when Sharon Tate's Baby meets Tammy Wynette...?

Rank And File — making Texas swing. L-R: Alejandro, Tony, Slim, Chip. Pic: Joe Stevens

RICHARD GRABEL hoes down to the country punk of Rank And File

THREE YEARS ago, Chip and Tony Kinman were brothers fronting The Dils, San Francisco's best and most politically astute punk band.

Although their fame never spread beyond the West Coast, The Dils' sound had the ferocity of the early Clash, and their lyrics were barbs pointed at the military, landlords, corporate managers and the like, with a sharpness that showed up Jello Biafra for a half-baked ranter.

At the same time, Allejandro Escovedo was a guitarist in The Nuns, another San Francisco punk band known mostly for their icy-blonde lead singer Jennifer Miro, and the perversity of songs like 'Suicide Child'. Now the three of them play country music — or rather in the guise of Rank And File, they're virtually *reinventing* it.

Tony, Chip and Al say they always had country roots. The Kinmans were military brats, growing up in Virginia and the Carolinas, hearing country music constantly. Alejandro grew up in San Antonio, Texas, where his father sang in a Mexican swing band.

When The Dils and The Nuns disbanded, Chap and Al both moved to New York, while Tony decided to leave the music business and live in Oregon. Al played in the Judy Nylon band. Chip and Al decided to get together and form Rank And File. they recruited former Clash tour DJ Barry Myers for bass and the drummer from the Judy Nylon band. In this configuration Rank And File were torn between being a pop band and being a country band, and the experiment never gelled.

Four steps were needed. First, they fired their rhythm section, the part of the band that had been pushing for a pop direction. Then, they coaxed Tony Kinman out of the hiding to play bass. Then, they moved to Austin, Texas, a proper environment for a country band. Finally, they found drummer Jim "Slim" Evans, an Austin Native.

Evans was an oddball for Austin — he'd played in such local bands as Sharon Tate's Baby, The Chickadiesels, and The Inserts, but he knew the country beat. Living in Austin, Rank And File began practising in garages and playing anywhere they could, from rock clubs to roadside honky-tonks.

"Real honky-tonks like the ones they sing about," Tony says. "Divorcees hanging out at the bar, guys who want to fight you when you step outside. . ."

And in Austin, Rank And File found the sound they were looking for. A true country sound, but with a hard, abrasive edge to it, and lyrics that go well beyond country's usual crying-in-my-beer moaning.

"I'd like what we do to be called country music," Tony says, "but you can't really label it. It's not country-rock. One writer called it rock-country. It's been called country-punk. It's all those things.

"Country music is a soul music, it's white soul music. I don't mean just white, because all sorts of people do it. It's a sound that wasn't in favour for a long time, the whole image of it is regarded as a joke. But to me the handful of country performers who are great are awesome. George Jones, Merle Haggard, Tammy Wynette, Lefty Frizzel. Just like in soul music, they can make the most mundane things sound profound. When people don't give it a chance it's their loss."

I've been as guilty as the next pop kid of giving country music a quick pass. It always sounded whiney, all lifeless near-melodies and self-pitying middle- American morbidity. Partly I'm to blame for ignoring the giants that Kinman points to, and partly the Nashville production machine is to blame for churning out so much garbage. But seeing Rank And File this time hit me like a bomb.

They don't approach country as a set of rules to play by, as Costello does on 'Almost Blue', and they don't take the Joe Ely road of rockabillying it up to give it a forced urgency. What they do is probably completely new. They play country fast and hard, they make it riotous, they make it sting.

They are well-positioned to move in worlds apart. At the Lone Star Cafe, New York's leading country music club, the urban cowboys and cowgirls leaning against the bar really take to Rank And File, responding to their disciplined rave-ups with the appropriate hee-haws. And the Peppermint Lounge rock crowd takes to them equally well. The band's personality carries the music and reaches the sceptics. Chip and Tony are real movers, and as frontman Chip doesn't just sing — he persuades, seduces, wins hearts.

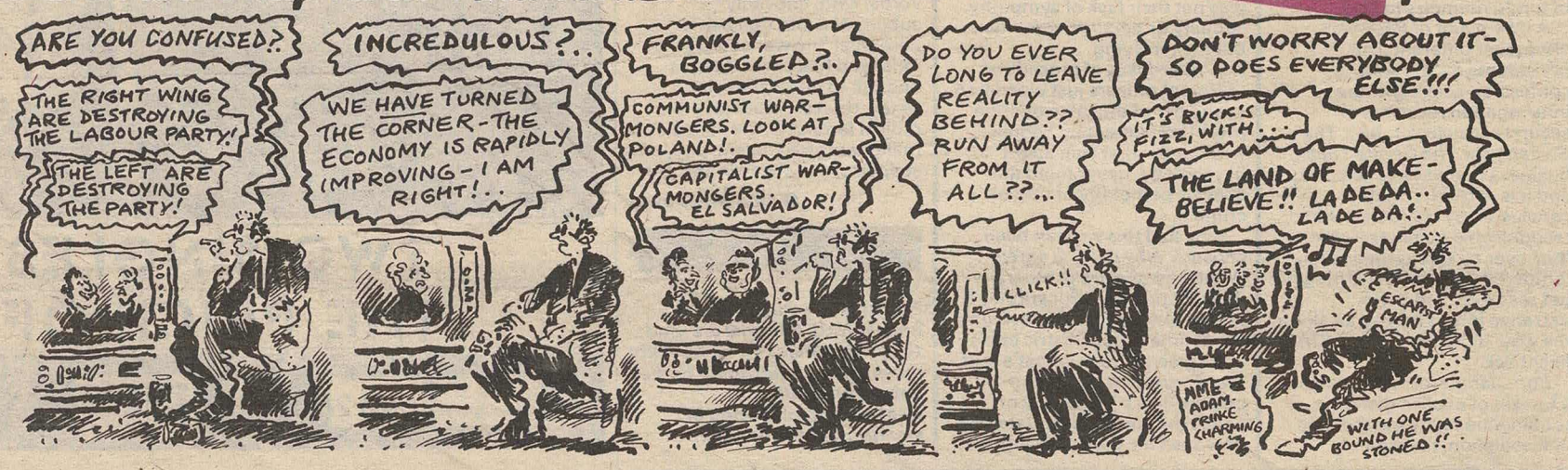
The songs deal with some typical country themes, like loneliness and heartbreak, and some untypical ones, like trendy fashion-following ('I Went Walking'), the plight of illegal immigrants ('Coyote') and the exploitation of working people ('Rank And File').

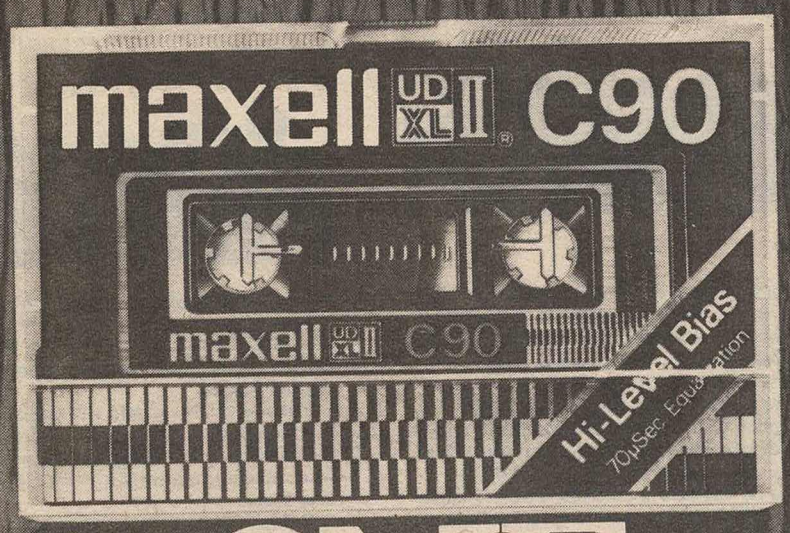
With such concerns, and the Kinmans' previous political orientation in The Dils, the country connection seems strange. Country music is associated, at least in the minds of people who don't follow it, with conservatism, stand-by-your-man and my-country-right-or-wrong values, at the political right.

"A statement like that is incredibly unsophisticated," Tony retorts. "Look at other kinds of music. Some of punk appeals to fascists. Ska was followed by racist skinheads. Or if you take the audience at a Van Halen concert and try to gauge the political climate by polling a cross section, what do you get? Country music is associated with the Southern region of the country, which invites other associations. But people don't think about Johnny Cash, who did anti-war concerts and was a big supporter of the American Indians. There is a conservative thing in country music. But all sorts of popular music reflect the climate of the times.

"And I can see why Merle Haggard wrote a song like 'Okie From Musskokie'. A lot of those people were getting shit on at the time. Many of those people are good and honest, they're not monsters. They will mostly choose to be fair and honest. In the '60s, when country music developed its conservative, George Wallace-type image, a lot of down-home type folks were under fire. There was a tremendous amount of self-righteousness in the popular music of the time, from the chairman of Columbia Records down to somebody covering Jefferson Airplane songs in their garage. And I see a lot of the same thing going on today in punk or new wave."

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


ARE YOU CONFUSED?
THE RIGHT WING ARE DESTROYING THE LABOUR PARTY!
THE LEFT ARE DESTROYING THE PARTY!
INCREDULOUS?..
WE HAVE TURNED THE CORNER - THE ECONOMY IS RAPIDLY IMPROVING - I AM RIGHT!..
FRANKLY, BOGGLED?..
COMMUNIST WAR-MONGERS. LOOK AT POLAND!.
CAPITALIST WAR-MONGERS. EL SALVADOR!
DO YOU EVER LONG TO LEAVE REALITY BEHIND?? RUN AWAY FROM IT ALL??..
CLICK!!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT - SO DOES EVERYBODY ELSE!!!
IT'S BUCK'S FIZZ WITH...
THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE!! LA DE DA.. LA DE DA!..
ESCAPIST MAN
NME = ADAM PRINCE CHARMING
WITH ONE BOUND HE WAS STONED!!



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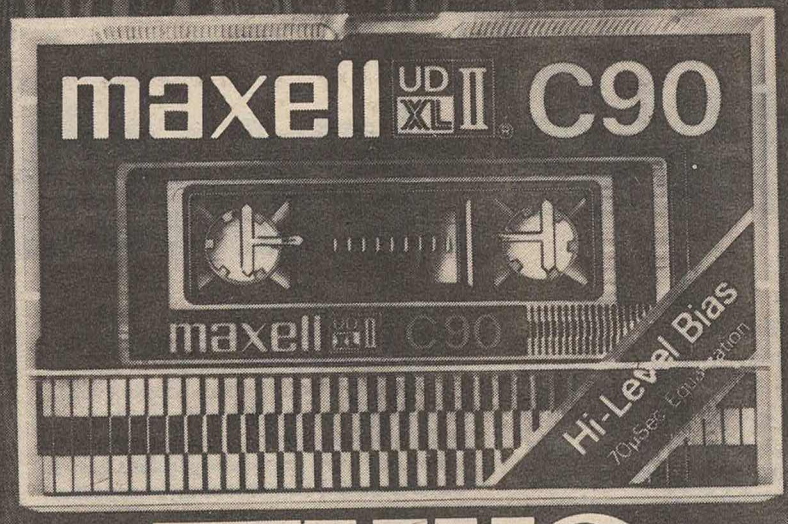

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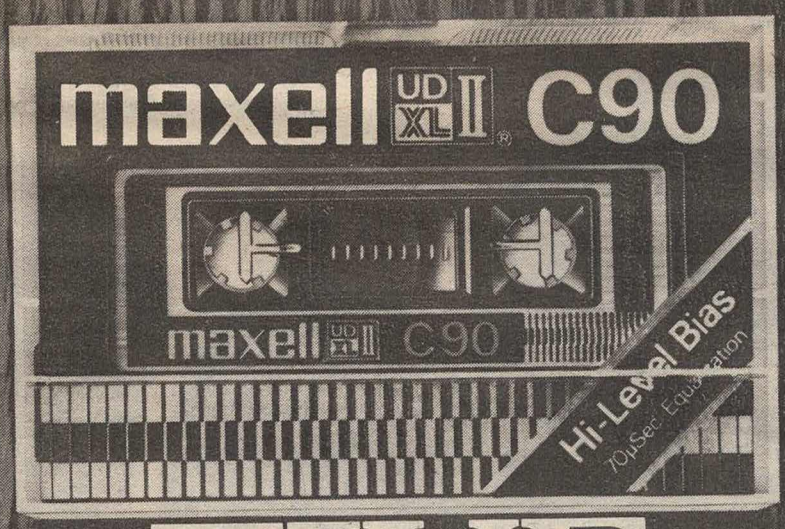

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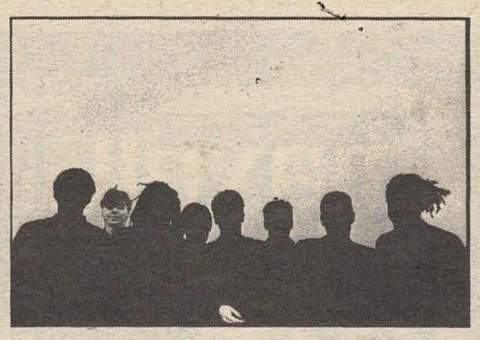

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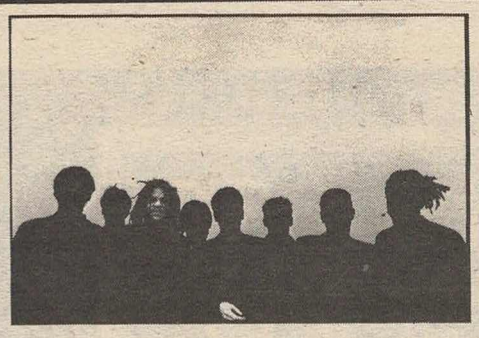
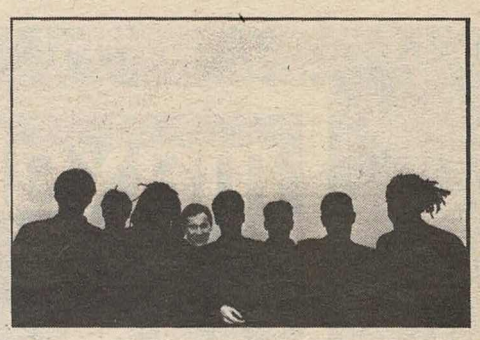


ASTRO



ROBIN

8.30 ON A COLD, foggy January morning.

UB40's 1982 British tour begins here, in the ninth-floor restaurant of a Birmingham city-centre hotel, in a roomful of hungover businessmen who breakfast at separate tables and perspire in the tropical fug of full-blast central heating. The silence, once broken only by the swish of the waitresses' skirts and the genteel click of cup against saucer, is now replaced by the noise of chatter and laughter that comes from three crowded tables by the back wall.

Here, members of UB40 sip coffee and munch toast as they wait for bassist Earl Falconer to arrive from his home in nearby Moseley.

Astro, the band's trumpeter and toaster, leans back in his chair and contemplates the restaurant with a relaxed grin.

"I used to work here, you know," he confides in the soft Midlands brogue common to most of the band. "It was only my second-ever job. I was really made up cos I was getting £16 a week, and my first job had been just £7."

When was this? I ask.

"Oh, I dunno, '71 or '72. I got the sack, though. The restaurant manager was a right bastard. He used to nick the staff's tips, which he had no right to do, you know, and one week we had a big row about it. Soon after that, he sacked me. I said, Why? What have I done? And he said, I just don't like you.

"Well, fair enough, I thought. And I was holding a tray of food at the time, so I let him have it, like."

Astro mimes upending a tray over somebody's head and his dreadlocks jig merrily around his shoulders.

I visualise a petty tyrant dripping with food. Hmm, I muse drowsily, defiant gesture but the power structure stays unharmed. Are there comparisons here to UB40's music? (I'm not at my sharpest at 8.30am.)

Astro chuckles at the memory and stares out at the grey-suited businessmen bent over their greasy eggs and bacon. He'll be looking out at a similar scene every morning for the next four weeks.

God, it's tough at the top.

ON THE COACH to Newcastle, for the tour's two opening dates, the band doze, make banana sandwiches, drink orange juice, play reggae tapes and watch a Billy Connolly video. I chat with saxist Brian Travers, sharing his enthusiasm for John Coltrane and Art Pepper, and listen to the band's plans for their new Dep International label. Quality is the aim.

"We'll probably have other bands on the label later," says the red-headed Travers. "Nothing big, like, what we want is a quality label, you know what I mean? Like, you could buy practically any record on Stax or Trojan or Motown in the '60s, and it would have *quality*. That's the kind of label we want."

That 1981 was a quiet time for UB40, relative to the previous year's surge of success with two hit singles and a best-selling debut LP in 'Signing Off', was due largely to a dispute with their original record label, Graduate, whose court injunction against the band stopped them releasing any records for the first six months of the year.

The next day, in a Newcastle hotel room, I get the full story from guitarist Robin Campbell.

"Graduate seemed to be in tune with us at first, but as the singles sold their attitudes changed and they sort of tried to turn themselves into a major record company. They started doing things without consulting us, and the final straw was when *Time Out* rang us up to ask how we felt about 'Signing Off' being released in South Africa with 'Burden Of Shame' deleted. And we said, er, what?! We didn't know *anything* about it."

'Burden Of Shame', in case you haven't heard it, attacks British government and big business collusion with South Africa's racist regime.

"We called Graduate," continues Campbell, "and they said, Yeah, we did it cos our people in South Africa didn't want it on, they thought it might be embarrassing. Which, of course, upset us no end, cos if there's anywhere we'd want that song released, it would be South Africa."

Further acrimony over money and workloads resulted in UB40 deciding not to renew their option, Graduate alleging they didn't *have* an option, and a legal wrangle which put the kibosh on the band's release schedules.

The affair was finally settled out of court, but not before the band, practically broke and with the prospect of a court case looming, had applied for — and were granted — legal aid.

"We all had to go down to the SS office for an interview," says Brian Travers, "and, like, we were signing hundreds of autographs there while we were applying for legal aid. It was ridiculous."

THE BAND'S first releases on their own Dep International label were the 'Present Arms' LP, and the two singles culled from it — 'Don't Let It Pass You By' and 'One In Ten'. All sold well, though the singles didn't quite reach the chart heights of the earlier 'Food For Thought' and 'My Way Of Thinking', and critical response to the LP was decidedly cool. A dub LP of 'Present Arms' followed, and now a new single, 'I Won't Close My Eyes', is due for release in early February.

In view of the band's oft-declared aim of "popularising reggae", I express surprise that the slow, self-absorbed 'I Won't Close My Eyes' had been preferred as an A-side to the rootsier 'Politician', which boasts a sharp Astro toast.

Robin: "Yeah, there's been a lot of argument about that. It was a conscious commercial decision on our part. I think we probably prefer the B-side cos it *is* more reggae, but what's the chance of getting it played on Radio One? Selling singles is all about getting airplay and we're dealing with a narrow-minded radio network who won't play toasted reggae."

But you've always said you intend to change all that, to use your commercial success to popularise the heavier styles of reggae. You won't do that without taking a few risks — isn't it the time to take them?

Robin: "Well, it's a very *gradual* process. If you like, it's down to our lack of confidence. We've got to take the risk, yeah, but just now we haven't got the bottle. We're not prepared to cut our own throats, we still want to sell records."

Brian: "We took a risk releasing the dub album."

Robin: "And we made history with that album. Woolworths were selling that album, the first time in their lives they've sold dub. *And* it charted, it sold 60 to 70,000 copies, which isn't as much as 'Signing Off' or 'Present Arms' — they both did over 300,000 — but it's still ten times more than any other dub LP.

"So it's happening slowly. It *is* working. You can't do it overnight; but a lot of people are beginning to use reggae, to use dub techniques in all kinds of music. And I don't think we've played a small part in that. I think we've been instrumental."

The question of UB40's contribution to reggae tends to get a bit vexed. While many reggae artists, from Burning Spear to Clint Eastwood, highly rate UB40, the more purist British aficionados don't consider them an authentic reggae band; while another common criticism is that in commercialising the music, they've evolved a very bland, MOR reggae hybrid that is as likely to bore as to convert.

The band are witheringly contemptuous of such attitudes.

Robin: "Of course we're a reggae band. We're not a *JA* reggae band cos we're not from Jamaica. But all our influences, the music we listen to, is reggae. And that's what we set out to play."

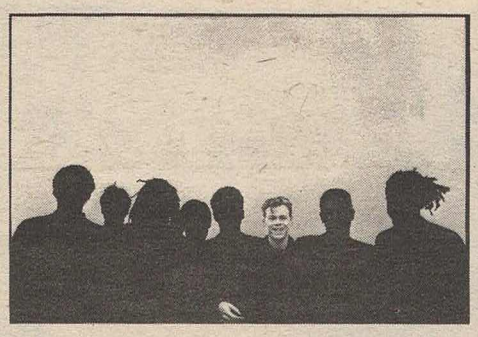
Ali Campbell, Robin's younger brother and the band's lead singer, joins the debate. "There's an old school of diehards who won't accept us cos . . . well, cos we're predominantly white, I suppose."

Robin: "What annoys me is that you get British reggae bands who play *British* reggae, not JA reggae at all — Steel Pulse, Aswad, Merger, Eclipse, there are millions of them — but they're acceptable cos they're all black. If we painted our

"In A World Full Of Darkness

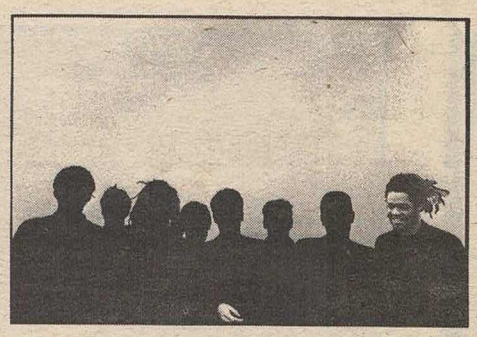
So say UB40 on their new single. But will they skank their way into the hearts of the nation? Are they even going in the right direction?

BRIAN



ALI

NORMAN



EARL

faces, we'd be OK, we'd be a 'real' reggae band! It's silly."

Brian: "It's inverted racism."

And the accusations of blandness?

Brian: "There again, it's weird the way people don't say that about Gregory Isaacs or Freddie McGregor or any of the Jamaican guys who're doing exactly the same thing — in fact, they're playing an even lighter-weight reggae than we do."

Ali: "I think a lot of people were put off by our first singles, which were pretty awful, really."

Robin: "They weren't awful. They were consciously mixed in a commercial way to sell to people who weren't into reggae. That's fair enough, that's the way you break into the market. They were still good singles. It wasn't reggae as we wanted it to be, but that was a compromise, you know, which we're entitled to make. If we'd started out playing heavy reggae, we'd have sold the same as everybody else — zilch.

"I don't care who calls us MOR. It's our conscious attempt to sell records. Is that wrong?"

THE NEWCASTLE punters have no doubts. UB40 are given a rapturous reception at both concerts, though the band agree they don't deserve one on the first night when, beset by sound problems, they never really get themselves together.

The second show is far better, and UB40's strengths fall into focus: tight, vibrant, flowing music, a joyful dance with militant edges, a populist stance that embraces the disaffected teens and earnest early 20s who make up the bulk of their audience.

UB40's bright, caring reggae is not only shorn of all Rastafarian content — and thus more palatable to white audiences — it also appeals to, and unites, two usually disparate sections of the rock-buying public: the popsters who want music to dance to, and the pundits who want music to worry about. Is this the secret of their huge success?

Their new set comprises most of 'Present Arms', plus four new songs that include 'I Won't Close My Eyes', 'Folitician', and the lilting 'Love Is All', already earmarked as the single-after-next. From 'Signing Off', there's just 'Food For Thought' and encores of 'Little By Little' and 'Burden Of Shame'.

The stage itself looks striking, all speakers, monitors and ramps draped in white; while the horns — Brian, Astro and trombonist Norman Hassan, black-suited and polo-necked — stand on a special gallery above the drums, swinging away in the spotlights.

The climax provides a spectacular flame-like lighting effect on 'Burden Of Shame', as Astro races around the ramps and does his dodge'n'dance with Norman. The band's occasional lapses, notably those dull instrumental work-outs which they've yet neither the skill nor the daring to sustain, are easily eclipsed by their peaks of drama and elation. Call it reggae, call it pop, when it works, it *works*.

UB40 ARE, of course, famous for *not* working.

"The media are always saying, You've got all these songs about being unemployed, but in fact UB40 don't have a single fucking song about unemployment," Brian Travers points out.

We're back in that Newcastle hotel room, discussing the band's politics. Present are Brian Travers and the Campbell brothers, who do most of the talking; plus the Falconer brothers (Ray, Earl's brother, is the band's sound mixer) and keyboardist Mickey Virtue, who barely say a word. Absent are drummer Jim Brown, finishing off the lyrics to a new song, while Astro and Norman Hassan have been bagged for a different interview.

The plush environs of the Holiday Inn — indoor swimming pool and sauna, £10 steaks and 60p for a teabag — invariably raise questions about UB40's success bringing in its wake some startling contradictions to the dole-queue politics they espouse on record. Mention this, though, and the band get vehemently defensive, protesting that money hasn't changed them one iota — rather an implausible line, I suggest.

"No," declares an impassioned Robin Campbell. "If I was a millionaire tomorrow, it's not going to change the way I feel, my ideals, my political beliefs."

Brian: "Our life *styles* have changed, definitely. Now we go out shopping and buy food, whereas before me and Earl'd get up and follow the milkman up the road and nick his chickens or bottles of milk. But our *ideals* haven't changed at all."

No, I'm not saying you've sold out, or been corrupted, or whatever. Obviously, things aren't that simple. All I'm saying is that success has brought changes, given you money and power, and that for a band *with* your ideals, surely this has raised problems. Just by being rich now, haven't you — willy nilly — become part of the system you want to destroy? How can you avoid that?

Brian: "The thing is, if you're gonna fight against anything, it's much easier to fight from within. To be on top of the situation and push down, rather than be underneath. Like, when we first started playing gigs, we didn't have the power to say we wanted cheaper entrance prices for people on the dole. Now we *can* say that."

OK, that's great, but it doesn't attack the system that demands unemployment, it doesn't change very much.

Ali: "I don't see that *anything's* gonna change very much unless everybody takes a gun and goes into the street. I mean, how much can you change things by being in a band?"

Earl: "We could buy a load of M16s and go out killing coppers but we'd only last a week. Music is a much better way of getting our views across."

Robin: "And if I *was* buying M16s, I wouldn't be fucking telling you, anyway. I'd still be sitting here saying, Well, what can I do about it? I could be financing anybody — and that's another thing that financial gain gets you — any of us can write off vast amounts of money to obtain the political ends we want. And if we were doing that, if we're sending thousands of pounds to the IRA or SWAPO or whatever, we certainly wouldn't tell you, that would be commerical suicide cos it would alienate so many people."

Well, anyone could *say* they were doing that.

"True. Exactly," says Robin, changing tack. "And *nobody* would believe it." And he chuckles maniacally.

THE TALK TURNS to UB40 lyrics. I complain that, while their best songs — 'Tyler', 'Burden Of Shame', 'Don't Let It Pass You By' — deal with specific topics, too often they turn out vague, generalised finger-pointing lyrics that don't provoke or challenge so much as wave flags.

'One In Ten', for example, is just a list of wrongs that does little except signal UB40's 'concern', which they sometimes use as a trademark in much the same way as Adam Ant uses a white stripe across his face. Are they content to state the obvious?

The band fall back on their favourite line of defence — commercial viability.

Robin: "Well, about 'One In Ten', right, all we say is those wrongs are there, but *we're* not supposed to talk about them, the people who listen to the song are supposed to talk about them. It's a reminder, that's all. We're not into deep discussions, not in our songs.

"Also, I think 'One In Ten' works as a *song*, and we're in the business of writing songs, not standing on soapboxes."

Oh come on, it's not that black and white. UB40 could harden up their lyrics a lot more without becoming polemical.

Robin: "Basically, a lot of our lyrics are . . . we could say 'em in another fashion, like Crass, with violent music, but you don't get on the radio, you just preach to the converted, and that's a waste of time. Everything we do is a conscious effort at . . . er . . ."

Ray: "Seduction."

Robin: "Yeah, seduction. An easy-to-listen-to music — and, hopefully, then you get your lyrics across. But if we don't, if people just listen to the music, that's cool too. We didn't get the band together to get across our political ideals, we got the band together cos we wanted to play music. And sell a lot of records." He laughs, "You're probably getting from all this that we're pretty mercenary."

It had crossed my mind.

We continue to disagree. Robin cites 'Madame Medussa' as a subtle way of smuggling an anti-Thatcher song onto the radio; I think it's obscure waffle. The band claim they don't have any solutions and that songs aren't the place for them anyway; I say it's not about solutions, it's about dissecting, making connections — if you're going to write songs about political topics, you need to go beyond simplistic labelling.

For all their right-on politics, I add, UB40 deal in *safe* statements. They don't *shock* anyone.

"You'd be surprised," says Robin, "we get loads of letters complaining about our lyrics. After 'Don't Let It Pass You By', a priest actually wrote to say, I'll be saying in my sermon next Sunday that people should *not* buy your records cos you are . . . you know, damnation."

'Don't Let It Pass You By', written by Robin, is

CONTINUES PAGE 41

I Won't Turn Off My Light."

Graham Lock turns on the tape
Anton Corbijn presses the flash gun

NOT JUST ACTING THE PART

From 2-Tone to Trojan Woman. PAULINE BLACK pushes the polemic with PAUL MORLEY.

"WHEN I was 18, one, I was acutely aware that I was a woman. I wasn't as strong as a man. Whatever women's lib may say, I am not as physically strong as a man, and that does put me at a disadvantage.

"Two, I was acutely aware that I was black and, sure, all blacks aren't all sweeping the floors anymore but you are at certain disadvantages.

"So I thought, well, the best

way to find my way out of those disadvantages is to get some solid point of reference of your own — from which you know that you're a person and that you think that was true. I still don't think it's true, and the various things that are happening now go a long way to confirm that."

Pauline Black speaks out, with a lot of indignation and one imagines buttery liberals squirming. One shortsighted, unsophisticated question can set off a flipping matter-of-fact-ish chain reaction as she leads the listener(s) from the endearing irrationalities of personal competitiveness back to the darkened age of feudalism inside the dignity of black people right into the muddle of the desperate kicks and anxieties we all experience today.

She's not a great story-teller, but she has no time for boggy sentiments, Whether discussing the flower of freedom or the shit of prejudice, Black charges forward with unapologetic boldness, refusing to glorify, falsify, classify, merely the protect the delicate thread of career continuity.

Whether talking about the fraying cliches of capitalist society and authority or the weak, stained values of the rock business there's an inconsolable determination to get *everything* out into the open.

"Perhaps articulacy is a way of overcoming some forms of oppression. I was brought up by white parents so probably I had a kind of advantage there. If I hadn't had people talking to me and teaching me to read at an early age and all the rest of it, yeah, I wouldn't be like I am now.

"If I couldn't answer back like I can now to people I would feel an acute frustration and the only thing left would be to use force. If I wasn't as articulate as I am I would probably go around thumping everybody. All that's happened to me is that I've been put into a public spot where I can say what I think and other people get to hear about it.

"If that hadn't happened I would still be working as a radiographer, still saying what I'm saying, except to a small group of people. It is the publicness of it that I suppose makes people thing that you simply want to be admired for what you think. I don't want to be admired for what I think. That's useless. What I care about, all I'm worried about, is — are there people out there who think the same way I do and if so then for fuck's sake find others . . . that's the way it's got to be."

Not long ago it didn't seem as though there was anything remotely life-like about being 28. Twenty-eight was the age of an ancient foreigner. Now, whether because of rock and woe, or Spike Milligan, or the end of this world, 28 isn't old. I can't believe that Pauline Black is 28 in the same way that I can't believe Lynval Golding is 30 : it used to be 30-year-olds were forced to forget their ego flights or purposefulness or sexual excess or whatever and most were guided into following some peculiarly inherited grown up plan. In this world — settled inside a specific political psychology — I can't see that I'll mind being 28 as much as I thought I would. I won't be edited down after all. Pauline Black hardly seems to think about her age.

"I think people these days are less likely to accept the stereotypes. When I was young 28 was where you had a house, had 2.4 kids, had a car and every year you went on holiday to Clacton-on-Sea or you had a package holiday abroad of you were lucky. Five years ago I thought my life was more or less set up. I was going to aspire to be a senior radiographer at some point and that was it. But opportunities present themselves . . . if I'd have been a few years younger perhaps I could have settled down more with Selecter, but you get aware of all the shit that there is. And I just think that if you subordinate all your principles for one end it cannot be satisfying for yourself, not if you're really honest about what you're doing."

Inevitably, Black sees historical consequence, social crises and the contradictions of culture as 'appalling' rather than 'absurd', and her participation in the 2-Tone bid for justice was unsurprisingly intense and argumentative. She is pleased that Selecter were, for enough time, a presence, and that they ended before they could end up as just another lump on the landscape — guarded or flattened but pointless.

"People said a lot of nice things about The Selecter. Some had it that we were too serious, and we were too much this, or too much that. We were, so what? If we had just come along and said were were just concerned about having a good time people would've said God they're so vacuous, so blase, they should be thinking about the deeper questions. You can't win! You just get on with it. You do it. You're either the media darling or you're not. If you're not . . . tough shit."

Black is concerned with effectiveness, with constructive activity, and has a simple version of art as some kind of moral action. In common with other 2-Tone graduates she has spun out from that corner without relinquishing her grip on the necessity 'to impose an ideal vision on a brute social structure that by it's very nature is an enemy out to crush the individual.' She keeps a close watch on the fate of society, believes with understandable satisfaction in a very practical political expression and adopts a semi propagandistic position.

"With my next LP I know everybody will go oh off we go again, some will say the songs are about y'know obvious things. But all I can do is give my expression. A song is going to represent what you felt at a particular time. But you want to make things better. With my music I want to increase positivism and reflect my belief that there is a solution — that working class people will come together and say that we can decide our future, we don't need anyone else. Music can point out the problems — anything else is sloganising and I don't want to do that."

A year ago, responding to an unsparing momentum, Black enrolled in drama classes, and this week she makes her acting debut in Farrukh Dondy's *Trojans,* produced by the Black Theatre Co Op and directed by Trevor Laird (Quadrophenia/Babylon.) *Trojans* is a musical adaption of the myth of the Trojan Women, set partly in the 18th century and partly in 1987, when four members of a black revolutionary group have taken over a nuclear bomb installation. Black co-wrote and sings seven songs in the production and the play connects smartly with her preacherette poise.

"I'm doing a play that happens to be one that I believe in and the other people who are in it believe in it as well. It's a play that doesn't neglect the political or practical aspects of life. To my mind what the play deals with is our concepts of freedom. People think they're free, but there's no way they are. The play starts in 1772, I play Cassie, a slave in London. There's no legislation for slavery in London so she could just walk out of the door and no longer be a slave. But she'd still be black person in London in 1972. She goes forward to 1987 presumably thinking that shit we must have worked something out by now and she finds a parelled situation really.

"You still have the master except it's the government and all that rigmarole and you still have people who don't realise what is actually happening. You have two different concepts of freedom. When people realise that they are not free in this society, whatever they might feel, the sooner you're going to get some action."

"I want to do the play, just to see if I can. It probably won't be that wonderful, it's my first thing and it's there to be built on. The play is also about people being forced into a situation that they find intolerable and for today that's very appropriate."

Director Naird pushes his head around the dressing room door. Five more minutes and Pauline must return to rehearsal. First, she runs towards the revolution.

"If the working class people, which is what it's going to come to, took up arms tomorrow, got rid of this government and replaced it with some interim government, it would be hell but you would have to fight it out, because you would be in that situation, you would have to find out where you were going to go from there."

Black demonstrates an independence that is unquestionably valid, a radical conviction that has no synthetic pieces or wet places. I remain impressed by the intelligence she brings to her own compulsion to find out what has happened to her and what is happening all around. What I felt was missing during our swivelling talk — this certainly isn't to exclaim a menacing emptiness — as a sense of . . . existential irony, but this is completely irrelevant and I apologise for the intrusion: I never could smell out hard reality very well, whilst Pauline Black smells only hard reality.

What does she make of the two extremes that wish to make their noises heard these days — those engaged in an aggravating political activism, dumping on apathy and Mag Thatcher, and those copulating with numerous frivolities, like floppy pop trends, deafening boobs and Mark Thatcher?

"It's decadence, isn't it . . . The whole mood if you like in music it's like there's always the sub-culture with bands saying, Look at what's happening all over the place, and then there are those who drift over it all and dress up in weird clothes . . . that's ok, that's an expression of something. Yeah, we're heading into a situation, if we're not already there, which is like the pre-nazi days. Everyone is like thrown into a flux."

Are you scared or excited by the future?

"Both, at the same time. What I can't lose really is that I've got the greatest faith in the human race. . ."

Pauline runs off towards a cigarette.

"I didn't smoke once during that interview!"

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WHY

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Illustration by Tony McSweeney

Andrew Tyler discovers the Right kind of Anarchism

A FREE LIFE ...FOR SOME

THE SDP says it is breaking the mould of British politics, which has to be the first great political joke of the '80s. Whoever heard of paid members of the club breaking moulds? Paid members, having taken the fee and the oath, must lick the long coat tails of tradition.

Any serious undermining of political foundations is presently coming from the proliferating bands of anarchist libertarian types (even though a lot of them hate the tag by now) who don't so much want to occupy or even demolish parliament and town hall but fly free around the back doubles. The new politics, in short, are ad hoc.

Anarcho libs say they want a society without a state, or at most, one with a minimal state. They want individuals to be at perfect liberty and yet not rampant; a system of discreet control/un-control where the mechanisms are unfelt. No moral coercion, no sheep pens for the don't knows.

However . . . Even anarcho libs carry with them a fair lump of (contrasting) moral baggage, and aren't scared to sling it about.

The most familiar spiky leather types might or might not have worked out their political sums beyond a capital A inside a circle but in any case tend to be more about feeling than dogma. They start with stomach and heart and edge musically towards the text.

Those from socialist stock will tout for collectives, co-ops and other brands of petit collectivism.

Anarcho hippie freaks would feed the world grape juice and halva and reserve only the kindest-of-all technologies.

There are also — inevitably — libertarian anarchists of the right and let these be fruitfully considered by the likes of Mark Bebbington of Harrow Mddx who wrote to *Gasbag* last year defending anarchists as though they were an unbroken line of anti-nuclear good guys, all nice clean lefties or poet/bums at heart. Not so.

The faith of the 'rightist' libertarian is in the intrinsic 'logic' of the free market. Everything and everyone would be placed subject to the market's infallible impulses.

It would be the job of private enterprise to provide health services, police, sewerage, street lights, money, law and foreign aid (if the whim arises). There would be no gun control. Children would go to school only if they cared and could work down a mine at six if that's their style.

The only help for the unemployed would be in the form of insurance or charity; likewise for social inadequates.

It is a world most devoutly imagined and praised from 40 Floral Street in London's Covent Garden; headquarters of the Libertarian Alliance (membership 1,000 it is claimed), and of its pump house the Alternative Bookshop.

The latter is run by Chris Tame who is also an Alliance officer. Tame describes himself as an anarcho-capitalist and boasts that some years ago he was booed out of the Federation of Conservative Students for anti-State tendencies. He says he is also despised by the young priests of the Left.

From Floral Street also comes the Alliance's main propaganda weapon: a quarterly pocket journal called *Free Life* which carries 25 to 30 pages of thoughts, sharply written but in a bullying tone of moral indignation.

Whatever the arguments in *Free Life* they inevitably return to the problem — what sort of life is it that is free from coercion? How do you guarantee, in the words of an Alliance slogan, "the right of all persons to life, liberty and justly-acquired property" when these very same 'freedoms' can be the means of oppressing the fellow up the road?

The problem of competing freedoms is excellently illustrated in the Alliance's position on nuclear power, which officially doesn't exist, yet both Tame and *Free Life* editor David Ramsay Steele are both pro-nuke while, additionally, an article in *Free Life* (Vol 2 no. 2) describes nuclear energy as a "free and inexhaustible bounty of cheap power . . . safe and benign." Opposition to it was declared "murderous".

Nowhere in this unusually stupid piece of writing was there any discussion of cancer or leukaemia risks or the often fatal impact of uranium mining which is the starting point of this most cheap and bountiful power source.

More enticing was Ramsay Steele's same-issue analysis of last summer's riots. Joblessness was a cause, yes; urban rot, yes; but the riots were also recreation. They were good, cheap fun.

As to the much-barracked police he neatly asked: what else can be expected of officers of a nationalised industry other than inefficiency, arrogance, unaccountability, arbitrariness, privilege and a high corruption rate?

Of course these same complaints can also be applied to the great-freewheeling transnational corporations and yet the Alliance would apparently tolerate them since it clings to the idiotic hope that entirely free market forces — which it says we have yet to 'enjoy' — will either cut the corps down to size or eradicate their stinking imperfections. And so it goes on . . .

Probably the best argument against the Alliance's cack-handed brand of freedom is contained in *Free Life* itself — in a piece quaintly called 'My Anarchism'.

Anarchism, says the author, has never worked on a large scale because it is not so much social theory as social protest: "The anarchist is not a peddlar of schemes for social salvation but a permanent register of all attempts to subordinate the uniqueness of the individual to the authority of the collective."

Yes I like that.

SINGLES

reviewed by Danny Baker

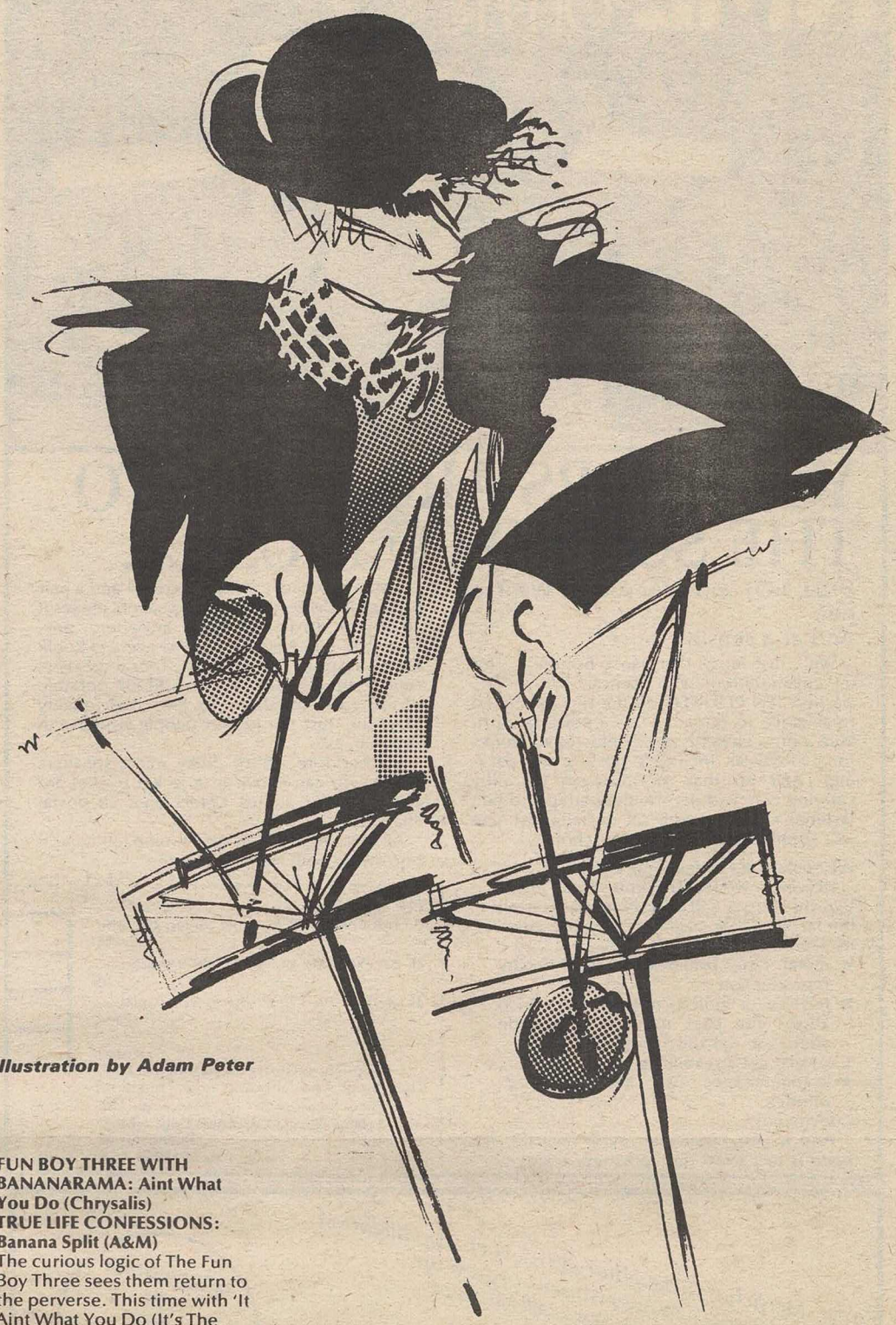

Illustration by Adam Peter

THE WHATNAUTS: Help Is On The Way (Harlem).

Whatever became of The Whatnauts has been puzzling historians for almost a decade. Since notching up a string of eleven straight number ones in this country the band haven't recorded a thing. The band, a family affair of Ken, Harpo and Wally Whatnaut with Earl Basinet on slide trombone, thunder back with 'Help Is On The Way'. Clutching at no obvious straws, 'Help Is On The Way' is the kind of casual class that The O'Jays sometimes bother to create. A craftsman's record not just bashed out to meet seven minutes of spare black wax. It works as *a record* on or off that tired old dance floor, with or without a Walkman, and does not require a review that ends in an exclamation mark. I've decided that all this stuff about singles being one-play disposable pals is all *me eye*. Nice concept but people aren't like that. The Whatnauts' new single make collecting vogue once more.

SOFT CELL: Say Hello (Some Bizzare)

Soft Cell are just the *coddest* thing. If they ever market a video of their stage act it'll just have to be packaged in a 'boil-in-a-bag' by Birdseye. This latest twelve inch opens with four minutes of sober clarinet playing across a slow echoey backdrop. So winsome is this arrangement that it comes across like the musical link in an edition of Pogle's Wood.

"I tried to make it work" breathes Marc *"You in a cocktail dress and me in a suit."* Oh no. Suits aren't Marc at all. When he snakes his way across the BBC stage doing this one on *Top of The Pops* I shall expect nothing less than footless tights, a leather off-the-shoulder blouson top and picture hat. A cocktail dress? Probably not. I mean a fellow doesn't want to get a reputation for being a *fruit*, does he.

Not a bad little ballad-ette though.

CENTRAL LINE: Don't Tell Me (Mercury)

Central Line may be fashionably British but this record still sounds like the shell of a notion that The Whispers thought better of before making 'I Can Make It Better For You'. Bright and chipper but there are far too many of this easy brand of dance-writing around to warrant our attentions.

THE WHISPERS: In The Raw (Solar)
SHALAMAR: Talk To Me (Solar)

Though Solar may be still a more reliable label than, say, Brunswick its stable sound is starting to sound irritatingly *pat*. Pat, in the meantime, is starting to sound like Vic Damone. The preceding 'Joke' was included for all those at BFPO Malta and will be repeated on 'That's A Howler', Radio Two, this coming Tuesday.

The Whispers do have an excuse for making the same record these last four 45s. They are all in-bred and under four feet tall therefore understandably prone to duplication. Whilst being the master-print for many a Central Line, it's high time their 'Love Thing' sound was pensioned off. Maybe Beggar & Co could use it. Shalamar too feed off the same branch. If ever you hear these two discs back-to-back you will swear you've been sold a pup/thumb on the scales etc. Notable here though is the growing length of the house musicians' instrumental breaks. What was once a cruelly short appetizer has now been developed into a passage long enough to render the singers redundant. Why, Shalamar could've delivered their contribution while passing through the studio on a downhill skate-board. Still, both records have a peculiar merit which I bring to your attention for no other reason than that I discovered the Solar label.

GEORGE BENSON: Never Give Up On A Good Thing (Warner Bros)

George Benson will be my next major interview so clip out the coupon and give it to your newsagent today. I thought George would wither and die after Quincy 'Quincey' Jones walked out of their Burbank apartment never to show his embearded 106 year-old face again. But George is made of sterner stuff! Firstly he records the magnificent 'Turn Your Love Around' and then this. "I Will Survive" he shouts at the world! All those brickbats about MOR and muzak mean nothing to me, last week I bought Christopher Cross' single, these days I find myself more at home with a bit of polish and class. Music will out! Let's keep experiments under glass where they belong.

BRIAN BRAIN: Jive Jive (Secret)

Whoops. Having laid my pro-corporation cards on the deck I turn straightway into a brash little independent — in a glossy gatefold sleeve — that is cracking. 'Jive Jive' starts like a thousand other monotone delivery bores but the key-word here is insistence. It plods, pounds and pummels at the head like a thinking man's Kraftwerk. Only there's no synthesisers. And they're British. (The ol' Kraftwerk parallel seem a little tenuous here son — Dan's Mum). Whatever, Brian Brain had better brace brace themselves for their one hit in the manner of Tenpole Tudor or Department S. (Late Weather Flash: Meteorologists say there is still no sign of a hit coming from either Bow Wow Wow or Athletico Spizz '40. *('40? — Ed)* Yes '40. The recession bites hard you know.)

DEPECHE MODE: See You (Mute)

This has been handed to me by our own 'nutty Slav' Kris Bhohn. Kris is sure Depeche Mode will wrest Earth Wind & Fire's clutch from my heart but I will have to disappoint him. Firstly, Mr Bohn only regards groups that record on instruments requiring special planning permission from the GPO. His idea of recreation is to watch telephone engineers waving those enormous wads of flex about. Secondly, Depeche Mode — Italian for "We Have A Great Weekend For You On ITV!" — look just about the most inconfident group ever to be on national TV. One of the very few bands I have seen 'live' since the old queen passed on — see Almond, Marc — I was impressed. But their last single was trying and now this is insipid. It's obvious they know more about pop music than their crazed mentor Dr Daniel 'Jack To A King' Miller — and that drives him wild!

FUN BOY THREE WITH BANANARAMA: Aint What You Do (Chrysalis)
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS: Banana Split (A&M)

The curious logic of The Fun Boy Three sees them return to the perverse. This time with 'It Aint What You Do (It's The Way You Do It)' a familiar chant that is probably an old jazz standard. Here it gets coated in the same stuff that 'Enjoy Yourself' appeared in on 'Specials 2 — More Specials'— Bananarama giving it the schoolgirl choir twisted innocence angle — but ultimately the exercise ends up sounding just like one of those camp native numbers from an old black and white jungle film.

Scene: Main square of The Watootsi tribe. Piers is in the pot. Gloria, his fragile maid who he warned not to accompany him on this perilous trip, is about to be married to Ftunga the tribal chief. She whimpers wanly as giggling servants of Ftunga arrange her bridal head-dress. Outside all is celebration. (Cue Fun Boy Three).

Piers: Fynga you black devil! I won't stand for this. Let her go!

Ftunga: Ah knock it off.

Piers: At least give me back my jungle helmet!

Ftunga: How dare you accuse me of taking the pith!

At this point Mount Dojo erupts and there is an eclipse.

Piers: You see! You have displeased my Gods! They punish Ftunga's people!

Ftunga: Oh boys! I think this one's done. Listen bub — gimme a break, I'm about to be married.

Piers: Never... Over my dead body you hear!

Ftunga: Whatever you say. *He starts to bludgeon the hapless Piers with a swede).*

Piers: Stop, stop! I will not allow you people to walk all over me!

Ftunga: Shucks — and I promised the kids that after lunch we'd all go strolling along the Piers.

At this Ftunga's men revolt and place their chief in the pot alongside the Britisher.

Gloria: Aw, come on Ftunga! Not the missionary position again!

(End music & Curtain).

Against this I would like to draw your attention to a not dissimilar offering from True Life Confessions which I infinitely prefer. Harder edges, stronger vocals and a crazy rhythm that'd make a happier hit.

MODERN ROMANCE: Queen Of The Rapping Scene (WEA)

Modern Romance look exceedingly smug. But if this is what they *can* do then I'm all for it. Try to ignore the opening male vocal which sounds a lot like the frankly balding Adam Ant and concentrate on the bass/drum beat. It's hot. When the actual 'Queen' take over the disc takes on a brilliant shine. Now it's no secret that I loathe the French language — an ugly, salivial tongue vastly over-rated and too widely accepted as a second language — but her, whoever she be, accent on this is tremendous. A little purr at the first syllable of 'rapping'. Oh I know that's how we're supposed to react and that the girl probably comes from Cheshunt or someplace, but this is definitely my runner-up SOTW. Modern Romance I endorse — what a show up!

BUZZZ: Buzzz (Buzzz)

Buzzz by Buzzz on the Buzzz label. Hmmmm, typical. You wait twenty minutes for a buzzz and then three come all at once. There are hundreds of good records this week. God knows I'm lenient enough but if this keeps up I may have to review The Mobiles record just to introduce some garbage to the proceedings. Buzzz have it down right. Playing British funk but not letting that hold them back. They realise you must play *with* it a bit, get a little nuts, a bit cranky. Buzz try to promote something called 'Buzzz Rock' which sounds, in print, crass and, actually, isn't radically different enough to warrant its own identity. But their single is confident and sharp. The vocalist certainly isn't scared of the mike and against the chaos of the picked rhythms the femme chorus coo calmly. I think of Prince without the heavy-handedness. Or the synths. Or the Americanness. (You're drifting again, aintcha boy? — Dan's Mum) A terrific debut.

RICK JAMES: Ghetto Life (Motown)
THE BAR-KAYS: Nightcruisin' (Phonogram)

In contrast to Buzzz but in common with Central Line. The Bar-Kays — another name from the very bowels of time — seem lazy in their choice of material. The thinness of the verse could only be qualified by a whopping chorus. They don't have one. It seems once you establish that your group can pick out the essentials of a funky song, modern studio gloss should ensure that only a complete lulu will create something murky and dull. The Bar-Kays don't do that, but given the aforementioned assumptions, they fall way below contemporary funk expectations. This sort of easy phrased chorussing call-and-response was once a certain floor filler. Now it's just a filler. Rick James growls away in a better state but his music is so completely forced like his stupid image. Over the knee red patent boots and a badge that says 'New Wave', I ask you. Plus his chronic obsession with publicising

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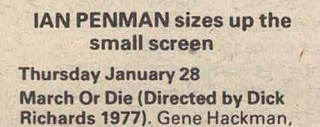
dope smoking. And a song called 'Ghetto Life'! 'Ghetto Life'! How much better we should all re-discover Bud Flanagan's 'If A Grey Haired Madmoiselle Asks You 'Hows Your Father'?

SECRET AFFAIR: Lost In The Night (I Spy)
Secret Affair were once the biggest band in the country. It was three till four one Wednesday afternoon last May. Still loud, still proud Page blusters away — or as he's chosen to pronounce it here, 'Awaaaaiiiiy' — building a noise like a cacophonous Monkees. Its difficult to knock someone who's so obviously doing what he feels he must do. Like criticising a bloke for being an electrician. Secret Affair must have pages of replies ready to answer critics of their headstrong path but nobody even wants to ask them anymore. Good luck t'yer boys I say! I wonder what Errol did with his old Parka?

VICKY 'D': This Beat Is Mine (Sam)
'This Beat Is Mine' is selling in untold quantities even though it unashamedly steals the synthesizer call from Evelyn King's 'I'm In Love'. It's a strong disco record in the vein of 'Can You Handle It' that should reach the lower twenties when issued here. This then is the type of article that Genesis Orridge and his Throbbing Gristles should think about covering before the original gets a domestic release. While delivering the refrain, Gen could, at the same time, be practising his "infiltration through alienation" ploy via his socks stratagem. He might even combine the two, subtly re-titling this song 'These Feet Are Mine' thus underlining his anarchist intent as well as proclaiming his bodily oneness. Rock's opportunities for mass subversion have never been so ripe. Neither have Genesis' socks . . .

THROBBING GRISTLE: I Hate You Little Girls (Adolescent)
In which the world's most misunderstood, ignored and most meaningful talents recreate Jimmy Page's old 'violin bow across the guitar strings' gag. Alienation is a dreary subject to which to dedicate a career. My cousin Jacko embarked on it but the study folded when his mum wouldn't allow him back in the house till he changed his socks. TG go for it in the recorded works medium. So far, no success. I shall send Genesis a blueprint of the sock stratagem.

EARTH WIND & FIRE: I've Had Enough (CBS)
The world's greatest group release another track that the rest of the world's recording artists aren't fit to kiss the delicately washed and perfumed feet of. There you are Phil, I told you I was the man for the job . . .



IAN PENMAN sizes up the small screen

Thursday January 28

March Or Die (Directed by Dick Richards 1977). Gene Hackman, Max Von Sydow and Catherine Deveuve feature incongruously in this listless Foreign Legion (would-be) epic. Lots of derring do and sweaty swash under the sweltering sky, but the script is turgid. "Oasis really happening???" cries Hackman in despair at one point in the proceedings. **(ITV)**

Friday January 29

Checkpoint (Ralph Thomas 1956). Thoroughly British so-so thriller with James Robertson Justice, Stanley Baker, Anthony Steel in pursuit of racing car designs and the speeding wind-in-their-hair (well, maybe the latter doesn't apply so much to J R Justice). **(Thames)**

Sherlock Holmes And The Voice of Terror (John Rawlins 1942). A great film could be made one day around Conan Doyle's unflappable Holmes (I'd go for *A Study In Scarlet* — great hallucination/dream sequence) combining *all* the aspects of the man and mythology — Victorian psycho-drama, pain-staking detections, drugs, Englishness, epistemology (eh?). This one features Basil Rathbone as a predictably diluted/exaggerated minor eccentric, waging an improbable war effort against the nasty Nazi nuisance. Quaint, but hardly quintessential. **(BBC2)**

The Lost Continent (Michael Carreras 1968). Hammer ham-er has Eric Porter leading his black market steamer ship passengers onto a time-displaced island colony run by the Spanish Inquisition and riddled with *faintly* ridiculous cinematic monsters. It's got the Late Night slot and a reputation as so-bad-it's-good. **(BBC1)**

Saturday January 30

Where's That Fire (Marcel Varnel 1939). The art of farce and craft of comic dialogue at its finest, as Messrs Will Hay, Moore Marriott and Graham Moffatt blunder through one of their usual brotherly brouhahahs. Not to be missed, unless you're humourless, in which case . . . *you're wasting your time!* **(BBC2)**

Let George Do It (Marcel Varnel 1940). Varnel directed this Ealing Formby as well, but the gormless Northern banjo wielder is less universal in his comic appeal than Hay & Co. But this wartime tale of mistaken identity and mirthful espionage is supposedly the Formby film with widest whack. **(BBC2)**

Slapshot (George Roy Hill 1977). Expletive deleted excellent study of minor league ice-hockey politics and playing, with that fine son-of-a-'———' Paul Newman leading his team of low-life ———s through a season of dirty tactics and an even dirtier script. Fine performances from all, but if it's been cleaned up for TV consumption (and the grapevine says it has) it'll be the first expletive deleted five-minute Hollywood film TV has ever shown. **(ITV)**

Duty Free Marriage (Janos Zsombolyai 1980). By contrast, this Hungarian study in lurv and national identities features very little language you might want to cover your ears for. You might want to shut your eyes . . . (that was a vaguely anti-European Cinema joke). **(BBC2)**

Secret People (Thorold Dickinson 1951). Worthy low-key British merger of spy-thriller and Political Message-bearer — some say it's a minor masterpiece, others a messy marriage. I shall investigate this reputation, totally unswayed by the fact of Miss Audrey Hepburn's presence. **(BBC2)**

Sunday January 31

Carry On Regardless (Gerald Thomas). Our bloodhound-faced hero Sidney James sets up an employment agency, and despite the fatalism inherent in recruiting such unlikely oddjobbers (provide own joke) as Kenneth Williams, Kenneth Connor and Charles Hawtrey, carries on regardless. I'm sure that infectious bark of a laugh will pull him through! **(BBC1)**

A Shot In The Dark (Blake Edwards 1964). Sellers as Clouseau clods it up, Herbert Lom as his superior suffers it less than gladly, Elke Sommer simpers and the Beeb get away with the thousandth repeat of this dependable winner. **(BBC1)**

The Odd Angry Shot (Tom Jeffrey 1979). Australian view of the Vitenam apocalypse (I think they did the catering — am I close?) with pretty watery authenticity and undemanding message-mongering. **(BBC2)**

Foxhole In Cairo (John Moxey 1960). J R Justice ruffles up again, in creaky wartime spy thriller. Albert Lieven as Rommel? Robert Urquhart as a fortress (obscure Scottish joke). **(LWT)**

Monday February 1

The Silent Bell (Robert Wise 1944). Obscure little film about the obscure little Franco-Prussian war (this could be vaguely innacurate on the historical level) with Simone Simon and Jason Robards Jnr. For obscure little people who stay at home and watch BBC2 afternoon TV. Nothing to do with Iris Murdoch's obscure little . . .

A Prize of Gold (Mark Robson 1955). Richie Widmark leads in dull story which mixes international politics with a human-interest (wouldya believe orphans in Berlin?) angle. **(Thames)**

The Diamond Mercenaries (Val Guest 1977). Grubby looking action-man thriller set in South Africa and starring Telly Savalas, Peter Fonda and Christopher Lee. God knows who's the goodie, who's the baddie and which one the mercenary is working for. **(Thames)**

Tuesday February 2

The Picture Show Man (John Power 1978). Rod Taylor stars in Aussie study of the thick-skinned men who pioneered around the sheep shearers and beer sluggers of the outback during the early evolutionary days of cinema. Probably won't bear comparison with *Newsfront* very well. **(BBC2)**

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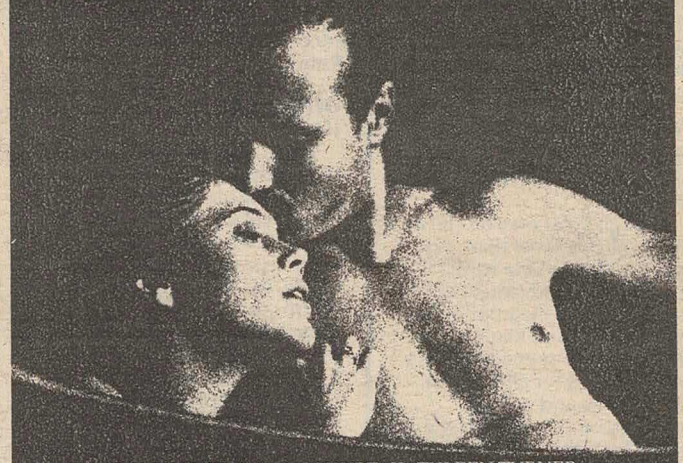

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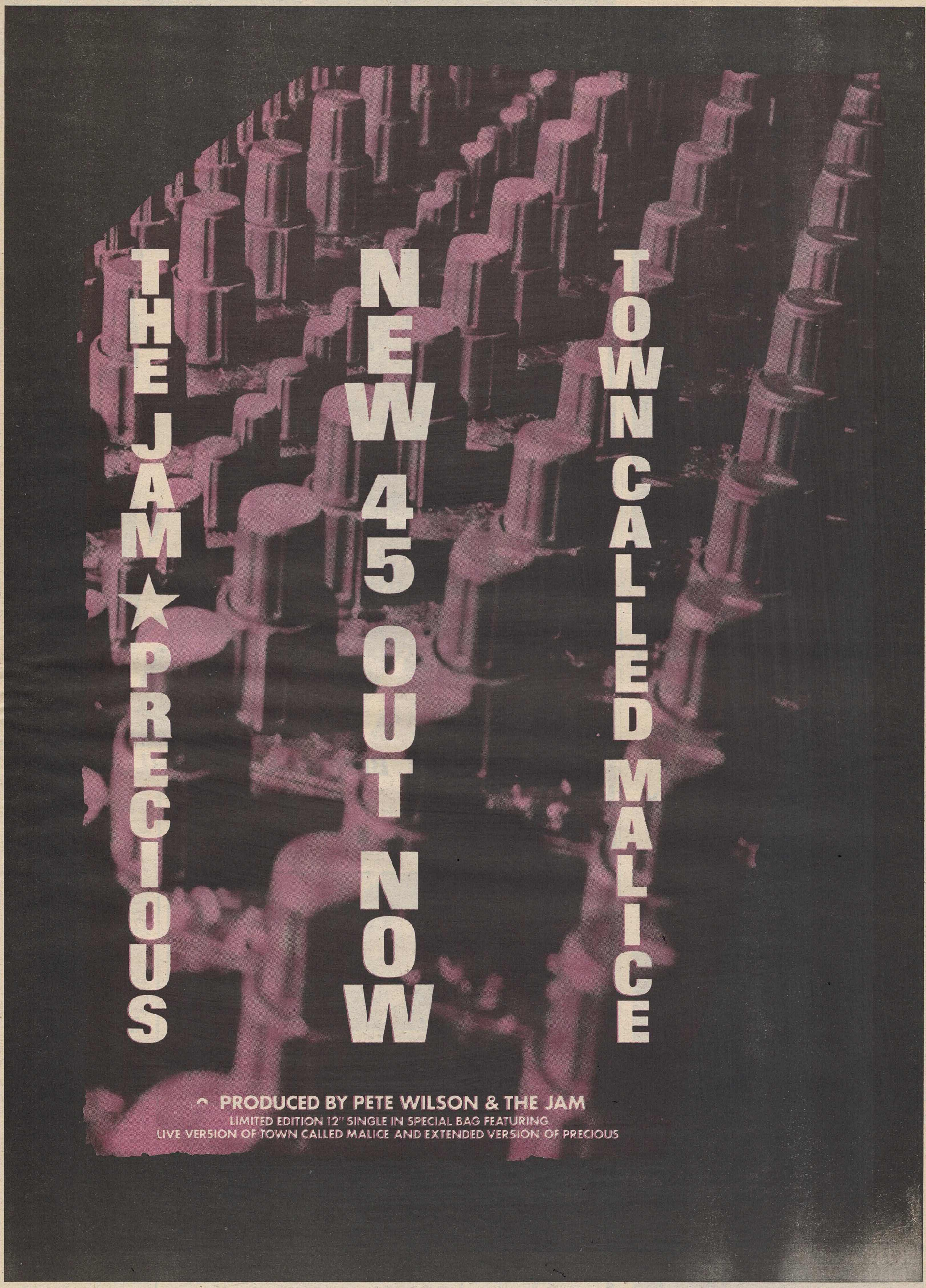
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Silver Screen

CUTTER'S WAY: Give me an eye! Give me an arm! Give me a leg! John Heard finds himself shortchanged by the wages of war.

BISSET, BERGMAN AND BLUE EYES:

Rich and Famous

Directed by George Cukor Starring Candice Bergen and Jacqueline Bisset (CIC)

TWO SISTERLY college chums start out buddy-buddy in 1959, and end up rich and famous and morally miles apart in 1981. We leap frog abruptly through the intervening years with them — '69, 75 — following their separate careers and carnal problems. Friendship fostered by sorority turns sour in the flames of marriage and mega-stardom, but in the end they realise that . . . gulp, guess what?

Bissett is an intellectual bitch and promiscuous New York Ms., Bergen a goofy Southerner in search of dimes-a-plenty and a Merv Griffin chatshow spot; an ideal jarring play-off, which could have been consummated sharply in the sort of silly sageful opposition which Moore and Gielgud lap up in *Arthur*.

Cukor, with one year up on our century and an enthralling line of classic Hollywood comedies amongst his credits *(Born Yesterday, Adam's Rib, Pat and Mike,* etc) is an interesting choice for the material. His light-hearted, theatrical and time-tempered treatment of what is a cinematic plot mired in trendy cliche could have been interesting.

Trouble is, the material isn't up to it. Cukor is obviously a long way from senility, but even at his height he needed a smartarse like Garson Kanin to sculpt his script for him. Whoever wrung out *Rich And Famous* from their psyche isn't a smartarse; it's so cute it chokes.

The one-liners are *elegant,* the soft side of Neil Simon effervescence. The audience I was in didn't laugh once, not a single embarrassed titter even! Maybe it's because we're Limeys, but for the most part one is left wondering what is meant as comment, and what as comic. It's not so much the lack of psychological acuity — 'post-Lib/Vietnam consciousness' anybody? — for this is about essentially one-dimensional people caught in the cocoon of riches and fame.

If they had stuck to an old-fashioned perspective, things might have worked out better. But contemporary presence is established in a series of superfluous sex scenes; such as they are — which is an aesthetic curiosity, there being not so much as a buttock's bulge or impolite nipple glimpsed in the general oohing and multiple aahing. One grappling assignation is played for laughs, disastrously, but all the other fumble between coyness and carnality. Clumsy.

Bergen gets halfway to a great performance as a truly awful character, but halfway to a cringe is nowhere at all. What appealed otherwise appealed to my vanity — a few toffee-sickly aphorisms about love, alcohol and the literary process (bottle always by the typewriter, first love always in the back of the mind). But I knew all this already, and was neither made to laugh at it or sob into my narcissism.

One line made me laugh. The nervy, boozy Bissett visits her friend's peachy Malibu beachouse for the first time, and The Other Woman's Husband tries to get Meaningfully seductive, to play her vibes. "You talk hippy talk?" she glares at him incredulously. But then she falls for the sap anyway, so what the heck. . .

Ian Penman

Villain Jack Lynn with his brief, Alex, in BBC TV's Law And Order.

Law and order in black and white

WHAT SHOULD prove to be two provocative film (and TV) festivals will be running in London throughout next month. At the ICA and Cinematheque (both in the same building on the Mall) there's 'Nothing But The Truth', subtitled 'Television's Images Of The Police And Roger Graef's Cinema Verite Films' (showing from February 2 to March 4). Graef is the producer-director of *Police,* the BBC documentary series currently causing such a stir. The distressing rape episode from that series is included, as well as some of Graef's '60s and '70s work, starting with *The Life And Times Of John Huston Esq* (1965). Also covered will be the work of D. A. Pennebaker, Frederick Wiseman and the Maysles brothers, the American directors who pioneered verite techniques. Back-up discussions questioning the validity of the documentary form will be chaired by programmer John Wyver, and these will also take into account the fictional representation of the police on TV. Hence the inclusion of early episodes of *Z Cars, Dixon Of Dock Green* and the more recent, abrasive *Law And Order* series.

If there's a flaw in the programming, it's in the absence of any material dealing with the police and racism. The Black Film Festival (at Kensington's Commonwealth Institute from February 1 to 13) should put that right with documentaries like Henry Martin's *Grove Music* and Howard Johnson's *Rasta In Babylon.* But the festival's brief goes well beyond police and racism. American features like *Killer Of Sheep* (1977) and Melvin Van Peebles' notorious *Sweet Sweetback's Badassss Song* (1971) will be shown alongside *Riots And Rumours Of Riots,* Imruh Caesar's study of the Notting Hill riots in 1958. It will be interesting to compare that with the events of last summer . . .

Paul Tickell

Bringing it all back home again

Ivan Passer's post-Vietnam shaggy dog story provides Paul Tickell with a couple of bones of contention

Cutter's Way

Directed by Ivan Passer
Starring John Heard, Jeff Bridges and Lisa Eichorn (United Artists)

CUTTER IS one-eyed, one-armed and one-legged, and looks like he might have survived going down with Ahab and the crew of the Pequod. He certainly talks a bit like an old mariner, not so much spinning yarns as spitting out salty bitter phrases. His aggressive verbal antics — not to mention more physical ones, like the way he wields a walking stick or crash-parks a car — are his way of coping with the war that chewed him up.

Yes, our hero joins an ever-lengthening line of celluloid Vietnam veterans, all of them mentally or bodily scarred. In spite of his injuries, though, Cutter is more together than he looks; he neither retreats into the remarkable ordinariness of the main character on *The Janitor*, nor resorts to the politicised psychopathy of the protagonists of *Taxi Driver* or *The Exterminator*.

He's somewhere in between these extremes, when, with a certain amount of realism and a hallucinated logic (don't be fooled by his drunkeness), he starts to track down, literally at times with pencil and paper, the killer of 17-year-old schoolgirl, whose body is dumped in a dustbin during carnival celebrations in southern California.

Cutter (played with demon energy by John Heard) believes that his good friend Bone can identify the murderer, and so encourages him into collaborative action. Bone, a gigolo and fixture at the local marina, isn't the most promising of detective collaborators; but that's all the better for director Ivan Passer (a Czech emigre and onetime scriptwriter for Milos Forman) to use Jeff Bridges' excellent character study in mediocrity, passivity and cool, both as a counterpoint to Cutter's obsessiveness and as a way of digging below the surface of everyday life in lower middle-class California.

If Passer brings home the Vietnam war (themes of individual heroism and national moral responsibility), he does so obliquely, but literally too. For much of the action, or rather lack of it, is set in Cutter's house, where the tainted buddiness between himself and Bone is seen through the eyes of the former's jaded wife (Lisa Eichorn).

Further complex perspectives are provided by the introduction of the murdered girl's sister, who helps in the attempt to bring the killer to justice — if such a concept exists. Cutter is of the opinion that it's a commodity reserved solely for the wealthy, hence his vigilante tactics.

Passer handles the relationships (and their often disturbing sexual undertones) of his characters with dark humour and great skill. But when he takes things out of the domestic context and into a wider one, the film falters. For instance, the suspected murderer, oil magnate J J Cord, remains a far too shadowy and obviously symbolic figure, confirming that scriptwriter Jeffrey Alan Fiskin never quite decided whether to make the plot a mystery or merely mysterious.

However, if there's a hollowness at the middle, or the end, of *Cutter's Way*, making it undeserving of the major status accorded it by some critics, it still works in telling, sometimes poetic, miniature.

The film also mixes savage comedy and chilling irony into a mood which makes itself part and parcel of the more obvious but unforgettable scenes. Go and see Cutter shoot the fairground prize soft toy to pieces, or Cutter — silver pistol in hand — riding a white horse, for all the world like some warped Lone Ranger with an eye-patch instead of a mask.

Paul Tickell

THREE BRONX CHEERS

FORT APACHE: Paul Newman and Ken Wahl, on the beat and in retreat down the Bronx.

Fort Apache The Bronx

Directed by Daniel Petrie
Starring Paul Newman, Edward Asner and Ken Wahl (Rank)

LIMPING FROM one crisis to another, *Fort Apache* eventually manages to cover all the basics: drug-ridden prostitute carving up cops and johns alike, compassionate cops talking a sobbing transvestite out of suicide, bent cops pushing suspects off a ten-storey building, hard-pushed Puerto Rican nurse using junk to get through the day, hardline commissioner using Colin Welland tactics to get through the revolting natives . . .

Evidently, all human life is here. The trouble is, none of it ever seems remotely like life, certainly not on any planet I'm familiar with. For all its surface grit, *Fort Apache* is no more than a posturing soap opera which pretends very hard to confront grisly contemporary issues.

It's like one of those spineless Mary Tyler Moore TV shows *(Lou Grant, Paris, Hill Street Blues)* with the addition of a few swear words and hookers showing their tits. Its heart may very well be in the right place (though I doubt even that) but it's far too cosy ever to be affecting or even particularly intelligent.

Of course, coming so soon after Sidney Lumet's magnificent *Prince Of The City* (a serious study of NY cops under stress) hardly helps *Fort Apache's* case and really all it's got going for it is a halfway decent performance from Paul Newman as the mildly rebellious patrolman resigned to remaining in uniform until he picks up his pension. Cue the violins . . .

Monty Smith

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some bizzare

Thrills'll Fix It: Intrepid Adrian snatches an award winning interview with pop pollsters Altered Images just as they're discovered by BBC TV. Or should that be an interview with the Award winning . . .? Who gives a Monkees! Clix: Peter Anderson.

GOOD GOLLY

IT WAS TURNING out to be quite a day for Taloolah Gosh. Dwarfed by the large paint-splattered backcloth behind her, she is skipping sylph-like across the lip of a makeshift stage in one corner of a cavernous TV studio.

The elfin dancer's face is barely visible beneath the bouquet of ribbons and bows that serve as her headgear, but the trill tones of her wispy voice are unmistakable.

She is warbling her way through some fanciful lines about climbing trees and flying out to the Isle Of Skye when someone suddenly shouts "CUT!" for what seems like the tenth time and tells Miss Gosh to start all over again.

"I'm going to storm offstage in a minute if this goes on," she mischievously teases a hapless cameraman before resuming her routine.

Scottish popsters Altered Images are patiently performing their 'I Could Be Happy' single for Noel Edmonds' Saturday morning *Swap Shop,* taking an irritating series of false starts firmly in their stride.

Their colourful pop-art backdrop for the occasion is a rough BBC approximation of the stylish sleeve that artist David Band designed for the single, although it looks more like something that Rolf Harris accidentally left lying around the studio.

And Taloolah Gosh is the typically prim pet-name adopted by the Images' winsome singer Clare Grogan.

ALTERED IMAGES enjoy appearing on TV. Despite having just rushed across London from an exhausting session in another television studio — this time for *Jim'll Fix It* — they still dive into their work with bewitching wit and energy. On two other floodlit podiums in the same room, six sour-faced Mobiles and the dour XTC stand in stark, joyless contrast to the bubbling, babbling enthusiasm of our Glasgow quintet.

As the most potent combination of snappy sound and video vision since Madness and The Human League, Altered Images are the perfect television pop group. Their sudden success at the tail end of 1981 gave them an opportunity to fulfil some of their potential as television naturals as well as singles chart hopefuls.

It is astonishing to reflect that only four months ago the group were regarded as just another attractive but erratic Scottish cult, beloved of Banshees fans and John Peel and best breathed in alongside Orange Juice and Fire Engines, despite having signed with the major label Epic rather than one of the leading Scottish independents, Postcard or Pop Aural.

But what was then unsung, serene pop has quickly become successful teen pop and now great small-screen pop: the sound and vision of young Scotland in the luxury of your living room. One of their eventual aims, according to guitarist Jim, is their own television series in the grand tradition of The Jacksons, Osmonds and Partridge Family.

If they ever get it, however, they will be hoping for better luck than they got on *Swap Shop:* during a final attempt to get their videoed version of the single completely perfect, the carefree Clare clatters awkwardly into the neck of guitarist Tony's instrument and falls screaming to the deck holding her head.

Leaving nothing to chance, a somewhat dazed Clare is rushed to Charing Cross Hospital for checks. The precautionary X-rays fortunately reveal nothing and the impish patient is discharged. The true trouper that she is, Clare returns to the same studio shortly afterwards to finish her *Swap Shop* spot live on the air.

All in all, quite a day for Taloolah Gosh.

THE DAY HAD started 18 hours earlier with a dawn alarm call out in Reading where the group are currently recording their second album with man of the moment Martin Rushent at his Genetic studio. Photographer Peter

Anderson and I met up with them a few hours later, at ten, in the theatre where they are to record their *Jim'll Fix It* slot.

The band arrive at the studio, already buzzing in anticipation of the hard and hectic schedule that the day ahead holds for them — two television specials and an interview to coincide with their remarkable success in this week's *NME* Readers' Poll.

The morning's new chart positions and Scotland's ill luck in the recent draw for the World Cup Finals are discussed in detail over coffee before the work begins in earnest.

Altered Images blend into the fake TV fun of Savile's staged extravaganzas with the experience and aplomb of seasoned family entertainers, taking their place alongside the likes of a live penguin, a girl who wants to clean the Eiffel Tower and a Greek dance troupe, only their canny Scottish wit distancing them slightly from all the phoney commotion and contrived spills.

This week Jim has fixed it for a young Belfast boy by the name of Gerrard Small to play chimes with the group on 'I Could Be Happy'. As the cameras roll, Clare revels gleefully in her role as The Celebrity, meeting young Gerrard and his polite mother before cheekily embarrassing the callow chump by dragging him all over the stage. Not that he seems to mind much, his features perceptively glazed in the face of all the razzledazzle.

The other four Images — guitarists Tony and Johnny, bassist Jim and drummer Tich — leave Clare to steal the limelight on the screen, providing a sturdy foil to her playful frolics. Away from the cameras, though, Altered Images are more of a five-cornered force and certainly not just the female face and her four male minstrels, an impression reinforced in conversation.

"Television is great. . .it's really good fun," says Clare as her 'fixed' fan eagerly collects his autographs and a souvenir T-shirt before being ushered away to the BBC hospitality room.

"No it's not," says Tich. "I think it's a boring as hell. I hate it!"

"Tich says that sort of thing just for effect, don't worry about it," continues Clare.

"The thing is," Tich adds, "the group are really fed up with coming over all sweet and nice in their interviews, so I've got to be a bit nasty here and there to give us a bit of *street cred*. . ."

The last two words are mockingly strung out for maximum effect by Tich, who resembles a pubescent Nick Kent and is generally regarded as the ligger of the band. While most bands are at pains to expound their pet theories on pop and politics, Altered Images have no such *messages*. They deal in witty one-liners, continually seeking to wind up both each other and the interviewer. They are a lousy 'interview', although talking to them is probably the closest I'll ever come to speaking to The Monkees.

"I never get too self-conscious about doing all these silly TV programmes," says Clare. "If I started thinking about it, doing silly things in front of all those millions of people, then I'd never have the guts to get up and do it."

So what is the motivation?

"The attention I suppose."

ALTERED IMAGES make a deft and delightful new pop noise and make it with a relish and effervescence that some groups lose and most never have. Next to their startling *lack* of self-consciousness, their greatest charm is the sheer simplicity of their music. Clare's carping vocals and whimsical words tumble over only two chiming guitars and the rolling rhythms of Tich and Jim, all these components being superbly balanced with immaculate precision in Martin Rushent's dynamic single mixes.

Naturally, some people prefer to see such pure pop wizardry as cloying contrivances on the part of the cynical old men up at CBS/Epic. So are Altered Images just a little bit *too* cute for their own good?

"Of course we're cute," smiles Clare, bashfully crouching like a latter-day Shirley Temple in front of her dressing room mirror. "And we're sweet and innocent. . .*and lovely*."

"Clare's cute," taunts Tich. "But the rest of us are serious, dedicated musicians. Clare was still getting her nappies changed when she was ten years old."

"And her mum still has to cut her toenails. . .she grows up very slowly," adds Jim, prompting the wicked Tich to go totally onto the offensive.

"She's mentally retarded," he bawls. "She has a mental age of ten!"

Clare brushes off the boys' jibes with a more thoughtful, considered rationale.

"The thing is that it would be really silly for us to try and come over all-slick and professional when we're not like that in the first place. Maybe we have gone too far the *other* way. . .but the Clare image is only a *slight* exaggeration of Clare the person. They're not two different people."

She refuses to accept that her 'wee girlie' image may have led the band into a corner in which they will soon be trapped.

"I think we are aware of the dangers. I don't think we are going to be trapped. We've got it all sussed out. We've got our little masterplan! People are only going to take us the way we are for so long. Then we will have to change somehow. I don't think that I can kid on that I'm just a wee girl for ever. People just won't let me get away with it. We'll just have to change or CBS are going to have to fork out a fortune in keeping my voice squeaky and getting my chest flattened!"

"We never planned the 'wee girlie' thing anyway," adds Johnny. "We're trying to lose it actually."

"We're trying to lose Clare," sniggers Tich.

"We're just not sure who we are going to get in as a replacement," ponders Jim. "We want it to be someone really good. Lena Martell. . .or maybe Moira Anderson! Now she has got stage presence! You can't take your eyes off her! We'll be the Scottish answer to Shirley Bassey!"

I think I'd prefer a coy Clare somehow. At least she is wary of coming over as being *too* childlike, although her personality is quite naturally a vivacious and mischievous one. Occasionally, however, the surface cracks to reveal the sensitive and forthright young woman that is also Clare Grogan.

"I do think about the traps of pushing the image too far," she says. "I suppose I do worry about it sometimes. But if I get depressed, then I just try not to think about it. . ."

"Shut up Clare," interrupts Tich. "Stop trying to be too intellectual!"

"I. . .I'm. . ." Clare flounders and stammers, momentarily lost for words in the face of Tich's constant provocation.

"Come on Clare," continues the drummer. "We're not going to help you on this one . . ."

"I CAN BE A VAMP YOU KNOW!" she giggles.

"A vampiress maybe," replies the watchful Tony.

"I bet you don't go along to other bands and start picking their image to pieces," challenges Clare, turning back to face me.

I'm not picking it to bits. Just pointing out the contradictions of a girl who will be 20 in March acting as if she was a 12-year-old on stage.

"You just want Clare to be a sex symbol," pouts Jim pointedly. "Come on, admit it, you just fancy Clare, don't you!"

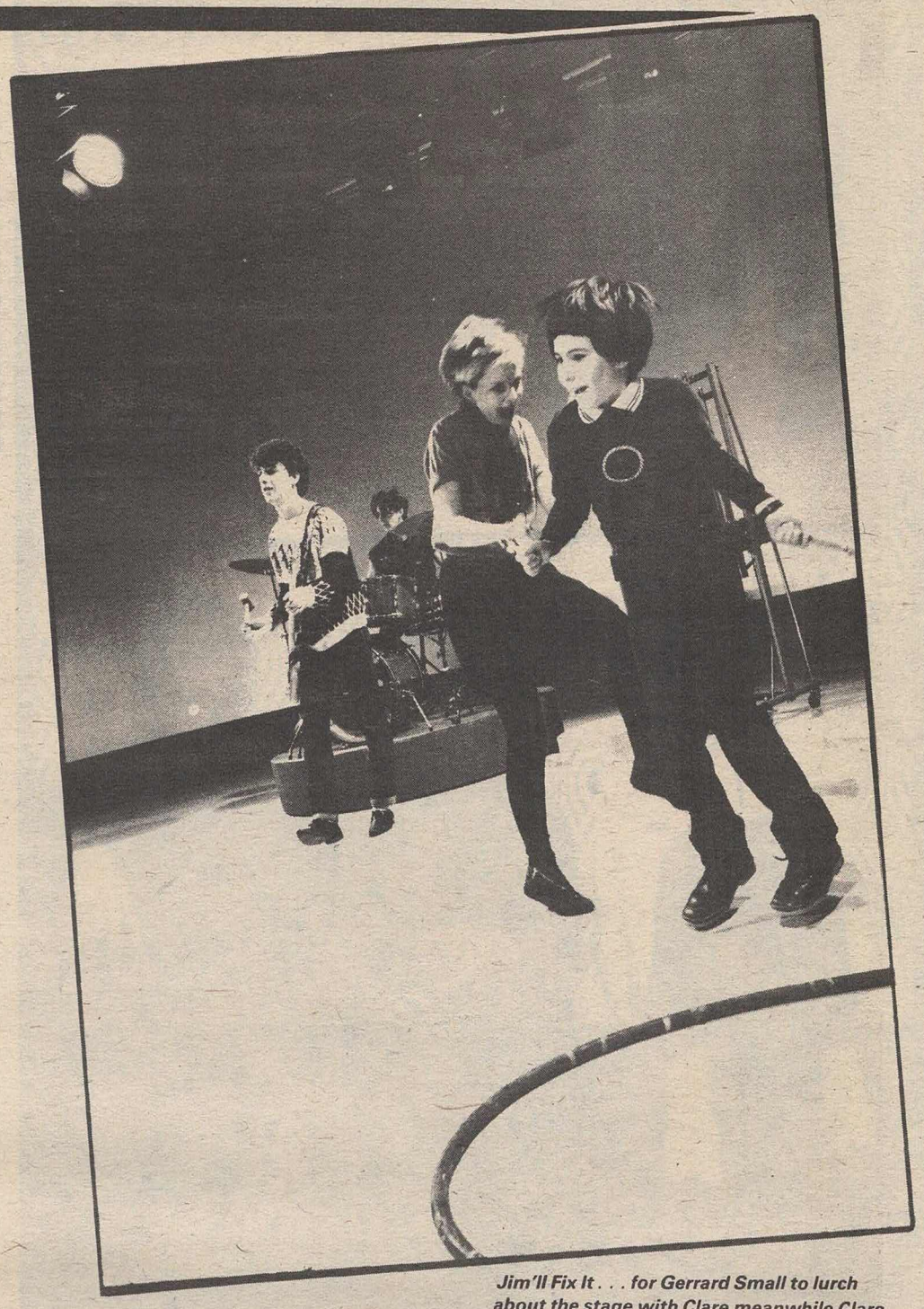
We're just good friends.

"I think that you're a pervert," he continues. "There's something wrong with you. These Englishmen! They're all perverts and liars!"

WE AGREE TO change the subject and talk instead about the group's musical roots. Johnny, Tich and Tony were all friends from school when they first formed the band, meeting their singer through a mutual acquaintance — Clare was Johnny's brother's girlfriend's sister! The stubbly Jim, slightly older than the rest of the group, joined later after a spell in Glasgow's original glammy futurists The Berlin Blondes.

Before the epic chart success of "Happy Birthday', their biggest breaks had come via a set of Siouxsie support dates, a couple of precious Peel sessions and Clare's role as one of Gregory's girls in the Bill Forsyth film of the same name.

"It's funny," reflects Clare. "When our first single, 'Dead Pop Stars', came out, we couldn't get anybody to play it apart from John Peel. Now, last week, 'I Could Be Happy' was the most played record on Radio One. I think we were the only people who really thought we'd make it . . . that was probably just our naivety."



Jim'll Fix It . . . for Gerrard Small to lurch about the stage with Clare meanwhile Clare fixes young Gerrard . . .

So was it always Clare's ambition to be a singer?

"It's still her ambition to be a singer," chortles the sarky Jim.

How about acting then?

"I don't really know," says Clare. "I didn't want to do anything in particular when I was at school. The music that I liked was stuff like David Cassidy and The Jackson Five. I never liked The Osmonds, they were awful! David Cassidy was always much better because he was in The Partridge Family and that was always my favourite TV programme."

So the Images are aiming to be the New Partridges?

"No way!" exclaims John. "The new Top Cat maybe, but never the New Partridge Family. Bring back Top Cat!"

How about punk? Were you into that?

"The Pistols and everything were great, but you had to move on. It was never the sort of thing that was going to last. At the time, it was dead glamorous, but now it seems hip to frown on it. You can hardly find anyone who admits to being into it now."

"It certainly seems a bit forgotten these days," says Clare

"And so it should be!" adds Jim. "It all happened six years ago. That's a long time in musical terms."

The Images find more of an affinity with the bright, mobile pop groups that have enjoyed the same lofty chart status as them over the past year.

"I think that bands like us and The Human League, Depeche Mode and Soft Cell are all in the same boat in a lot of ways. A year ago, no one thought that any of us would get into the chart," says Clare.

"It's good that all those bands are around," adds John. "Things were beginning to get really stagnant around this time last year. It was like the mid-'70s all over again. Now at least it's starting to look a bit livelier again. *And* they've brought back *Sergeant Bilko* on the TV!"

THERE ARE really eight people in Altered Images. The five band members, their dynamic young manager Gerry, their legendary roadie Cheesy and producer Rushent — and the band are ready to give much of the credit for their sudden success to the former Buzzcocks and Stranglers producer.

Their first two singles, produced by Banshee bassman and Image buddy Steve Severin, were disconcerting and interesting. They went nowhere fast. It was only with Rushent's hands on the console for 'Happy Birthday' that things began to pick up. Significantly, Rushent *had* shown an even earlier interest in the group, sending a telegram of congratulation to CBS on hearing that they had signed the Images.

"Martin did change the sound a lot," admits John. "But the songs *have* also got to be good in the first place. It's no good having the best producer if the band hasn't got the potential in the first place."

"All we needed really was a few Marshall stacks," adds Tich, dropping as many rockist terms as possible into the conversation.

"Martin Rushent made us more danceable," says Clare, going on to explain one of the unorthodox quality control tests the group give their material.

"If we want to see if a song is danceable, we just get Martin to bring his three kids, Joanne, Timmy and James, into the studio. If they dance, then we know that it is a good song!"

Rushent's acknowledged expertise gave the Images the chance to crossover from cultshire to chartland and enjoy a far wider audience, a diversity reflected in the *NME's* recent tale of two charts, one John Peel's traditional festive 50 and the other a dancefloor selection. Altered Images were one of only three bands to feature in both lists.

"That's the sort of thing we want," says Clare "We want to be played on *Junior Choice* and John Peel. Even when we were a cult band last year, we always wanted to have a wider audience as well as our credibility

Continues page 41

MISS GOSH!

READERS' POLL

SONGWRITER

1 PAUL WELLER
2 ELVIS COSTELLO
3 DAVID BOWIE
4 MARK E SMITH
5 TILBROOK/DIFFORD
6 JULIAN COPE
7 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
8 PHIL OAKEY/HUMAN LEAGUE
9 STRUMMER/JONES
10 IAN McCULLOCH/BUNNYMEN

FEMALE SINGER

1 SIOUXSIE SIOUX
2 CLARE GROGAN
3 KIM WILDE
4 TOYAH
5 CHRISSIE HYNDE
6 ANNABELLE LU WIN
7 GRACE JONES
8 KATE BUSH
9 JOAN ARMATRADING
10 LESLEY WOODS
11 SHEENA EASTON
12 HAZEL O'CONNOR
13 RANDY CRAWFORD
14 DIANA ROSS
15 PAULINE MURRAY
16 DEBORAH HARRY
17 BEKI BONDAGE
17 JUDY EVANS
19 MARIANNE FAITHFULL
20 STEVIE NICKS

MALE SINGER

1 DAVID BOWIE
2 PAUL WELLER
3 IAN McCULLOCH
4 ELVIS COSTELLO
5 PHIL OAKEY
6 BONO VOX
7 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
8 JULIAN COPE
9 MARK E SMITH
10 JOE STRUMMER
11 FEARGAL SHARKEY
12 BILLY MACKENZIE
13 HUGH CORNWELL
14 DAVID SYLVIAN
15 KIRK BRANDON
16 ROBERT SMITH
17 PETER MURPHY
18 JOHN LYDON
19 JIM KERR
20 GLENN TILBROOK
20 KEVIN ROWLAND

THE JAM

Best group; Best bass; best guitar; Best drums. No. 1 Songwriter; No. 2 Male Singer; Nos. 3 & 14 singles; Nos. 5 & 9 Best dressed. Pic Anton Corbijn.

BEST GROUP

1 THE JAM
2 ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
3 HUMAN LEAGUE
4 THE FALL
5 U2
6 SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
7 THE CLASH
8 THE STRANGLERS
9 THE BEAT
10 NEW ORDER
11 ULTRAVOX
12 MADNESS
13 SQUEEZE
14 JAPAN
14 THE ROLLING STONES
16 THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
17 THE CURE
18 AU PAIRS
19 JOY DIVISION
20 GENESIS

BEST NEW ACT

1 ALTERED IMAGES
2 SOFT CELL
3 FUN BOY 3
4 DEPECHE MODE
5 PIGBAG
6 HAIRCUT 100
7 HEAVEN 17
8 NEW ORDER
9 RIP RIG & PANIC
10 ABC
11 HUMAN LEAGUE
12 DURAN DURAN
13 GIRLS AT OUR BEST
14 THEATRE OF HATE
15 ORANGE JUICE
16 THE HIGSONS
17 U2
18 THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
19 LINX
20 THE SDP

MOST MISSED PERSON

1 JOHN LENNON
2 IAN CURTIS
3 BOB MARLEY
4 MALCOLM OWEN
5 MARC BOLAN
6 JIMI HENDRIX
7 JIM MORRISON
8 PETER SELLERS
9 NATALIE WOOD
10 BILL SHANKLY
11 KEITH MOON
12 SID VICIOUS
13 DAVID BOWIE
14 JOHN BONHAM
15 HOWARD DEVOTO

Lennon. Pic Dezo Hoffman.

ALTERED IMAGES

Best new group; Best film *(Gregory's Girl* starring Clare Grogan); No. 2 Female Singer; No. 6 Most wonderful human being. Pic Peter Anderson.

HERE COMES THE NEW POLL, SAME AS THE OLD POLL

DO NOT ADJUST YOUR AUDIENCE...

BY PHIL McNEILL

AND LO, the readers considered the music on offer at the end of 1981, the groups, singers, bass players and disc jockeys, and after much chewing of biros and flicking through record racks they delivered their verdict. It read: "Remember what we said we liked last year? Well, we still like it."

If you discount the 'artefact' categories — LP, single, sleeve, movie, TV — plus the one category we ran this year which didn't feature in 1980 (Most Missed Person), and the one category it would be impossible to win two years running (Best New Act), we find that of the 12 people who *could* have held onto their titles from last year, *nine of them did!*

What's more in the three odd categories out, last year's No 1 in each case winds up as this year's No 2. And as if to reinforce the air of permanence, the winner of one of the categories we *dropped* this year reappears at the head of the one we've *added* — John Lennon's death (1980's Event Of The Year) being replaced by Lennon himself as Most Missed Person.

When you get down into the small print, of course, it turns out that things aren't quite as unchanging as they seem. But before we do, let's take a closer look at the view from the top . . .

SO STRAIGHT OFF, commiserations to The Jam for only picking up a paltry six awards between them: last year they took ten. Even so, in a year when they didn't bother to put out an album they still proved their complete dominance by winning Best Group (by miles); Guitar and Songwriter (Weller); Bass and Drums (Foxton and Buckler) — all for the third year running — plus Most Wonderful Human Being for Paul Weller for the second time in succession. On top of that, they also landed No 2 Male Singer, Nos 2 and 9 Best Dressed People, and Nos 3 and 13 singles.

There's no reason to believe The Jam can't stay on top for years to come. They've now equalled Led Zeppelin's mid-'70s record of topping the groups three times in a row — and last year they drew ahead of Zep on vinyl by notching three No 1 LPs to Zeppelin's two.

If anyone is going to take The Jam's crown next year, chances are it'll be the group who profited from the absence of a Jam LP by winning Album and Best Dressed Sleeve of the year: Echo And The Bunnymen. Jumping from 14th Best Group in '80 to this year's No 2, they also take No 3 Male Singer, No 10 Songwriter and No 14 Most Wonderful Human Being (Ian McCulloch), No 3 Drums (Pete De Freitas), No 5 Guitar (Will Sargeant) and No 19 Single ('A Promise').

The presence of The Jam, Echo and U2 in the first five groups seems to indicate that most *NME* readers — or most voters, at least — are still rock fans, in spite of the efforts of some NME writers (led by No 4 Creep Errol) to convert us/you all to electronic pop, funk and salsa.

On the other hand, the electro boom strikes back both in the No 3 Best Group placing for The Human League — who also take No 3 LP and sleeve, No 5 Male Singer and Single, No 8 Songwriter and No 9 Creep — and in a general invasion of the Best New Act stakes.

Soft Cell, Depeche Mode, Haircut 100, Heaven 17 and ABC complete a quintet of electro-pop/funk finery in the top ten new acts — a ten rounded out by the splinters of Specials (Fun Boy 3), Pop Group (Pigbag, Rip Rag & Panic) and Joy Division (New Order) — but won resoundingly by Altered Images.

Surprisingly, this was a no-contest situation (as, to varying degrees, were Best Group, Female Singer, Album, Sleeve, Best Dressed Person, Creep, Guitar, Bass, Drums, Keyboards and Radio Show). And Clare Grogan cemented her year of success by playing a major part in your favourite Film, *Gregory's Girl* (third British movie in a row to take this category, following *Quadrophenia*

CONTINUES OVER

SINGLES

1 **GHOST TOWN** THE SPECIALS (2-TONE)
2 **CEREMONY** NEW ORDER (FACTORY)
3 **ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS** THE JAM (POLYDOR)
4 **TAINTED LOVE** SOFT CELL (SOME BIZZARE)
5 **LOVE ACTION** HUMAN LEAGUE (VIRGIN)
6 **FASCIST GROOVE THANG** HEAVEN 17 (BEF)
7 **THE 'SWEETEST GIRL'** SCRITTI POLITTI (ROUGH TRADE)
8 **UNDER PRESSURE** QUEEN & DAVID BOWIE (EMI)
9 **REWARD** THE TEARDROP EXPLODES (ZOO)
10 **PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG** PIGBAG (Y)
11 **VIENNA** ULTRAVOX (CHRYSALIS)
12 **O SUPERMAN** LAURIE ANDERSON (WARNER BROS)
13 **FUNERAL PYRE** THE JAM (POLYDOR)
14 **PROCESSION** NEW ORDER (FACTORY)
15 **RELEASE THE BATS** THE BIRTHDAY PARTY (4AD)
16 **SPELLBOUND** SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES (POLYDOR)
17 **LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FAMILY** STRANGLERS (UA)
18 **START ME UP** THE ROLLING STONES (ROLLING STONES)
19 **A PROMISE** ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN (KOROVA)
20 **TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH** ABC (NEUTRON)

LPs

1 **HEAVEN UP HERE** ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN (KOROVA)
2 **STILL** JOY DIVISION (FACTORY)
3 **DARE** HUMAN LEAGUE (VIRGIN)
4 **OCTOBER** U2 (ISLAND)
5 **JUJU** SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES (POLYDOR)
6 **LA FOLIE** THE STRANGLERS (UNITED ARTISTS)
7 **WHA'PPEN** THE BEAT (GO-FEET)
8 **TRUST** ELVIS COSTELLO (F-BEAT)
9 **PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX** AU PAIRS (HUMAN)
10 **PENTHOUSE & PAVEMENT** HEAVEN 17 (BEF)
11 **PRESENT ARMS** UB40 (GRADUATE)
12 **EAST SIDE STORY** SQUEEZE (A&M)
13 **FAITH** THE CURE (FICTION)
14 **TATTOO YOU** THE ROLLING STONES (ROLLING STONES)
15 **WILDER** THE TEARDROP EXPLODES (ZOO)
16 **ARCHITECTURE & MORALITY** ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES (DINDISC)
17 **POSITIVE TOUCH** THE UNDERTONES (ARDECK)
18 **NIGHTCLUBBING** GRACE JONES (ISLAND)
19 **ALMOST BLUE** ELVIS COSTELLO (F-BEAT)
20 **7** MADNESS (STIFF)

BEST DRESSED SLEEVE

1 **HEAVEN UP HERE** (ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN)
2 **STILL** (JOY DIVISION)
3 **DARE** (HUMAN LEAGUE)
4 **SEE JUNGLE** (BOW WOW WOW)
5 **PENTHOUSE & PAVEMENT** (HEAVEN 17)
6 **PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX** (THE AU PAIRS)
7 **TIN DRUM** (JAPAN)
8 **ARCHITECTURE & MORALITY** (Orchestral Manoeuvres)
9 **TATTOO YOU** (THE ROLLING STONES)
10 **HEDGEHOG SANDWICH** (NOT THE NINE O'CLOCK NEWS)

DAVID BOWIE Best male singer; No. 3 songwriter; No. 5 Best dressed; No. 8 Single ('Under Pressure' with Queen); No. 13 Most Missed Person. Pic Anton Corbijn.

GUITAR

1 PAUL WELLER
2 JOHN McGEOCH
3 THE EDGE
4 MICK JONES
5 WILL SARGEANT
6 BERNARD ALBRECHT
7 HUGH CORNWELL
8 ROBERT FRIPP
9 ROBERT SMITH
10 KEITH RICHARDS

BASS

1 BRUCE FOXTON
2 JEAN JACQUES BURNEL
3 PETER HOOK
4 MICK KARN
5 ROBBIE SHAKESPEARE
6 TINA WEYMOUTH
7 STING
8 PAUL SIMONON
9 STEVE SEVERIN
10 SKETCH MARTIN

DRUMS

1 RICK BUCKLER
2 BUDGIE
3 PETE DE FREITAS
4 STEVE MORRIS
5 STEWART COPELAND
6 SLY DUNBAR
7 PHIL COLLINS
8 TOPPER HEADON
9 JET BLACK
10 CHARLIE WATTS

KEYBOARDS

1 DAVE GREENFIELD
2 STEVE NIEVE
3 PAUL HUMPHREYS
4 MIKE BARSON
5 JERRY DAMMERS
6 DAVE FORMULA
7 BRIAN ENO
8 ROY BITTAN
9 BILLY CURRIE
10 MICK NcNEILL

TV PROGRAMME

1 CORONATION STREET
2 BRIDESHEAD REVISITED
3 TISWAS
4 M.A.S.H.
5 GOING OUT
6 NOT THE NINE O'CLOCK NEWS
7 OLD GREY WHISTLE TEST
8 TOP OF THE POPS
9 BLAKES SEVEN
10 BILKO

RADIO SHOW

1 JOHN PEEL
2 MIKE READ
3 FRIDAY ROCK SHOW
4 DAVID JENSEN
5 NOEL EDMONDS
6 STUDIO B15
7 ROUNDTABLE
8 RICHARD SKINNER
9 WALTERS WEEKLY
10 ALEXIS KORNER

POLLWINNERS' POLL

JERRY DAMMERS

Most wonderful human being: **Jonah from The Beano**
Best group: **Bow Wow Wow/The Impossibles**
Male singer: **You've got me there**
Bass: **A difficult one, that**
Single: **Victor Romero Evans' 'At The Club'/'Alf On 45'**
Female singer: **Aqua Marina (Stingray)**
Guitar: **Vaughn Shapely**
Keyboards: **The bloke from Rip, Rig & Panic**
Best dressed sleeve: **The Exciting Racing Sound of Grand Prix Challenge Of The Champions**
Creep of the year: **Shall remain nameless, but he used to be manager of The Specials *(not* Bernie Rhodes)**
Film: **Le Purple Taxi**
Most missed person: **Funboy Three**
Best new act: **Stargazers/Higsons**
Songwriter: **Archibald**
Drums: **Tito Puente**
LP: **'The Lounge Lizards'**
Best dressed person: **The girls out of The Human League**
TV show: **I don't indulge**

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

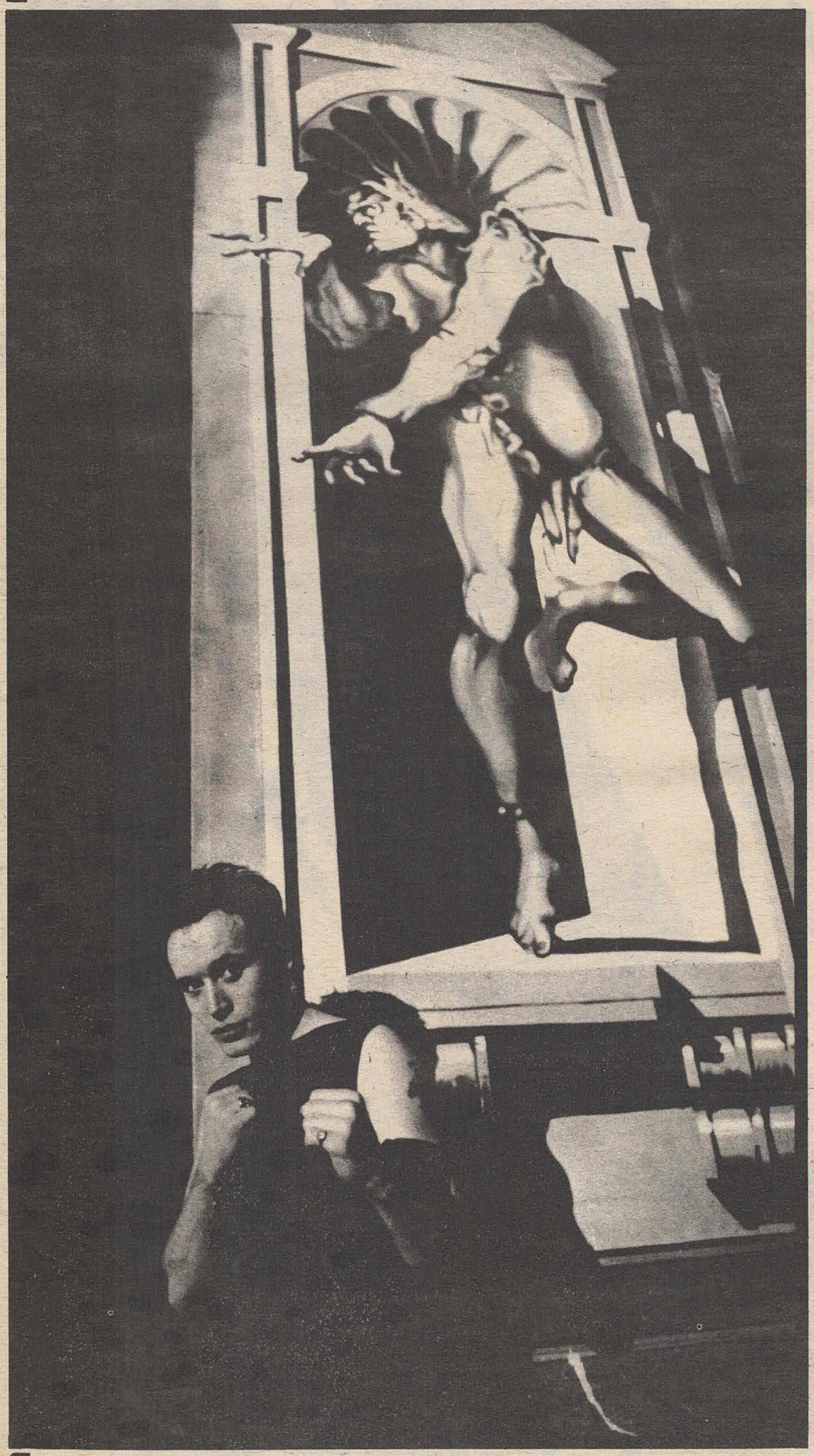
Most wonderful human being: **Everybody who put us in the charts**
Best group: **The Fall**
Male singer: **Feargal Sharkey/Dickie from Macana**
Bass: **Peter Hook**
Single: **The Specials' 'Ghost Town'**
Radio show: **Lord Of The Rings/John Peel show**

Dammers. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Female singer: **Virginia Astley of The Ravishing Beauties**
Guitar: **Killing Joke's Geordie**
Keyboards: **Gerald Quinn of The Wild Swans**
Creep of the year: **"Too Many Creeps"**
Film: **Elephant Man**
Most missed person: **Jimi Hendrix, Bill Shankly**
Best new act: **Blue Orchids, The Wild Swans**
Songwriter: **The O'Neill Brothers and Mick Bradley of The Undertones**
Drums: **Charlie Watts**
Best dressed person: **Jake, our roadie**
TV Show: **Russ Abbott's Mad House**

JOHN PEEL

Most wonderful human being: **Kenny Dalglish**
Female singer: **Clare Grogan**
Most missed person: **My Dad**
Best group: **Altered Images**
Guitarist: **Couldn't think of one, so here's my best batsman — Geoff Boycott**
Best new act: **Bruce Grobelaar — Liverpool's goalkeeper**
Singer: **Nick Cave**
Keyboards: **Bill Sharpe of Shakatak. (He's a mate of mine and I always put my mates in.)**
Bass: **The Cravats' V. Shend**
Best dressed sleeve: **'Cool Pon You' by Barry Brown (Trojan)**
Drums: **Billy of The Undertones**
Single: **Altered Images' 'I Could Be Happy' 12"**
Goal of The Year: **Alan Kennedy's in Paris, which won Liverpool the European Cup**
LP: **'Dare'**
Radio: **Peter Powell**
Film: **Gregory's Girl**
Best dressed person: **Michael Foot**
TV: **Match Of The Day**



ADAM ANT Creep of the year; No. 4 Best dressed person. Pic Anton Corbijn.

FILM

1 GREGORY'S GIRL
2 RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK
3 TIME BANDITS
4 HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART ONE
5 TESS
6 THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN
7 AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON
8 CHARIOTS OF FIRE
9 THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY
10 ALTERED STATES
10 EXCALIBUR

MOST WONDERFUL HUMAN BEING

1 PAUL WELLER
2 DAVID BOWIE
3 JOHN PEEL
4 TONY BENN
5 KEN LIVINGSTONE
6 CLARE GROGAN
7 LECH WALESA
8 MARK E SMITH
9 PRINCESS DIANA
10 KEVIN TURVEY
11 JULIAN COPE
12 E. P. THOMPSON
13 PAUL MORLEY
14 IAN McCULLOCH
15 CLIFF RICHARD

BEST DRESSED PERSON

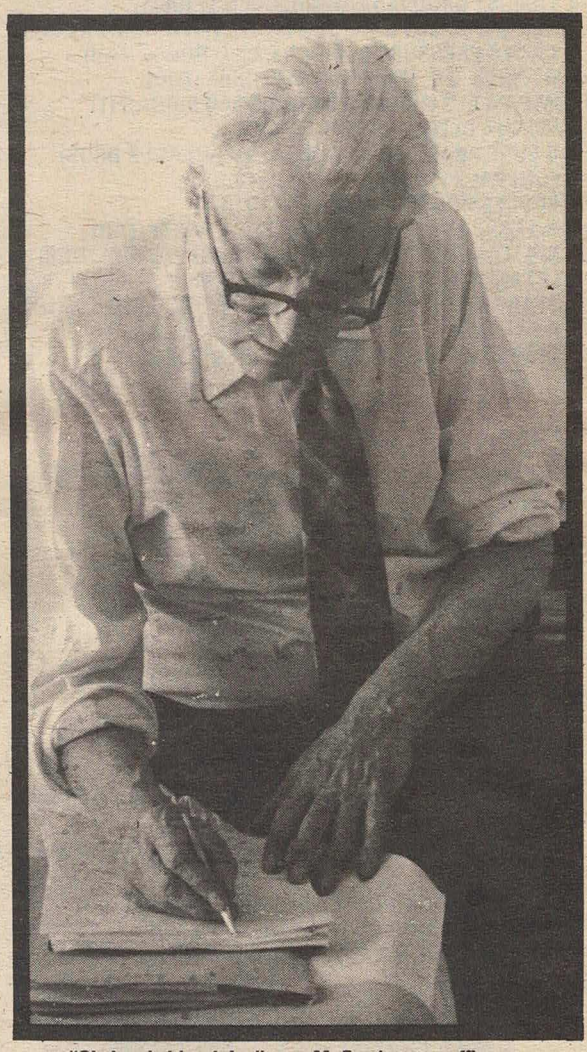
1 MICHAEL FOOT
2 PAUL WELLER
3 DAVID SYLVIAN
4 ADAM ANT
5 DAVID BOWIE
6 SIOUXSIE SIOUX
7 TOYAH
8 MARK E SMITH
9 BRUCE FOXTON
10 PRINCESS DIANA

CREEP OF THE YEAR

1 ADAM ANT
2 MARGARET THATCHER
3 RONALD REAGAN
4 ERROL
5 STEVE STRANGE
6 JULIO IGLESIAS
7 PAUL MORLEY
8 CLIFF RICHARD
9 PHIL OAKEY
10 PETER POWELL
11 TOYAH
12 SHAKIN' STEVENS
13 TONY BENN
14 MARC ALMOND
15 STING

MICHAEL FOOT

best dressed person



"Obviously it's a joke," says Mr Foot's press office. "Your readers don't really consider him to be the best dressed person do they?"

COMMENTARY CONTINUED

and *The Elephant Man),* and running a clear second to the overwhelming Female Singer Siouxsie Sioux.

Like The Jam, the Banshees' strength lies in their continuity — but this year was their best yet. Apart from Siouxsie establishing a firmer hold over the Female Singer title than anyone before — she's been in the top three for four years now — they also logged their highest Group entry (6), as well as No 2 Guitar (John McGeoch), and Drums (Budgie), No 9 Bass (Steve Severin), No 6 Best Dressed Person (Siouxsie), No 5 LP ('JuJu') and No 16 Single ('Spellbound').

Of the other groups of '81, The Fall obviously exert an influence way behond their commercial power. Not only did they jump from tenth to No 4 Group, but Mark E Smith comes out as No 4 Songwriter, No 9 Male Singer, and No 8 Best Dressed Person and Most Wonderful Human Being. Smith's personal stature is emphasized by the fact that the band failed to come anywhere near scoring in any other category.

The Clash, Beat, Stranglers and former Joy Division members all still have a lot of followers, but the other band to make a strong fresh impression was U2 — No 5

PAUL WELLER

Most wonderful human being: **Dave Wakeling**
Best group: **The Beat**
Male singer: **R. Butler/Dave Wakeling/Suggs**
Bass: **Pigbag bassist/Bruce (Foxton)**
Single: **Specials' 'Ghost Town'**
Radio show: **Jensen/Skinner**
Guitar: **Department S's Mike Herbage**
Keyboards: **Mike Barson**
Best dressed sleeve: **Any Charly label record**
Creep of the year: **Prof Moriarty/The *NME* Cocktail Set (Wankers)**
Film: **Any Sherlock Holmes**
Most missed person: **John Lennon**
Best new act: **The Questions/Pigbag**
Songwriters: **TV21/Department S**
Drums: **Drummer on Clint Eastwood records**
LP: **PUBE/Psychedlic Furs' 'Talk, Talk, Talk'**
Best dressed person: **Steve Marriott, circa '66**
TV show: **Rising Damp**

RICK BUCKLER

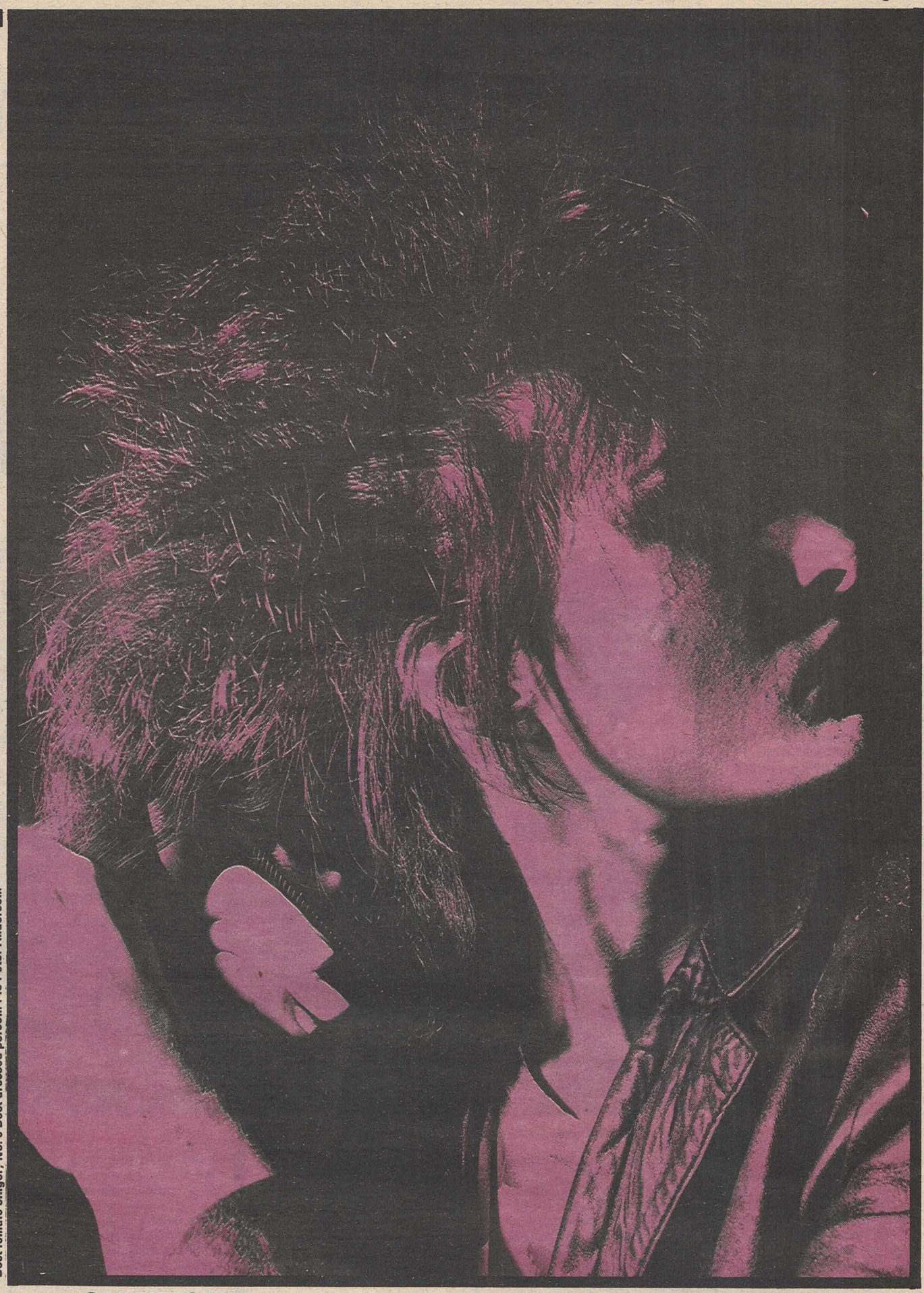
Most wonderful human being: **Mr and Mrs Norman Dipstick**
Male singer: **Peter Gabriel**
Bass: **Bruce Foxton**
Radio show: **Capital ads**
Female singer: **Siouxsie**
Guitar: **Paul Weller**
Keyboards: **Pete Wilson**
Creep of the year: **Stewart Copeland**
Film: **Excalibur**
Most missed person: **John Lennon**
Songwriter: **Paul Weller/Stuart Adamson**
Drums: **Budgie**
Best dressed person: **Kenny Wheeler**
TV show: **Three Of A Kind**

BRUCE FOXTON

Most wonderful human being:
Best group: **The Specials**
Male singer: **Bowie**
Bass: **John Entwistle**
Single: **'Ghost Town'**
Radio show: **Pass**
Female singer: **Siouxsie**
Guitar: **Paul Weller**
Film: **Airplane**
Most missed person: **Lennon**
Best new act: **Department S**
Songwriter: **Paul Weller**
Drums: **Rick Buckler**
LP: **Teardrop Explodes' 'Wilder'/Bowie's 'Scary Monsters And Super Creeps'**
Best dressed person: **Patrick Moore**
TV show: **Fawlty Towers/Three Of A Kind**

MARTYN ATKINS

Designer of Best Dressed Sleeve: **'Heaven Up Here'**
Most wonderful human being: **Liff**
Best group: **The Jam**
Male singer: **Julian Cope (when he sings properly)**
Bass: **Peter Hook**
Single: **Simple Minds' 'The American'**
Radio show: **Jimmy Savile's Double Top Ten Show**
Female singer: **Siouxsie**
Guitar: **Will Sargeant**
Keyboards: **Harold Budd**
Best dressed sleeve: **Throbbing Gristle's 'Discipline'**
Creep of the year: **Gary Tibbs**
Film: **Raiders Of The Lost Ark**
Most missed person: **Tony Severin**
Best new act: **The Wild Swans**
Songwriter: **Paul Weller**
Drums: **Peter De Freitas**
LP: **The Godlike Genius Of Scott Walker**
Best dressed person: **Paul Simonon**
TV Show: **Winston Churchill — The Wilderness Years**



Best female singer; No. 6 Best dressed person. Pic Peter Anderson.

SIOUXSIE

Most wonderful human being: **Zippy Pinhead**
Best group: **The Cramps**
Male singer: **Marc Almond**
Bass: **Jah Wobble**
Single: **Iggy Pop's 'Bang Bang' Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love' / Peter Shelley's 'Homosapien' / Christina's 'Things Fall Apart'**
Radio Show: **Kid Jensen**
Female singer: **Ari Upp**
Guitar: **Animal**
Keyboards: **Fad Gadget**
Best dressed sleeve: **The Human League's 'Dare'**
Creep of the year: **Anyone with anything to do with Oi or salsa**
Film: **My Bloody Valentine**
Most missed person: **Zippy Pinhead**
Best new act: **Birthday Party**
Songwriter: **John Cale**
Drums: **Robert Gorl**
LP: **Alan Vega's 'Collision Drive'**
Best dressed persons: **D.A.F.**
TV show: **Soap**

Group, No 3 Guitar, No 4 Album, No 6 Male Singer . . . and No 17 New Act.

Getting away from the groups, the strongest singer/songwriters remain Bowie, Costello and Springsteen. David Bowie in fact performed a miracle this year by wresting the Male Singer title away from Weller — by an extremely short head. Bowie first won this section way back in 1973 — and he has not dropped below No 3 since, winning it four times in all. For him to top the lot now is a real feat — particularly as, like The Jam, he failed to release an album last year. Which no doubt explains the No 13 Most Missed Person token he takes to stick on the mantlepiece next to the Male Singer, No 2 Most Wonderful Human Being, No 3 Songwriter and No 5 Best Dressed Person awards.

In fact, so many categories seemed to be running as a straight fight between Weller and Bowie that it came as a real surprise when Elvis Costello suddenly popped up as the No 2 Songwriter. Costello also has the distinction of two LPs in the Albums — 'Trust' at 8 and 'Almost Blue' at 19 — while he leaps from 12th to fourth in the Male Singers. Steve Nieve meanwhile jumps four places to No 2 keyboards.

SO, A GOOD year for the rockers . . . and a good year for political activists too. Most Wonderful Human Being features an unprecedented number of rebellious good guys — in particular those much-maligned Labour left-wingers Tony Benn (4) and Ken Livingstone (5). The national press would have you believe they were fanatical fools; the *NME* readers obviously know better.

Also notable in this section are Solidarity leader Lech Walesa (voted for *before* being arrested in the Polish military coup) and the anti-nuclear campaign's guiding light Professor E. P. Thompson. Their presence is a welcome rebuff to those people — and we still get them — who moan about finding 'politics' in a 'music paper.'

Benn, by the way, shares with Paul Morley and Cliff Richard the distinction of appearing in both Most Wonderful Human Being and Creep Of The Year listings. But this year's No 1 Creep — up ten places — was Adam Ant, of course; and by a massive margin. Margaret Thatcher is thus forced to accept second place, with Ronald Reagan staying third. Sting drops from second to 15th, and Tony Blackburn disappears after an extended run in this section.

But the best effort by a politician has to be Michael Foot, striding off with Best Dressed Man title by a hefty majority — the *NME* readers' riposte to the absurd abuse the Opposition leader had to suffer after appearing at the Cenotaph on Remembrance Day in a donkey jacket. Mr Foot did in fact make a showing in this section last year, when he also ran in three other categories — but this is undoubtedly his moment of glory.

Old favourites section: Dave Greenfield holds onto Keyboards for the fourth year in succession (a strange lack of Leagues and Modes here — aren't synthesizers keyboards?); John Peel takes Radio Show for the nth time; and Lennon edges out Curtis and Marley as Most Missed Person, a section notable also for the inclusion of Peter Sellers, Natalie Wood, Bill Shankly and Howard Devoto(!). And perhaps the oldest favourite of the lot: *Coronation Street* takes top TV Programme for the first time in its 21st year.

In all, a poll reflecting a year of little perceived musical consequence. Plenty of interesting new acts, but little to shake the existing order — so that even though virtually inactive, Bowie and The Jam win through on the basis of trust. Contrary to common belief, most people *do* fill in their poll forms critically and open-mindedly (it's not uncommon to find, say, ABC, Joy Division, Dave Stewart, Springsteen and Robbie Shakespeare all on the same form — those are in fact Sarah Bird of Chesh re's selections, pulled out of the mailbag at random). So evidently nobody emerged in the past year or so that really seized the collective imagination.

Naturally, there are some interesting quirks — like Billy Mackenzie and Kirk Brandon scoring in the Male Singers, Charlie Watts and Keith Richards coming back into Drums and Guitar contention, Beki Bondage sneaking into the Female Singers (along with Sheena Easton, she's the only musical poll entrant *NME* has never interviewed), and 'The "Sweetest Girl"' (first aired on *NME's* C81 cassette) and 'Release The Bats' featuring in Singles.

But in the final event, that last category seems in some ways the only one whose outcome was truly justified on 1981 performances: 'Ghost Town' triumphing as *the* single of the year, and providing The Specials with a unique double. They won this section in 1979 with their first record, 'Gangsters'. Now they've won it again with their last.

Ju-ju wanna dance?

Gun clubbing: horrible hoodoo

Pic: Deborah Feingold

THE GUN CLUB

Fire Of Love (Ruby)

IT SHIVERS, it slithers, it shimmies with a suggestive wink. It creeps up on you like a spook in the night, and grabs you when you're sleeping. Look out. I didn't want to like it, honest. It *made* me.

I mean, I saw this band play and I thought nothing could be more jive. There's Jeffery Lee Pierce, former writer for *Slash*, now the Gun Club's songwriter and singer, with his protruding tummy, dyed blond hair falling in his face and an over-abundance of amulets and magic charms dangling from his neck, shaking and screaming with ridiculous theatricality, trying to be dread and looking like a comedy routine.

There's guitarist Ward Dotson running down these Robert Johnson slide guitar riffs as if the 60's white blues revival had never happened and making like the idea of linking blues intonations to punk speed and aggressiveness was the greatest invention since the lightbulb.

And then there's the matter of the Gun Club's whole, somewhat dodgy persona, which is heavily involved with voodoo, black magic, a trash-collecting aesthetic of white boys enamoured of swamps, blues and the Negro night, secret places where y'all don't have no business nohow.

So I went to the record cautiously, not wanting to be taken in. The first track, 'Sex Beat', grabbed me immediately, my favourite piece of punk rock in a long while.

'Sex Beat' is the sound of a tightly-wound coil exploding, a twisted, joyous digging at the truth under the social dance — not without it's preposterous posturing, but still undeniable. I played it over and over. But the rest at first seemed like a lot of pseudo blues and hoodoo-voodoo dark mutterings. Was it really manic? Or just mannered?

But something kept bringing me back to the record. Pierce's lonely, haunted, wailing voice began to sound less like an affectation and more like a true groping for individual style. The mean, insinuating slide guitar lines began creeping up on me like a snake slithering up my spine, a chill I didn't want to shake off. I began to hear Pierce's mocking, leering scream resonating in my head at odd times: *"I was all dressed up like an Elvis from — HELL."*

A few more plays, and the Gun Club's world became real. They have been accused by cynics of being a kind of Cramps fan club, and there are personal ties between the two groups — the Cramps recruited guitarist Kid Congo Powers from the Gun Club. Both groups illustrate their own world.

But while the Cramps use the imagery of cartoons and horror movies, the Gun Club draw on an older folk tradition — their record is a compendium of all the darkest images of the blues brought to life. What finally won me over was the realisation that every borrowed image Pierce uses is tied to a felt emotion, an expressive need. He's not a blind plunderer, he takes what he needs to use. The things that move through his songs — the ghosts on the highway, the fire spirits to be placated and joined, the black trains moving through the desolate night — are there for a reason, and the more I listened, the more I believed.

The blues were always an alternative for southern blacks to the religion officially sanctioned by the mainstream culture. Robert Johnson among others took a sharp poke at religion in 'Preaching The Blues', claiming he was *"Gonna be a preacher, so I don't have to work"*. That song is covered here in a suitably hopped-up style, and the choice points up the anti religious subtext lurking under the Gun Club's fright night imaginings. When Pierce feels sexual desire he becomes Jack on Fire, a Satanic image; his girl is like heroin to him, moving him through alternating desire and revulsion. He carries on a deliberate courting of disaster through living in darkness, surrounded by spells, potions and evil women.

A lot of nonsense, right? But then why do I keep coming back to this record? Why is my roommate wandering around muttering "I was all dressed up like an Elvis from hell." Why are those fifth generation steals, punked-up bogus guitar sounds and anguished, lost in the night vocals becoming daily more addicting? Must be that ju-ju.

Richard Grabel

THOMAS LEER

Contradictions (Cherry Red)

ELECTRIC SHOCKS are no longer so easily manufactured. The currency of the currents needs no *bureau de change* these days; the matter of synths, sequencers and drum machines is fair game for the raw material of youth music as it is now made. If a record like Hot Butter's 'Popcorn' (1972!) charted on simple novelty terms, electro-pop corn now holds sway on playlists through its loose embrace of more traditional parts of pop music ideology: a bit of contrived romance. A *good beat*, a pretty tune and boys and girls with looks to match.

Have The King's New Clothes ever sparkled so? Last year's biggest-selling single came from this particular niche, and it was a cover of an old song from pop's purest hits factory, Tamla Motown. You catch my drift.

Nothing inherently wrong in all this, though. There is a pleasure in hearing the studious shackles of po-faced Tangerine Droning falling from the sine wave — zip from slop with public acclaim as a merited bonus. Synthesisers were *made* for pop music, in a way. All that fizz and burp and snap should be employed to

Leer-ical Tom

Pic: David Corio

sweeter ends than icing on the cake of metaphysical he- (or ho ho-) men like Yes and their ilk.

The (slight) disappointment is the readiness to slot them in as substitute guitars. The three chord trick has bolstered pop since it began: can we not grasp this chance for something more? Can't we, say, make Thomas Leer a star?

Leer's electronic idea, nascent in the muddy 'Private Place', erractically blinking in and out of focus on 'The Bridge', is to make giddy playthings of his switches and dials — but with a seriousness of purpose that lends substance to a record that revels in the sheer fun of these noises.

It's a sharp title, 'Contradictions'. The axis of the enterprise is the paradox of Leer the earnest boffin and Thomas the rhymer of a bristling music that has pop as its lifeblood and soul as inspirational mentor. The offerings of a man who's done good homework — and with a calling card of his own to present.

Anyone familiar with 'Four Movements' will take up with 'Contradictions' at once. It's an enlargement and extension of the twelve incher's manifesto: Leer's machines bubble and grumble incessantly. He gives them slivers of melody to play over and over or just riff around with; and underneath their brothers tick over the rhythm or stretch a bass bridge between top and bottom layers.

It's a refreshment of some satisfaction after the obsessive neatness of most electronic pop. This generation of synth-kids are still taking most of their cues from Kraftwerk (who had the trick perfected long ago — and now have a four-year-old single at No. 1) without mustering the tension between rhythm and melody (oh, those *melodies!*) that the Dusseldorfers always secure. Leer's tangent is instead disarmingly cluttered. His rhythm tracks don't just bounce, they bulge too. When he thinks there isn't enough going on on top he piles on dribble and squeak with an abandon that even Joe Gibbs might hesitate at.

And it nearly all succeeds on enthusiasm alone. 'Soul Gypsy' is perhaps the wildest song, an express of ideas, a gallop through freeway-funk that fanfares no questionable initiation of 'new soul' but makes its dancefloor claim with perfect impunity. The opening 'Hear What I Say' has a GREAT tune and is proof enough that Leer's understanding of that prerequisite is charmed enough to succeed.

Seven tracks and nearly fifty minutes — some go on too long, though the title track which runs fifteen minutes is maybe the best: a contradiction between a worried song section and a nucleus of polyrhythm that eventually begins to mesmerise as improvised synthetics muscle out the vocalist.

On which score Leer also makes good. Granted an elfin set of pipes he uses his vocals as a balancing agent, a reedy frailty to the electric strength. Just as Numan sniffed triumph with his hopeless voice, so Leer turns weakness to advantage without reverting to the former's tiresome stylisation.

We can forgive the other weaknesses — an over-use of the trumpet synth, and the mere exercise of the closing 'Golf Stream' — in the real excitement of 'Contradictions'. Leer plays it like a backroom boy out in the light, lab coat thrown aside, eyes gleaming in the knowledge of the excellence of his creations. Go get it — these are contradictions that need getting into.

Richard Cook

LPs

THE CHI-LITES

Me And You (20th Century Fox)

THE DELLS

Whatever Turns You On (20th Century Fox)

DISAPPOINTING, this. Both these groups' prefabricated output provide unwelcome ammunition for the rock snobs who permit themselves some admiration for the, ahem, classic soul of Tamla and Stax now it's ten years old and *sociologically* significant. Their smug, (and probably inverted-racist) excuse, is that today's 'soul' doesn't have as much 'soul' as the old stuff.

"Zzzzzzz", mused the reviewer. The Chi-Lites made some glorious and (it's true, comrades), 'relevant' records in their unfashionable old days. 'Have You Seen Her', though kitsch, sits alongside 'Superstition' and 'Back Stabbers' as a great example of black American music's suspicious and sorrowful phase in the early '70s, as does the murderously austere 'Coldest Days Of My Life'. Remember that delicious sob, 'Oh Girl'? Well, there's a new version here, sloppy and Vegas-oriented, which makes treacle out of the original's bleak majesty. A predictable pointer.

Both albums are part of the Chi-sound set-up, produced by Chi singer Eugene Record in the same benign way, and using mostly the same musicians. If the product is good, I'm all for production lines, but frankly, yawn is the word. The Chi-Lites' cover says 'Featuring Eugene Record', and I'd guess that some effort is being made to launch our Gene as a Creative Figure. I don't buy it.

The Dells, survivors of some twenty-five years, are unable to summon the slightest individuality from what is truly a lazy aspiration to upmarket respectability. The big, butch Pendergrass front is especially tiresome. (You know: the thorn in the lion's paw: plenty of lead in the old pencil yet.)

To be anything other than bragging, this approach needs either a lot of tenderness or a line in self-mockery but The Dells (like their potential audience, I fear), are too busy wishing to be young again to avoid the pitfalls. The unpleasant cover only makes things worse.

'Me And You' is the better album, partly because Mr Record has a superior voice, which grapples gamely with his own soggy sofa of sound, and partly because the songs are better. Basically, though, The Chi-Lites are the same, but different. The exciting mind and body things still don't really happen, and I do not, alas count these records as 'soul'.

Dave Hill

Why, Saturnly Sir Ra

SUN RA ARKESTRA

Sunrise In Different Dimensions (hat Hut)

OR, SUN Ra's in different dimensions — only a few of them illustrated here. But then, in a career spanning some forty years and an estimated hundred-plus albums — mostly issued in modest editions on his own Saturn label, with crude bootleg-style covers or just rudimentary white sleeves — no one record (or two, in this case) could be said to be "representative" of the man's work as a whole. Ra records are more like instalments in some determinedly extremist search for new musical forms, the only linking factor being the exuberance Sun Ra and his amorphous Arkestra bring to everything they do, an exuberance reflected in the bright and multi-coloured cloaks, capes and metal head-sculptures they drape around themselves.

Sun Ra's music owes a lot to jazz, without being overtly "jazzy" much of the time; it also owes something to African drum choirs, and to space-age sensibility synthesising; most of all, though, it's steeped in ritual and ceremonial musics from a variety of sources, an element that surfaces at live performances in the panoply of processional playing and dancing, fire-eating, juggling and the like. Part showman, part shaman, Ra also derives much of his mystical outpourings from ancient civilisations — the Mayans, Incas, and especially the Egyptians — and "lost" worlds like Lemuria, Atlantis and Mu. There is odd myth in his madness, for sure.

In connection with his interplanetary pantheism, Ra's denied that he makes music, proffering instead his own description of "a joyful noise", a phrase which goes a long way towards discriminating between music as formal sound mechanics and music as something more immediate, spontaneous and (f)risky. He reportedly drills his musicians for hours every day, *at* all hours of the day (Ra never sleeps) till those formal factors take care of themselves, and the musicians can say what they must with a disciplined fluidity. It's a strict and ascetic quest — no drugs, no drink, no sex, no ciggies even — but it seems to pay constant (and constantly high) dividends.

Recorded last February at Willisau in Switzerland, using — by Sun Ra's standards — a tiny ten-piece unit, 'Sunrise In Different Dimensions' is a double album equally divided between interp-ra-tations of old jazz standards and new originals, all of the latter entitled 'Untitled' (although at least one is recognisable as the old Sun-singalong 'On Jupiter').

The standards, which include material from Monk, Miles, Hawkins, Ellington and Jelly Roll Morton, can perhaps best be viewed as Sun Ra's ceremonial side, an attempt to rejuvenate (rather than just copy note-for-note) the big band tradition of Ellington, Lunceford and Fletcher Henderson, a tradition Ra sees as the most noble and heroic form of black music. So the Arkestra reading of Horace Henderson's 'Big John's Special' is a bebop romp, affectionate tomfoolery with the best intentions; and Noble Sissle's 'Yeah Man!' (a staple of the Lunceford repertoire) gets a rude, rip-snorting treatment worthy of its title. It's not often you get a chance to hear these kind of foolish things done by a big band at all, let alone one with the spirit and creative zest of Sun Ra's; you never get the impression that the players are in any way imprisoned by the notes they *have* to play, the melody they *must* sustain — the wildness and the freedom here speak more the spirit of the thing.

The 'Untitled' stuff ranges from lengthy bouts of free collective improvisation WHICH WORK to things like side three's piece of waltz-time organ weirdness, which sounds like Reginald Dixon might if he'd just discovered cocaine but hadn't yet discovered how much to take. There's much to swoon about in here — Marshall Allen's controlled alto overblowing, a sustained yelp of disciplined anarchy; Michael Ray's mirror-echo trumpet figures; the sheer *presence* of both Sun Ra and stalwart tenorman John Gilmore throughout — but 'in here' is a very private place, a fascinating tiptoe through the possible which likes to touch the impossible now and then.

Approach with care, not caution.

Andy Gill

Sun Ra

Illustration: Ian Wright

VARIOUS ARTISTS

'A Country Fit For Heroes' (No Future)

IN 1939 the working class hordes, Geordies, Yorkies, Scousers and the rest of youse went abroad to play in the colours of Churchill and Bevin against an ideology called fascism.

They came back in 1945, got pissed on V.E. Day, got a two piece hacksaw suit the next day and took a look at the sick mess that was Britain.

A COUNTRY FIT FOR HEROES

The latest attack from No Future Records starts with Blitzkrieg. And the irritant called the working class still has the temerity to sing 'The Future Must Be Ours'. They have been given a social security, a never-ending re-run of '30s soap operas, A COUNTRY FIT FOR HEROES and still they moan that if this is the country fit for heroes then it should be the heroes that control it.

Perhaps they misunderstood.

The Violators say 'Government Stinks', Hostile Youth say 'Fight Back', Protest bemoan 'Orders' and Pseudo Sadists complain of 'Power Schemes' — all are under the misapprehension that living in the UK '82 should offer more than a redundant baked beans 'n bingo golden handshake by way of compensation.

MacMillan, doped, stupid and senile, got his lines wrong: "You've never had it so good as us" came out as an abbreviated half-truth. McLaren spun "Never trust a hippy" and omitted details of his own cultural background.

Look for yourself — A COUNTRY FIT FOR HEROES is harsh and violent, rooted in squalor and decay, still splashing about in the rubbish tips at the edge of the gleaming, tinted-glass estates. Zeroes ignore the stench of squalor, or gloat on it, but heroes spray fresh ideas and look to challenge all this poverty.

'A Country Fit For Heroes' is not so hard and impenetrable, not as unassailable as it at first appears. Amidst the bursts of identikit, scripted aggression from bands scattered all across this green and pleasant land, there are fresh ideas, there is a real aggression. The chinks are there, the contradictions manifest and, see, the cracks are opening up

Anger is not enough. Know where power lies (Attak's 'Blue Patrol', Chaotic Youth's 'Whose Bomb') and how to fight it (One Way System's 'Jerusalem', The Samples' 'Government Downfall').

In 1976 the lumpen hordes, infant speedfreaks and Cockney art students, crawled strategically from gutter garrets to play on boats, in backrooms and battered clubs.

The '39-'45 war was a war of ideas, ideas which left an army of conscious objectors (why stop at fighting fascism?); the '76-'77 war also opened up a lot of eyes, a lot of cracks, and left us looking at the sick mess that was Britain.

A COUNTRY FIT FOR HEROES

The hordes are still crawling in 1982 and still they moan that if this is the country fit for heroes then it should be the heroes that control it.

If the suit fits, take it.

X. Moore

THE LOOK

The Look (MCA)

'I Am The Beat' was a dull, dull hit with a matching production of cliched keyboards, thudding dud rhythms, and vocals which came over like some octogenarian Tony Newley trying to sing like Paul Weller.

You hardly notice the inclusion of the single on The Look's album, partly because the other 11 tracks are so close to it, if not in sound then definitely in spirit(lessness). It's a commodity which the public have already decided they've had enough of: 'Feeding Time', the follow-up single and also included on the album, was a miss.

Still, at least The Look serve a kind of social function. Dubious pop combos all over the country can console themselves that they can do better. Meanwhile, the humble listener merely gets a pain in the earhole — and it spreads. Particularly malignant examples are 'The Walking Truth' and 'Dressed Earp' (where the lads imagine that they're making adult observations and double-entendres a la Squeeze) and 'Tonight' (where they delude themselves with a version of the Bernstein-Sondheim song). Keep clods off your turntable!

Paul Tickell

10CC

Ten Out Of 10 (Mercury)

AFTER a three-year absence caused by Eric Stewart's car-crash injuries, 10cc are back in search of former glories with an LP of 'mature pop' — ie, it lacks a decent tune and is far too wordy, especially as the band have nothing of interest to say.

Their attempts at humour and social satire — 'Notell Hotel', 'Les Nouveaux Riches' — are about as winning as a bootful of slush, which description usefully doubles for their love songs. Two out of ten's more like it, and must try harder — or be doomed to a life of musicals and film scores.

Graham Lock

LAKESIDE

Your Wish Is My Command (Solar)

SHINY, fresh, and probably oversexed, Lakeside are a group who *could* equally score a hit, *and* provide a tingling soundtrack to the business of taking enormous sniffs from small bottles.

Being on the Solar label will help them, and when they do the sensible thing and act superficial instead of their age, it's not hard to break out in a notable amount of sympathy.

The title track, 'Something About That Woman', 'Special' and 'The Urban Man' all take a grip, especially if you close your eyes and imagine the thin layers and lasers.

Unfortunately, Lakeside also try some variation by stepping boorishly into balladland, next to the bulging machos with unbuttoned shirts who currently give traditional soul-baring a bad name. How apt it is that the WEA press-release uses the ambiguous term 'unique' to describe the band's merciless clubbing of 'I Want To Hold Your Hand'.

Nevertheless, Lakeside and the Solar team sound like they're trying to do something useful to your excitable parts, and yes, there's even some passion to partner the prancing. The cover concept is Aladdin's cave, the small print says 'Beautiful Music By Beautiful People', and I bet you'd like it really.

Dave Hill

Simple Surman... ...clever Trevor

JOHN SURMAN

The Amazing Adventures Of Simon Simon (ECM)

TREVOR WATTS & KATRINA KRIMSKY

Stella Malu (EMC)

ALONG WITH Evan Parker, Surman and Watts are the most consistently provocative and valuable post-Coleman saxophonists to break from these isles. Unlike Parker's allegiance to wholly free playing, though, Surman's dabblings move through multifarious fields, while Watts lingered on the borders of unchained expression but adhered to a discipline grounded in a liking for bullying rhythm sections.

Interesting, then, that Watts' first record for ECM is in a far calmer mode than the brawling atmospheres which usually bring out his best. In duet with pianist Katrina Krimsky he forsakes rhythmic complexity for an investigation of tonal strengths. On the opening 'Mial' he only has to state the naggingly penetrative theme — and does so with such timbral force that Krimsky's doodlings beneath are forgotten. The enchanted tenderness of the soprano in 'Crystal Morning', counterpointed by a severe elegance from Krimsky, shows Watts at his most introspective since his beautiful requiem for Rahsaan, 'Dear Roland'.

There's a sunny, skittering articulacy to 'Villa In Brazil' and deep thought in the conversation in 'Duogeny' which repay worlds-away immersion. Two solo tracks by the pianist (actually the composing force behind the date) are pretty if trifling as regards romantic emoting. A deceptively smooth, rather dark session.

Surman's is the better record, though. As a flamboyant young turk in the late 60s, Surman's proficiency and inquisitiveness led him into tangled byways of jazz-rock and unaccompanied blowing alike — and on baritone, the toughest of the saxes. Now he's settled into an expressionism roomy enough to involve his abiding interest in soprano and electronics and sufficiently strong-willed to mould EMC's cloisters to his own ends.

'Simon Simon' is pegged around a dubious Maloryesque concept — 'Kentish Hunting', 'Within The Halls Of Neptune' and so on. 'Nestor's Saga' soon dispels anxiety: Surman ponders the direction on bass clarinet while synths percolate middle-distantly, overdubs a torrid soprano part and is further fired by the entry of partner Jack DeJohnette on drums. In eleven minutes a plane of feeling is traversed there and back again.

The rest of the set proceeds as a summary of Surman's accomplishments. 'Kentish Hunting' is an aged roundelay of the sort that once possessed him; the final chord hangs suspended like the last image of a dream.

An inner tranquility pervades the music, and it could be charged that Surman has over-mellowed — though given the aching loveliness of 'Fide Et Amore' here this hardly gives grounds for complaint. I prefer to think of a distillation, a knowledge of how a simple change of key can unlock a profundity that garrulousness can obscure. As Watts' music is all Watts, Surman's character always shines through, his sound.

Richard Cook

Craminal convictions

Minimal Compact

MINIMAL COMPACT
(Crammed)

A TRIO of Israeli origin, Minimal Compact recorded this half-album (five tracks, twenty-one minutes) in Holland under the watchful eye of Aqsak Maboul supremo Marc Hollander, who blows some grumbling bass clarinet and sax in places. Otherwise it's the combination of Berry Sakharof's got-the-jitters guitar and Malka Yoyo Spiegl's bass that pins down the songs, with real or artificial drums added as obeisance to the need to get the shuffle going.

In a quintet that keeps interest on the boil throughout, 'Creation Is Perfect (I Am A Camera)' is perhaps the obvious gem. A wraith-like melody enshrouds a lyric by American poet Bob Kaufman sung with substantial manners by the group vocalist, Samy Birnbach; meantime Hollander's sax seems written on the wind that fans the embers of the tune. 'Ready-Made Diary' broods over its electronics as Birnbach offers a sour view of a self-satisfied Europe.

'To Get Inside' works a similar pitch, the effects building up and dropping out one by one until only the skeleton chords at the end are left to gnaw at the consciousness. That leaves 'Statik Dancin' and 'Happy Bebouge', both dance steps subverted by Sakharof's ill-tempered scratch guitar. Each stop on the point of getting going and leave you wanting more. Quite right too — Minimal Compact need further investigation. There's lots of European strangers asking for your time just now. These people want some of the action too.

Richard Cook

Linear theorists

THE LINES
'Therapy' (Fresh)

IN THE PAST I've tried hard to like The Lines. I've seen them three times, although the last time — at the Moonlight in the Summer — I had to walk out after three songs, they were so unprofessional, so turgid, so grating on the ears.

So the beautifully produced 'Therapy' came as a surprise to me. Richard Conning's vocals have been mixed down to blend in with the other instruments, and for the first time it is possible to appreciate what skilful musicians The Lines really are. The music is uneven, and often gets lost in a dead-end of experimentation; but it lets you drift away before gently luring you back to relax in the beauty of the bass line, the hypnotic drumbeat, and the Gregorian chant of the submerged vocals.

The worst tracks, most notably 'Instincticide', are uncomfortably reminiscent of The Residents' parodic, paranoid wailings: obscurist music set to a monotonous disco beat. At their best ('Come Home', 'The Landing') the song remind me of Eno's Ambient Music, except that The Lines have a greater sense of structure and rhythm. As background music, 'Therapy' is almost perfect.

The Lines first came together in 1977, and this is their dubut album. They are obviously meticulous craftsmen, not pop careerists. But I would like to see their next album written with a little less care and a little more emotion. Instincticide — the killing off of one's natural responses — can result in boring and inaccessible music.

Ed Fenton

LIGHTNING STRIKES

PATTI AUSTIN
Every Home Should Have One (Qwest)

ON THIS album's liner notes Quincey Jones reckons "I feel I've always known and loved Patti". He actually meant that. So, the last thing he should have done was to produce a record for her. Surprisingly though, "Every Home Should Have One' isn't swamped by the overbearing production that has become his trademark. In fact it isn't anything, and apart from letting you know that Patti Austin has a good voice it's instantly forgettable. Perhaps next time, if she doesn't try it herself, she'll use a producer with a bit of bottle.

Lloyd Bradley

SAD CAFE
Ole (Polydor)

THESE seven well permed Mancunians get more eclectic and LA every day — like Racey playing The Eagles playing Dr John. Have Sad Cafe cracked the US market yet? And does anyone give a toss apart from the band themselves and their bank manager?

Paul Tickell

MIKE BATT
Six Days In Berlin (Epic)

AN UNSPEAKABLY tedious, stupid, spiritless, spineless, worthless job lot of multi-musical fusion idiocy. The sleeve humour turns your stomach. File next to 'War Of The Worlds', 'Love Songs' by The Beatles, and 'Evita'.

Dave Hill

CRYSTAL GAYLE
Hollywood, Tennessee (CBS)

IF YOU'RE an insomniac and are considering purchase of 'Hollywood, Tennessee' for non-aesthetic purposes, you should perhaps be aware that the second side is only 11½ minutes long. But I guess you'll be in a pretty deep slumber by then. The song 'Hollywood' is a kind of rewrite of 'Do You Know The Way To San Jose', heavily implying that Crystal's going to drop the facade and leave Nashville for good. The rest is the usual pap.

Barney Hoskyns

REX SMITH
Everlasting Love (CBS)

THE SUNKISSED virility and Oil Of Ulay sensitivity so tamely presented as Rex Smith on the cover snaps, together contrive a result akin to John McEnroe under medical hypnosis. The music is similar, though possibly worse.

Dave Hill

ANEKA
Aneka (Hansa)

"Ooh Shooby Doo Doo Lang" warbles the former chart champ, bursting into the nationl; Butlin's consciousness like a runaway miniature railway. A lethal capitalisation on the stunning success of 'Japanese Boy' (track three, side one).

Dave Hill

DANCE CHAPTER
Chapter Two (4 A D)

FOUR SONGS of unhappy self-analysis on 45 from these four sad lads from Leeds. Laboured, lumbering backing and painfully poetic, confessional lyrics, probably intended for therapeutic purposes and ultimate primal release. Point noted but not taken.

Dave Hill

THE UNKNOWNS
Dream Sequence (Sire)

SUBURBAN, leisure-shirted 'American New Wave' from California-based guitaring quartet. The details betray the result a little too well. Spry, crisp, but much too dry.

Dave Hill

THE SAME
Sync Or Swim (Unlikely)

THE SAME are six in number and sweet in sound. 'Sync Or Swim' is two sides of calm noise, blending electronics and acoustic guitar, and reflecting the peaceful Wiltshire countryside where it was made. (How to get: through distributors Revolver, or else £3.50 to Robert Cox at 42 Haven Close, Felixstowe, Suffolk.)

Paul Du Noyer

THE FLESH EATERS
A Minute To Pray A Second To Die (Initial)

FIXATIONS on the ghoulish and satanic are ok by me, as long as you're George Romero or Wes Craven. The Flesh Easters aren't film directors, though; they're a US 'new wave' six-piece. That is to say, they're all clutter and no clout, all effect and no feel, all energy and no attack, and three riffs and no ideas.

In their favour, it can be said that they're better than fellow Americans Wall Of Voodoo and Human Sexual Response. But what kind of a favour is that?

Paul Tickell

GROOVER WASHINGTON JR
Come Morning (Elektra)

COME MORNING? He doesn't even deserve to be around come morning after putting out drivel like this. Anyway, if he is he'll probably slear through it!

Lloyd Bradley

DEF LEPPARD

BRINGIN' ON THE HEARTBREAK

PLUS PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED TRACK
ME AND MY WINE
OUT ON 7" IN PICTURE BAG ___ LEPP 3
ALSO AVAILABLE A LIMITED EDITION 12"
WITH EXTRA TRACK AND AT SPECIALLY
REDUCED PRICE ___ LEPP 3-12
PRODUCED BY ROBERT JOHN 'MUTT' LANGE

VERTIGO

TOUR NEWS

CAROLE CONCERTS

CAROLE KING plays her first UK concerts for seven years in the early spring, as the climax of a European tour. After two shows at the Dublin Stadium on April 7 and 8, she flies into Britain to appear at the Aldeburgh Snape Maltings Concert Hall (10), followed by two nights at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (11 and 12).

She'll be backed by her own eight-piece band comprising Eric Johnson, Mark Hallman and Robert McEntee (guitars), Reese Wynans (keyboards), Christopher Dennis (percussion), Steve Meador (drums), Charles Larkey (bass) and Richard Hardy (horns) — with Hallman and McEntee also featured on back-up vocals. Carole has just completed work on a new album, which she co-produced with Hallman, and this is expected to be released to coincide with her visit.

Tickets for the Dominion shows are on sale now priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50. Maltings tickets are £7.50 and £6.50, and they're available from February 4 by post only from Aldeburgh Festival Office, High Street, Aldeburgh, Suffolk IP15 5AX (cheques and POs to "Aldeburgh Festival Snape Maltings Ltd.) — personal applications will be accepted from February 22. Tour promoters are Asgard.

Roof falls in on M'head, Maiden

MOTORHEAD have been forced to cancel their projected concert at Cardiff Sophia Gardens on April 1, following the collapse of the venue's roof in the recent heavy snow — but they will now play at the nearby Port Talbot Afan Lido on the same date. Sophia Gardens tickets are not valid for the Lido, but ticket-holders can make a straight swap for new tickets at the original point of purchase. Further tickets at £4.50 are available from the Lido box-office, Spillers and Virgin (Cardiff) and Derricks (Swansea and Port Talbot).

IRON MAIDEN have had to scrap their Sophia Gardens, show planned for March 12, for the same reason. But in their case, it hasn't been possible to arrange an alternative date in the area, so ticket-holders should apply for cash refunds.

Cooder sets extra dates

THE REVISED dates for Ry Cooder's provincial concerts have now been confirmed by promoters Asgard — they are Birmingham Odeon (May 19), Manchester Apollo (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Glasgow Apollo (22) and Dublin Stadium (24-25). Tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4 and £3 (the first four venues); and £7, £6 and £5 (Dublin). His re-arranged London shows at the Hammersmith Odeon were announced last week as May 27, 28 and 29 (tickets £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50). As reported, Cooder's original March schedule was postponed due to recording commitments, and he'll now have a new album released by Warner Brothers to coincide with his May visit — his first studio set since 'Borderline' in 1980.

Cooper adds one

ALICE COOPER, whose first British tour for six years was announced two weeks ago, has now added another concert to his schedule — it's at the Brighton Centre on Thursday, February 11, and tickets are on sale now. To coincide with his visit, Alice has a new single issued by WEA on February 5 — it's the classic track 'No More Love' taken from his early album 'Lace And Whisky', and it's coupled with 'Generation Landslide' which is lifted from his recent LP 'Special Forces'.

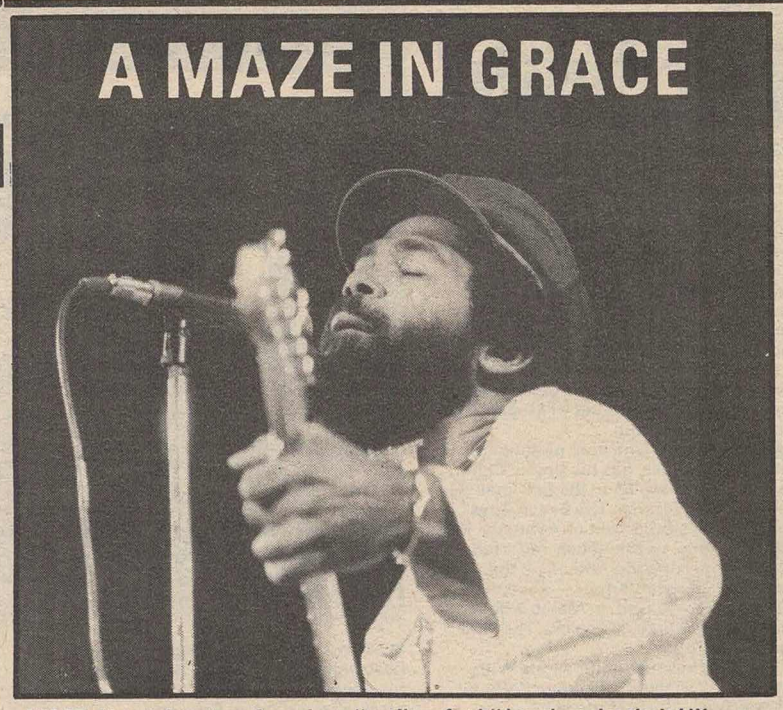
Judy Tzuke in huge tour

JUDIE TZUKE headlines a massive 39-date spring concert tour, backed by a five-piece band. And she'll have a new album, her first for Chrysalis, released to coincide — details to follow shortly. Tickets are already on sale, averaging £4 and £3.50, at the majority of venues — which are: **Hatfield** Forum (March 11), **Hull** City Hall (17), **Bradford** University (18), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (19), **Durham** University (20), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (21), **Leeds** University (24), **Margate** Winter Gardens (26), **Poole** Arts Centre (27), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (28), **Belfast** Ulster Hall (April 2), **Dublin** Stadium (3), **Bristol** Colston Hall (5), **Cardiff** Top Rank (6), **Swansea** Brangwyn Hall (7), **Nottingham** Rock City (16), **St. Albans** City Hall (17), **Liverpool** Empire (18), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (19), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (20), **Guildford** Civic Hall (22), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (23), **Birmingham** Odeon (14), **Norwich** East Anglia University (25), **Ipswich** Gaumont (26), **Lancaster** University (28), **Sheffield** City Hall (29), **Newcastle** City Hall (30), **Glasgow** Kings Theatre (May 2), **Aberdeen** Capitol (3), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (4), **Reading** Hexagon (6), **Oxford** New (7), **St. Austell** Cornwall Coliseum (9), **Exeter** University (10), **Tunbridge Wells** Assembly Hall (21), **Brighton** Dome (22), **Southampton** Gaumont (23) and **London Hammersmith** Odeon (24).

Krokus changes

KROKUS have made a couple of changes in their UK tour schedule, announced before Christmas. They now open at Edinburgh Playhouse on February 11 instead of Sheffield City Hall, which moves to February 16 — and the gig originally planned for that latter date, Bradford St George's Hall, is now cancelled. Birmingham band Magnum have been confirmed as support act on all dates and, to coincide with the tour, their fourth album 'Chase The Dragon' is issued by Jet on February 12.

A MAZE IN GRACE



MAZE, the eight-piece American "mellow funk" band, make their UK concert debut on March 22 when they headline at London Hammersmith Odeon — tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50, and the promoter is Paul Fenn of Asgard. The group have been regulars in the U.S. pop and soul charts for the past five years, and have so far notched up five Gold Discs, their most successful album being the 1981 set 'Maze Live In New Orleans'. To tie in with their visit, Capitol are re-promoting the outfit's single 'Joy And Pain', which features a live version of the A-side coupled with 'Happy Feelings' — and there's a bonus track called 'Golden Time Of Day' on the 12-inch version. Maze are fronted by singer, writer and arranger Frank Beverly, and there's a good chance that another London date will be added.

Harding: marathon round the cosmos

ONE THING about Mike Harding — he doesn't believe in half measures. And to prove the point, his 1982 'Tour Of The Cosmos' takes in no less than 64 concerts. He'll also have his new album 'Take Your Fingers Off It' (on his own Moonraker Records label) available at all venues on the tour, and his new BBC-2 series is being filmed this month for screening right after Easter. Here's his tour schedule in all its glory:

Leeds Grand (February 14-15), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (16), **Whitehaven** Civic Hall (18), **Morecambe** Palace (19), **Doncaster** Gaumont (20), **Stockport** Davenport (21-22), **Coventry** Apollo (23), **Birmingham** Odeon (24-25), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (26), **Ipswich** Gaumont (27), **Sheffield** City Hall (March 2-4), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (5), **London** Dominion Theatre (6), **Oxford** Apollo (7), **Harrogate** Royal Hall (8-9), **Preston** Guildhall (11-12), **Southport** Theatre (13), **Nottingham** Theatre Royal (14), **Chatham** Central Hall (15), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (16), **Brighton** Dome (17), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (18), **Poole** Wessex Hall (19), **St Austell** Cornwall Coliseum (20), **Bristol** Hippodrome (21), **Swansea** Brangwyn Hall (22), **Southampton** Gaumont (23), **Hull** New Theatre (25-26), **Liverpool** Empire (27), **Newcastle** New Tyne Theatre (28-29), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (30), **Bridlington** Royal Hall (31), **Skegness** Festival Pavilion (April 1), **Oldham** Queen Elizabeth Hall (2), **Manchester Ashton** Tameside Theatre (5), **Bradford** Alhambra (15-17), **York** Theatre Royal (18), **Stirling** MacRobert Arts Centre (20), **Aberdeen** Capitol (21), **Dundee** Caird Hall (22), **Glasgow** Civic Theatre (28), **Colne** Municipal Hall (30), **Malvern** Winter Gardens (May 1), **Hatfield** Forum (3), **Reading** Hexagon (4-5), **Blackpool** Opera House (6) and **Manchester** Apollo (7-8).

CAFE'S MID-TOUR GUITAR UPHEAVAL

SAD CAFE have undergone a personnel change, with the departure of lead guitarist Ashley Mulford, who has decided to pursue a solo career. The band recently began a UK tour, and they are still pressing on with this, though they're now featuring new lead guitarist Mike Hehir. The seven-piece outfit have cancelled their scheduled date at Manchester Palace this Sunday (31), but have slotted in four new venues — Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (February 4), Winsford Civic Hall (7), Warrington Parr Hall (10) and Cardiff University (11).

STOP PRESS: Teddy Pendergrass has sold out his two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon on February 4 and 5, so he now also plays there on Saturday, February 6. Tickets for the extra concert are on sale now, priced £6 and £6.50.

Mobiles go mobile

THE MOBILES, who made their chart debut last week with their Rialto single 'Drowning In Berlin', are an Eastbourne-based six-piece who will soon be living up to their name in a big way. So far, they've not played a live gig outside their native Sussex but — in the light of their sudden success — they're now being lined up for a full nationwide tour, details to be announced shortly. Meanwhile, they're currently in the studio recording material for their first album, from which a track will be selected for release as a follow-up single next month.

Jets in full flow

JETS are on the circuit again to promote their new EMI single 'Love Makes The World Go Round' (out now) and upcoming album '100% Cotton' (issued March 12). Dates so far set are Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (this Saturday), Gravesend Woodville Hall (Sunday), Swansea Top Rank (February 1), Preston Guildhall (4), Sunderland Close Encounters (5), Torquay 400 Club (11), Hatfield Forum (15), Portsmouth Rock Garden Pavilion (18), Coalville Hugglescote Club (19), Northampton Spinney Hill Hall (20), Batley Frontier Club (24), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (25), Sheffield Tapton Hall (26) and Telford Town Hall (27).

PANIC ABOUNDS

RIP RIG & PANIC have added another handful of dates to their 1982 schedule, for which the initial burst of activity was reported two weeks ago. Newly confirmed are Glasgow Night Moves (February 11), Edinburgh Nite Club (12), Sheffield University (13), London Deptford New Albany Empire (23) and Portsmouth South Pier Gaiety Bar (24). They're also off to Paris,

DIDDLEY DUE IN

BO DIDDLEY, the veteran R&B giant who taught The Rolling Stones a thing or two in the early days, headlines at London Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, February 21, as the highlight of a full UK tour — also on the bill are The Meteors, Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers and The BMT's, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3.50. Other dates set for Diddley include London Camden Dingwalls (February 11), London Brixton Fair Deal (12), Norwich East Anglia University (13), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (14), London Putney Half Moon (15), Derby Blue Note (17), Birmingham Carlton Cinema (19), Coventry General Wolfe (20) and Croydon Sinatra's (23). Further dates are being set through into early March.

REVILLOS HIT THE ROAD

THE REVILLOS go back on the road to promote their new single 'Bongo Brain', issued this weekend on the Superville label (through Pinnacle). Dates so far confirmed are at Sheffield University (tomorrow, Friday), Plymouth Polytechnic (February 3), London Tottenham Middlesex Polytechnic (4), Liverpool University (12), Bradford University (17), Norwich Gala Ballroom (18), Peterborough Brettons (19), Ipswich Gaumont (20), London Victoria The Venue (26), Glasgow University (27), Milton Keynes Peaches (March 3), Coventry venue to be set (4) and Bristol University (5).

■ **STAMPEDE, the five-piece rock band featuring three ex-members of Wild Horses, have lined up two showcase London dates — at the Marquee Club (this Sunday) and Fulham Greyhound (February 8). The line-up comprises Reuben Archer (vocals), Laurence Archer (guitar), Frank Noon (drums), Alan Nelson (keyboards) and Colin Bond (bass).**

■ **THE BLUES BAND plus Alexis Korner, Morrissey Mullen and the Stan Tracey Trio play London Oxford St. 100 Club on Sunday, February 7, in a special benefit concert for blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon — who is currently undergoing treatment for a throat tumour in the country. Admission is £3, and a number of other benefits are being set.**

■ **MOOD SIX play another of their occasional gigs on Tuesday, February 2, at London Brixton The Fridge — which is opening specially that evening, so that BBC-2 cameras can film the band in action for the *Riverside* series. Also appearing are The High Tide.**

■ **CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT and Black Market are the principal attractions at the official re-opening night of London's Zigzag Club (Great Western Road, W.9) on Friday, February 12. Set for the following night (13) are Blitz, Partizans, Peter & The Test Tube Babies and Red Alert.**

■ **JOOLS HOLLAND is to play the first-ever residency engagement at London Camden Dingwalls — on February 16, 23, March 2 and 9, playing two sets each night together with his Millionaires and special guests. This weekend sees the release of his new single 'Pineapple Chunk', taken from his current A&M album.**

RECORD NEWS

● **Gary Numan** guests in the first of a new series of ITV's networked *Razzamatazz* on February 5, when he'll be performing a new song called 'Music For Chameleons', taken from the upcoming album on which he's currently working. It seems likely that this particular track will be his next single.
● **Allen Chaney** is an engineer at Martin Rushent's studios near Reading, and has worked on Altered Images and Tenpole Tudor recordings, as well as contributing to The Human League album 'Dare'. Now he has his own debut single out on Albion Records, titled 'The Sound Of Musac', and produced by Rushent.
● **Mike Holoway**, One time member of the group Flintlock, has his single 'Come Go With Me' reissued on the Bell label this week. It thus precedes **The Beach Boys'** version, which is due out on February 19.
● **Tank** — who, as previously reported, will be supporting Motorhead on their upcoming 23-date UK tour — have their debut album released on March 5 by Kamaflage Records. It's called 'The Filth Hounds Of Hades'.
● **Johnny G** has his single 'Alone With Her Tonight' issued by Beggars Banquet this weekend, as a prelude to his two-for-the-price-of-one album 'Water Into Wine' (out on February 5), which contains a free bonus LP titled 'Pure Beaujolais'.

Original Caravan

CARAVAN are at present finishing work on their new album 'Back To Front', scheduled for March release by Kingdom Records — and they've been re-joined on these sessions by bassist Richard Sinclair, replacing Dek Messacar and Geoff Richardson, who were unable to work on the LP due to prior commitments. So Caravan have now reverted to their very first line-up of Pye Hastings (lead guitar and vocals), Richard Coughlan (drums), Dave Sinclair (keyboards) and Richard Sinclair (bass and vocals).

Damned reissues

THE DAMNED have some back catalogue reissued on the Big Beat label next week. There's their first Chiswick album 'Machine Gun Etiquette'. Secondly, there's the EP 'Love Song'/'Noise, Noise, Noise'/'Suicide', available in three different sleeves and with the first 10,000 in blue vinyl. Finally, the album 'The Best Of Damned' is now available in cassette form for the first time.

HALF-SPEED BREAKFAST

THE BREAKFAST BAND have gone to enormous trouble over their self-produced debut album 'Dolphin Ride'. It's been cut using the special half-speed mastering technique, an expensive process which ensures top quality reproduction, and is usually reserved for classical recordings. What's more, it comes with full-colour pull-out and special protective inner bag, plus superior quality vinyl — and it still sells at normal recommended retail price. It's issued next week through the band's own Breakfast Music company, with distribution by Pinnacle. For their latest gigs, see *Tour News*.

● South London band **Belgravia** have been signed by Phantom Records, and have their debut single 'Talking Strangers' issued on February 5.
● 'Frantic' is the title of an EP by **Shakin' Stevens & The Sunsets** originally only available on the Continent, but now released in this country by Magnum Force Records on February 19 — it contains four wild rockabilly tracks. On the same date and label comes the album 'Rockin' With My Piano' with **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee.** Issued this week are the LP 'Cool And Crazy Rockabilly' by **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers** and the EP 'Crazy Rockin' by **The Crazy Cats.**
● **Hamilton Bohannon,** who scored four chart hits in the mid-'70s including the classic 'South African Man', re-emerges this week with a new single called 'Let's Start To Dance Again' on the London label (through Decca) in both 7" and 12".
● **Thomas Dolby's** new single 'Airwaves' is released this weekend by EMI Records, and he's just completed his debut album for early spring release.
● The double album **The Method Actors** titled 'Little Fingers' is out this month on Armageddon. It's the label's first release to be distributed by Pinnacle, following its departure from Stage One at the end of last year.
● Blackpool punk band **Antisocial** have a seven-track cassette called 'New Punks' available on Lightbeat Records — through the usual indie outlets, or by post at £1.50 (including p&p) from the label at 48 Crystal Road, Blackpool, Lancs.

BOLAN: LP OF BBC SESSIONS

AN ALBUM of BBC radio sessions by Marc Bolan & T. Rex, never before released, appears on the Cube Records label on February 5 titled 'Across The Airwaves' — with a limited edition in picture disc form. It was compiled by Bolan expert John Bramley, and is finally issued after a year of negotiations between Cube and the BBC. The tracks reflect the progressive change in style that took place when Bolan switched partners from Steve Took to Mickey Finn, and set includes some of his most creative guitar work — plus a previously unheard track 'Sailors Of The Highway'. There are 21 tracks in all.

● **Big Den Hegarty,** ex-Darts lead singer and current Tiswas co-presenter, has signed a worldwide recording deal with Bronze — and his version of 'The Big Country', also featuring his nine-piece Random Band, is issued this weekend. A series of London dates by The Random Band, is being lined up for March, details to follow shortly.
● Bristol-based punk band **Vice Squad** release their first EMI single this week, via the Riot City label. The three tracks are 'Out Of Reach', 'So What For The 80's?' and 'Sterile'.
● **Pookiesnackenburger** are described as "the undisputed kings of Brighton's busking scene", and their first single for Stiff Records is 'Just One Cornetto', out this week. It was produced by Bob Andrews, of Tenpole Tudor and Jona Lewie fame.
● **The Lightning Raiders** have a single coupling 'Disguises' and 'Made In Japan' issued next month on Revenge Records (through Island), and they're playing two major London dates to promote it — The Venue (February 8) and the Marquee (16). Their debut album is scheduled for summer release.
● **Talk Talk,** the four-piece London band who guested on the recent Duran Duran tour, make their recording debut with the single 'Mirror Man'. It's issued by EMI on February 5.
● From WEA this weekend come an **Al Jarreau** single titled 'Our Love' taken from his latest album 'Breakin' Away', and a new album from leading American gospel musician **Andrae Crouch** called 'Don't Give Up'.
● A group of top U.S. musicians have got together to recapture the feeling of the late '50s on an album titled 'Echoes Of An Era', issued by Elektra this weekend. They are **Chaka Khan** (vocals), **Chick Corea** (piano), **Stanley Clarke** (acoustic bass), **Joe Henderson** (trumpet), **Freddie Hubbard** (flugelhorn) and **Lenny White** (drums).

PIGBAG have their third single released by Y Records this weekend, titled 'Getting Up'. The band have now finished recording their debut album, which is being prepared for late February release — and they'll be going out on a full British tour in March, with details to follow shortly. THE POINTER SISTERS take another stab at the charts with the single 'Someday We'll Be Together', out this week — it's written by Russ Ballard and is lifted from their hit album 'Black And White'. The girls will be guesting in Grace Kennedy's BBC 2 show on February 8.

JONA LEWIE offers an engaging thought as the title of his new Stiff single, issued this weekend — it's called 'I Think I'll Get My Haircut'. The B-side is 'What Have I Done' and the two tracks, produced by Rupert Hine, are both taken from his upcoming album 'Heart Skips Beat' — due out in February.

Bumper bundle from Charly

CHARLY RECORDS release a bumper supplement this weekend, including four ten-inch compilation sets on the Sun label titled 'Rockabilly Craze', 'Dixie Bop', 'Hillbilly Rock' and 'Rockabilly Fever' — which, between them feature such artists as **Warren Smith, Roy Orbison, Gene Simmons, Jerry Lee Lewis, Billy Riley** and **Narvel Felts.** Another Sun ten-incher is the 'Hep Cats Session' LP by **Sonny Burgess** and **Carl Perkins.** And on the same label, there's the three-album 55-track boxed set 'The Sun Years' by **Carl Perkins,** including a 16-page booklet and selling at around £10.

On the Charly label itself, 12-inch albums include 'Amazing Gracie' by **Charlie Gracie** and 'Panther City Blues' by **Jim Colegrove,** and there's a collection of 'The Single Hits' by **The Yardbirds** in ten-inch form. There are two ten-inch 45rpm releases by **Daevid Allen,** one with **Planet Gong** and the other with **New York Gong.** And on the affiliated New Cross label, there's the LP 'Since Morning' by London-based Nigerian band **The Shunters.** All these, plus sundry jazz albums (John Coltraine, Lester Young, etc).

New single!

RCA

from the album SEE JUNGLE! SEE JUNGLE!
also available as special Cassette Pack

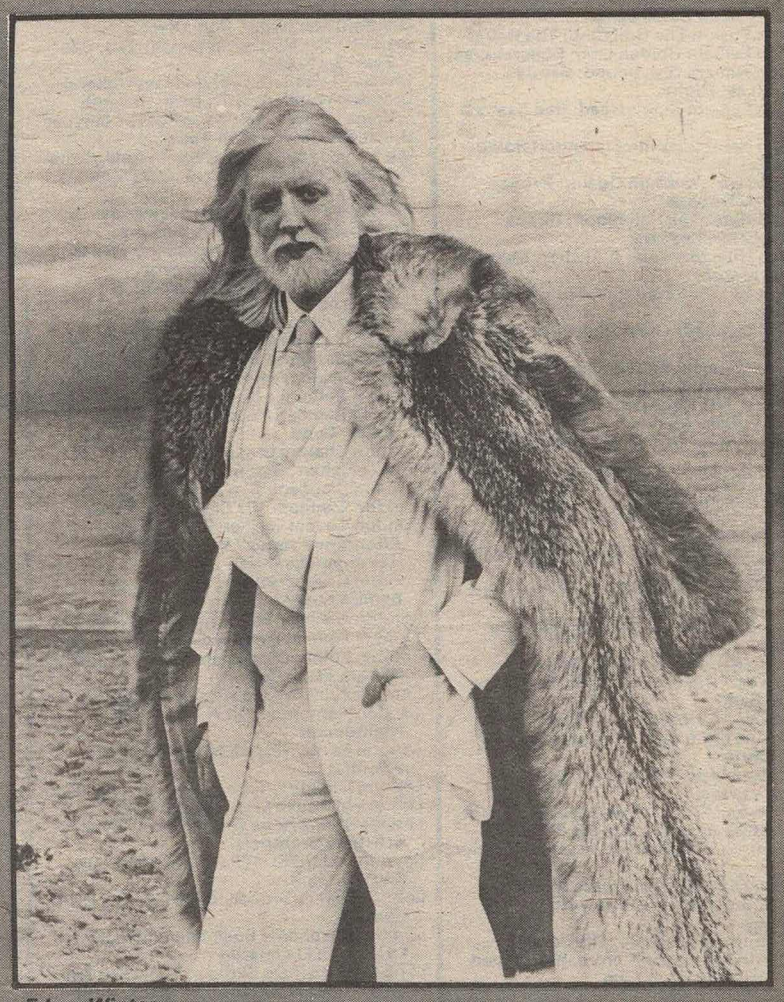
Nationwide Gig Guide

The Stranglers

NOT THE most sensational of weeks, from the point of view of world-shattering events — but a typical honest working week, with a substantial volume of gigs, and noteworthy for the advent in this country of two intriguing characters.

That doyen of white funk EDGAR WINTER pays his first British visit for yonks to headline a handful of concerts at Edinburgh (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), London Hammersmith (Saturday), Oxford (Sunday) and Sheffield (Tuesday), with Trapeze supporting . . . and TEDDY PENDERGRASS, while not everyone's cup of tea (particularly among *NME* readers), nevertheless commands a massive following — many of whom will be running rampant in Edinburgh (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday), Brighton (Tuesday) and Southampton (Wednesday).

THE STRANGLERS, who opened their current UK schedule last week, continue in action throughout the next seven days — as do UB40 and SAMMY HAGAR. And the various acts at present in mid-tour are now joined on the road by SAD CAFE, DARTS, CLIMAX BLUES BAND and SHOWADDYWADDY, among others. And to enhance your gig-going pleasure still further, it's now stopped snowing. Well, it had when we wrote this piece, anyway!



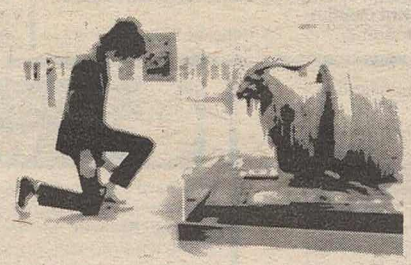
Edgar Winter

Thursday 28th

Rip, Rig and Panic: Derby

Bangor University: **Cuddly Toys**
Bath Moles: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Belfast Pound Music Club: **Compus Mentus**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Ideal Husbands**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Showaddywaddy**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Russroxx**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Prisoner**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Zounds/Carved To A Noise**
Brighton The Richmond: **New Moon Through Glass / 20th Century Toys**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Canterbury Art College: **Blue Midnight / The Murphy Feds / Vince Pie**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Fruit Eating Bears**
Chatham Old Ash Tree: **Naughty Thoughts**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Tytan**
Corby Shaft's Night Club: **We're Only Human**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Peter Sarstedt**
Derby Blue Note: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Dunfermline The Glen Peacock Lounge: **Stuart Adamson's Big Country**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Edgar Winter / Trapeze**
Feltham The Airman: **Electric Affair**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Sammy Hagar**
Glasgow (Coatbridge) Royal Bar: **The Dolphins / Bad Example**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Moscow**
Glasgow Jordanhill College: **The Cheaters**
Glasgow Nightmoves: **Fad Gadget**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Stanger Station / Open Verdict / Freebird**
High Wycombe College: **UK Decay**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Lazy**
Kilmarnock Sandriann: **All The Rage**
Leeds Bierkellar: **Eyeless in Gaza / The Nightingales**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Darts**
Leeds Warehouse: **OK Jive**
Leicester Winstons: **Munich**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Dalek I Love You / Melt**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Legendary MI5 Band**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Acton White Hart: **E. F. Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations / Emotional Spies**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Carte Blanche**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Rehabilitation Centre: **Keith Armstrong / Maddy Maze**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Klones & Marillion**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Room**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Frank Ricotti — Stan Salzman Quintet**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Beatroots**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scarecrow / The Zoomiiz**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Oxy & The Morons / Andy De La Tour**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Rick Smith & The Villains**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UFO / Girl**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Stiff Little Fingers / The Flying Padovanis**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Volkswagens / Kan Kan**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Imperial College: **30 Bob Suits**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Praxis / The Limit**
London Marquee Club: **The Tickets**
London Mile End Half Moon Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill & Len Skeat and Guests (for three days)**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Blue Cats**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Apocalypse / Only After Dark**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Vauxhall The Surprise: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Way Of The West / The Past Seven Days / Uropa Lula**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Windmill Theatre: **Impulse / Kissing The Pink**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Private Lives**
London W.1 (Greek St.) Le Kilt: **Vendetta**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Deke Leonard Band**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **Long Tall Shorty**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Climax Blues Band / The Look**
Newcastle The Junction: **Kant-Kino / Estovigilantes / Switch**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Carl Gustav & The 84's / Martin Aston & The DB5's / Ebony Set / The Disrupters / Test Card F**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Howdy Boys / By Chance**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Perth The Grill: **A.P.B.**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Shout**
Preston Warehouse: **The Notsensibles**
Salford University: **Sad Cafe**
Sheffield City Hall: **UB40 / Nightdoctor**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Dancette / My Mum**
West Drayton Anglers: **Jeep**
Wokingham Angie's: **Motley Crew**

Friday 29th



John Cooper Clarke: Harlow

Bath Academy of Art: **The Beatroots**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Artery/A Mental Block**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Echo Base**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **No Faith**
Birmingham Odeon: **Edgar Winter/Trapeze**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Climax Blues Band/The Look**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin Horse**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Our 15 Minutes/A Volcano Dances**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Exciters**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Higsons**
Brighton The Quadrant: **The Survivors**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Builders / The Escape**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Pure Thought**
Cardiff University: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **National Gold / White Diamond**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **The Lulu Boys**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chevy**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Cartoon: **The 45's**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Underground World**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Fad Gadget / A.P.B.**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Teddy Pendergrass**
Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Barry Manilow**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Showaddywaddy**
Glasgow Nightmoves: **OK Jive**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
Guernsey CI The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
Harlow Technical College: **John Cooper Clarke/The Firm**
Hull Oriental Hotel: **The Cause**
Kingston The Swan: **Electric Affair**
Leicester University: **Flyte**
Littlehampton Flintstone Centre: **Jump In Your Datsun/Way Out Taxis/Indifferent Dance Centre**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Wild Weekend**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Room**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Mr Clean**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Johnny G/30 Bob Suits**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tony McPhee / The Helicopters**
London Central Polytechnic: **Eyeless in Gaza / The Nightingales**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rye & The Quarter Boys/Go Fundamental**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Hipnosis**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Jo-Anne Kelly Band**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Passage/Five Or Six**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Amazon**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Kabbala/Souls Valiant**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ricky Cool Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Baby 'n' The Monsters/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **New Age/World Backwards**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Overkill**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Idiot Ballroom with Blue Midnight/Merry Zap Zap etc**
London Marquee Club: **Tytan**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Microdots**
London NW1 (Gloucester Ave) Beet Bop Club: **Swamp Children / Swallow Tongue Jazz**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **No Parking/Tarantula**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Jazz Afrika**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Vaguely Divine / Rory McLoud**
London Putney White Lion: **Sound Gallery**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **The 01 Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Blackheart / The Creamies**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Takeaway**
London Tottenham-Court Rd The Horseshoe: **True Life Confessions**
London University Union: **The Electric Guitars / The Raincoats**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Members**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Trip**
London W14 The Kensington: **Morrissey Mullen**
Manchester UMIST Union: **Ronnie Scott Quintet**
Newcastle City Hall: **Sammy Hagar**
Northwich Memorial Hall: **The Cheaters**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Nottingham Rock City: **Sad Cafe**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Pencils**
Penzance Gulval Mead: **Tears / One Oclock Jump**
Perth Royal Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Poole Arts Centre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Salisbury Grange Hotel: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Sheffield City Hall: **UB40/Nightdoctor**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Darts**
Sheffield University: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Stoke Talbot Hotel: **Tsunami**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **UK Decay**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **The Albion Band/John James**
Wallasey Shepherds Rest: **French Lessons**
Weymouth Rock Hotel: **Raudive Bunker Experiment / Rebel Without Applause**
Wokingham Angie's: **Travelling Shoes**
Worthing The Montague: **The Legendary Tenfoots**

Saturday 30th

OK Jive: Edinburgh

Aviemore Osprey Ballroom: **The Dolphins**
Aylesbury Friars: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Bangor University: **Darts**
Bath Moles: **The Beatroots**
Bedford College of Higher Education: **The Cheaters**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Xpertz/Prediction**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin' Horse**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Sheila March & Alison Muir**
Bradford University: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Pencils/Little League**
Carluke Crown Hotel: **Understanding Poetry**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Black Cats/Red Nite**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colchester Essex University: **Troops For Tomorrow/The Microdots**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Wasted Youth/The Method**
Crawley The Rocket: **No Sweat**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Dunfermline Roadhouse (lunchtime) and Dundee Tayside Bar (evening): **A.P.B.**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **OK Jive**
Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Barry Manilow**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Showaddywaddy**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Mo-dettes**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Spiteful Child**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Linton Kwesi Johnson/Oku Onuora**
Lancaster University: **Climax Blues Band/The Look**
Liverpool Checkmate Club: **The Frantic Elevators**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bumble & The Beez/Black Tulip**

Nationwide Gig Guide

London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Blackheath Bluecoat Centre: **Fat Band/Rebel X**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Lynton Band/Ruthless Blues**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Fast Eddie**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rick Smith & The Villains/Diamond Chestnuts**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Cayenne/Screen 3**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Danny Adler Blues Band**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Deltas**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bambi Kino/Last Flight**
London Fulham King's Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Toy Dolls**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Edgar Winter/Trapeze**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Huang Chung/The Exciters**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Islington Pied Bull: **We're Only Human**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Juice On The Loose**
London Leicester Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Terry Smith Quartet**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Hiss The Villain/Black Market**
London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dead Sea Surfers**
London Southall White Swan: **The Attendants**
London Southgate The Rox (at the Royalty): **Shakatak**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Escorts/Between Pictures**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Kokomo**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Head**
Maidstone Mote Park: **The Pulsators/2D Sculpture**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Teddy Pendergrass**
Manchester (Ashton) Spreadeagle: **Spider**
Newcastle University: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Northampton Blisworth Village Hall: **Nation 3**
Norwich Flixton Rooms: **Jazz Afrika**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes/Park Avenue**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Passage**
Rainworth Recreation Centre: **Riot Squad**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Bam Bam**
Retford Porterhouse: **Eyeless in Gaza / The Nightingales**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Motifs**
Southampton University: **After The Fire/Top Secret**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**
Wavendon The Stables: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Final Frontier**
Wolverhampton (Bilston) Rising Star: **Survival**

Sunday 31st

Aberdeen The Copper Beech: **Saracen**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **Teddy Pendergrass**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **Jazz Afrika**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Erazerhead**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Seventh Sense / Pete Zero / Dave Fuller / Cinema**
Dunstable Tiffany's: **Hi-Tension**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hinckley Corks Wine Bar: **The Speech Majors**
Hull New Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **The Exciters**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster University: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Sammy Hagar**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mick Molloy Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Waves**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Alternative Tones / Wet Paint / Heironymous Bosch**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Sandra King / Pat Smythe**
London Finchley Torrington: **Lee Kosmin**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Guy Jackson / Hieronymous Bosch**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny G**
London Hammersmith Palais: **UB40 / Nightdoctor**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Natural Scientist**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The 45's**
London Marquee Club: **30 Bob Suits**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club (lunchtime): **Ray Warleigh**
London Putney White Lion: **Quick Gill & The Chasers**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Lee Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tulse Hill Jubilee Hall: **Mark Stewart & The Mafia / Maximum Joy / Mouth / House Of Dread / London Underground**
London Wapping Autonomy Club: **Dirt / Polemic Attack / Annie Anxiety**
Manchester Rotters: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Morris Man: **The World Service**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **The Connexion / Dubious Intent**
Oxford New Theatre: **Edgar Winter / Trapeze**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime) / British Intelligence (evening)**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Stranglers**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Jake Thackray / Abalon**
Retford Ye Olde Bell Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Slough Alexandra's: **The Cheaters**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**

Monday 1st

UB40: Hammersmith

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bristol Locarno: **The Stranglers**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **The Beatroots**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Roy Weard's Last Post / Devils Chariot**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Sad Cafe / The Cheaters**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Glasgow Muscular Arms: **Moscow**
Glasgow Rock Garden: **The Bluebells**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Jazz Afrika**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rimshots / Natural Scientist / Apocalypse**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Foreign Legion**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Last Touch / Italian Parcels / First Offence**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Flip Phillips / Eddie Thompson Trio (for a week)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Aorthodox / Pieces / Nyanaaty / Wounded Soldier / Isis**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Lucky Saddles / Auntie & The Men From Uncle**
London Hammersmith Palais: **UB40 / Nightdoctor**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **ton tons m'assai**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Perry & The Gook**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Chris Newman**
London Victoria The Venue: **Machito & The Salsa Big Band**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Harfoot Brothers**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St.) Legends: **Naked Lunch**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Distractions**
Norwich The Matrix Club: **The The**
Oxford Scamps: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Climax Blues Band / The Look**
Swinton The Bee Hive: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Matchbox (for a week)**

Tuesday 2nd

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Sammy Hagar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Pete King / Lennie Best Quartet**
Brighton Dome: **Teddy Pendergrass**
Bury The Derby Hall: **The Reporters / Mr Rivington Spyke**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Re-Flex**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Dolphins**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Ritual**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
London Battersea The Latchmore: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Mood Six / The High Time**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Experiments With Ice**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Chelsea College: **The Microdots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Quiet Zone**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cardinals / Free Hand / Vane**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **John Watts / Venus & Mars**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UB40 / Nightdoctor**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Marquee Club: **Le Mat**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **UK Subs / Long Tall Shorty**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Victoria The Venue: **Climax Blues Band / The Look**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St.) Legends: **The Blondes**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **State Rhapsody Orchestra**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Reading University: **Sad Cafe / The Cheaters**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Edgar Winter / Trapeze**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **OK Jive**
York Arts Centre: **Jazz Afrika**

Wednesday 3rd

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**

A Certain Ratio: Newcastle

Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice / Innervision**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Stranglers**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Climax Blues Band / The Look**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Pictures Like This / Parade**
Heckmondwike The Craven Heifer: **The Cause**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Sad Cafe / The Cheaters**
Liverpool Pickwicks: **Dead Or Alive**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The London Apaches**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Rehabilitation Centre: **Frankie Armstrong**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Stargazers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **24 Hours / Mad Shadows**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Paul Milns / Cliff Aungier**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UB40 / Nightdoctor**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Breakfast Band**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Jangaletties**
London Marquee Club: **Funhouse**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Empty Vessels**
London Victoria The Venue: **Animal Magnet**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Helicopters**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The Act**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Le Change**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St.) Legends: **The Nashville Teens**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Davey Graham**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Tom McEwan**
Margate The Ship: **Fokker Triplane**
Newcastle Casablanca Club: **A Certain Ratio**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Record Players**
Rochester Medway College of Design: **OK Jive**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Jazz Afrika**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Teddy Pendergrass**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **The Stingrays / Revolving Doors**

TOUR NEWS

SHAKATAK are on the road to promote their current Polydor single 'Easier Said Than Done'. The funk five-piece play Hitchin Regal (tomorrow, Friday), London Southgate Royalty (Saturday), London Victoria The Venue (February 6), Brighton Sherrys (11), Aberystwyth University (12), Rhyl C.J.'s (13), Watford Bailey's (14-20), Oxford Blades (23), Liverpool Rotters (24), Norwich Gala Ballroom (25), Glasgow Joanna's (28), Ilford Room At The Top (March 2), Swindon Brunel Rooms (5), Bognor Ocean Bar (6), Luton Tiffany's (7), Ilford Best Disco In Town (12) and Isle of Sheppey Stage 3 (13). More are being set.

THE PASSAGE have added another date to their current UK tour schedule, reported two weeks ago — it's at London School of Economics on Saturday, February 13.

THE FARAWAY STARS, who've just completed work on their debut album for Runaway Records, have lined up a string of college dates — Oxford Polytechnic (February 8), North-East London Poly (12), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (26), North London Poly (March 2) and London City Poly (12).

THE MECHANICS, just back from a three-month world tour with Leo Sayer, play two London gigs next month — the Marquee Club (February 11) and Wimbledon Nelson's Club (12). They're planning a full tour in the spring, to coincide with the release of their debut Bronze album. Meanwhile, their single 'Love And Understanding' has just been issued.

FASHION have lined up a ten-date tour, their first gigs for nine months. The Birmingham band will have German outfit Gina X as their special guests, plus dance troupes Maasai and Torso, and venues have had to be chosen carefully to accommodate this show. They play London Mayfair Hotel (February 14), Brighton Sherrys (15), Bath Nero's 17), Stafford Gatehouse Theatre (19), Glasgow Maestro's (21), Edinburgh Valentino's (22), Manchester Fagin's (24), Nottingham Rock City (26), London venue to be set (27) and Birmingham Grand Hotel (28). Fashion are currently in Paris mixing their upcoming album, and they'll have a new single out in mid February.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES now appear at Lancaster University (this Sunday) and Leeds University (February 5), instead of vice versa. And tomorrow (Friday), the band now appear at Cardiff University instead of the city's Sophia Gardens, which were badly damaged in the recent blizzards.

MARTIAN DANCE are back in action after a four-month break, with two new members, both formerly with The Soul Boys — Louis Barbe (drums) and Nick Jameson (bass). They play London Marquee Club on February 10, and other dates are being set.

ALTERED IMAGES, whose previously reported show at London Hammersmith Palais on February 7 was originally intended as a one-off, will now precede it with warm-up gigs at Bradford University (February 4) and Oxford University (5). The Bluebells support on all three dates, with Vic Godard & Subway Sect as special guests at Hammersmith.

STUART ADAMSON, lately of Skids fame, has been rehearsing since August with his new group Big Country. They make their live debut in the Peacock Lounge at Dunfermline The Glen tonight (Thursday), with further Scottish dates to follow. They are also engaged in talks with a number of interested record companies.

NICO and **The Blue Orchids** have extended their short series of co headliners to take in three more dates this weekend — Norwich Scamps (tonight, Thursday), Leicester Polytechnic (Friday) and Liverpool Warehouse (Saturday).

UK SUBS play two nights this Friday and Saturday (29-30) at London Windmill Theatre, which has now abandoned its long-running nude shows in order to become a music venue, under the name of The Circus. The Subs are also at London's 100 Club on February 2.

BLURT take time off from recording their new album to play three dates early next month — at Birmingham Fighting Cocks (February 5), Bristol Docklands Settlement (6) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (7).

DON McLEAN is to headline a major UK tour in April — dates are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but it's known that his schedule will include two major London concerts. Due to his visit, his new single 'Castles In The Air' — originally planned for January release — has been put back to March by EMI. His latest album 'Believers' is issued on March 12.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS go on the road next month to support their new 12-inch single 'Modern Love Is Automatic'/ 'Telecommunication', issued this weekend by Jive Records. First three confirmed dates are Birmingham The Zoo (February 2), Leeds Warehouse (4) and Retford Porterhouse (6).

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON and Jamaica's leading dub poet Oku Onuora appear in a benefit at Huddersfield Cleopatra's this Saturday — tickets £2 (advance), £2.50 (doors). It's on behalf of the Black Unity Organisation and the New Cross Massacre Committee.

EYELESS IN GAZA have re-arranged their date at Oxford Scamps, originally announced for Monday of this week, for February 15. The Lemon Kittens have now dropped out of the tour, reported by *NME* two weeks ago, and have been replaced by The Nightingales.

SECOND IMAGE — the North London funk outfit, whose horn section feature on The Jam's latest single 'Town Called Malice', and appeared in their Christmas shows — play Dartford Flicks (tomorrow, Friday), London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (February 12), Isle of Sheppey Stage 3 (13) and Dunstable Tiffany's (28). Further dates are being finalised for March. The band have now augmented with the addition of Carol Isaacs (keyboards and vocals) and Lloyd Dwyer (sax).

THE BREAKFAST BAND have added a further string of London gigs to those listed last week — at City University (tomorrow, Friday), Putney Half Moon (February 2 and 9), Elephant & Castle College of Printing (12), Kensington Imperial College (14), Kentish Town Bull & Gate (16 and 23) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (17). They're promoting their debut album, issued next week — see *Record News*.

RECORD NEWS

● **Richard & Linda Thompson** have signed with new independent label Hannibal Records, formed by renowned producer Joe Boyd. They've just completed work on an album of original material titled 'Shoot Out The Lights' which — in addition to their regular band of Simon Nicol, Dave Mattacks and Pete Zorn — features guest appearances by Jethro Tull's Dave Pegg, Martin Carthy and The Watersons.

● **Venigmas** have their single 'Strange Love'/'Souls On Fire' released this weekend by Biba Music, with distribution through Spartan. People buying the single will be advised in a pull-out sheet how to purchase the band's video of the same two songs, as well as their electronic "Instrumental only" version on cassette.

● Singer-writer **David James** has his single 'Absolutely Nothing' issued by Towerbell Records this weekend — it features an Albert Lee guitar solo, and was produced by Tom Newman of 'Tubular Bells' fame. Tour dates for James are currently being lined up.

● **The Twinkle Brothers** have a 12-inch single out this week on the Groundation label — titled 'Give Rasta Praise', it's a completely new version of a song which originally appeared on their first album 'Rasta Pon Top'.

● **The Membranes'** new single is 'Muscles', and the B-side features 'All Roads Lead To Norway' and 'Entertaining Friends'. It's on Vinyl Drip Records, available through Rough Trade and Stage One.

● 'A Precious Feeling' is the new single by **The Laughing Apple** on Essential Records, distributed by Rough Trade. An album is planned for the summer.

● To coincide with their upcoming UK tour, Swiss band **Krokus** have their third album 'One Vice At A Time' issued by Arista on February 5. From the same label this week comes the single 'Hold Back The Tears' by **Huang Chung.**

● Two new singles appear this week on the Motown label, now distributed in the UK by RCA — they are 'Ghetto Life' by **Rick James** and 'Portuguese Love' by **Teena Marie.**

THE ANGEL
on Lambeth Walk, SE11
01-735 4309
(Lambeth North Tube)
Thursday 28th £1 PRAXIS + The Limit
Friday 29th £1 The Idiot Ballroom Presents . . . BLUE MIDNIGHT MERRY ZAP ZAP . . . and lots more
Saturday 30th £1 JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Sunday 31st £1 DINKIE DEAN AND THE SEAHORSE ANGELS
Monday 1st £1 PERRY AND GOOK + Support
Tuesday 2nd £1 DIZ AND THE DOORMEN
Wednesday 3rd £1 THE JANGALETTES
Thursday 4th £1 APOCALYPSE + Friends

TOLWORTH RECREATION CENTRE
391 0684
Fullers Way North
Friday 29th Jan £2.50 ALBION BAND + JOHN JAMES
Friday 12th Feb £2.50 PETER GREEN (ex FLEETWOOD MAC)
Friday 19th Feb £2.00 DAVE COUSINS + PAUL BRETT
Friday 26th Feb — Ring for details.

Legends
Monday February 1st NAKED LUNCH
Tuesday February 3rd THE BLONDES
Wednesday February 3rd THE NASHVILLE TEENS
Admission £3.00 8 till late
½ price drinks up to 11pm
Restaurant open from 6.30pm — Set meal £7.50 includes free admission to see the band.
LEGENDS
29 Old Burlington Street, W1
Tel (01) 439 9333/491 7218

MCP presents
SCORPIONS
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH + Guests
FRIDAY 23rd APRIL 8.00 p.m.
SATURDAY 24th APRIL 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £4.00 & £3.50 Available from B/O Tel. 01 748 4081/2 and usual agents
Note change of date tickets purchased for 25th February are valid for Friday 23rd April

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 28th January (Adm £1.50)
THE TICKETS
Plus Cold Fish & Jerry Floyd

Friday 29th January (Adm £1.50)
TYTAN
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 30th January
CLOSED — PRIVATE FUNCTION

Sunday 31st January (Adm £1.50)
STAMPEDE
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 1st February (Adm £2.00)
STARGAZERS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 2nd February (Adm £2.00)
LE MAT, GEORDEE THE RUBIES
& DJ Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 3rd February (Adm £1.50)
Last Night of Residency
FUNHOUSE
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 4th February (Adm £2.00)
MOTHERS RUIN
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks available

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THURS 28
MARI WILSON WITH THE IMAGINATIONS
SUPPORTED BY EMOTIONAL SPIES
FRI 29
JOHNNY G
x 30 BOB SUITS £3.30
SAT 30
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
x RUTHLESS BLUES £3.30
MON 1 FEB
NATURAL SCIENTIST. APOCALYPSE RIMSHOTS. £1.75
TUES 2
EXPERIMENTS WITH ICE

WED 3 REGGAE SPECIAL
CLINT EASTWOOD AND GENERAL SAINT
THURS 4 FROM USA
THE COASTERS
ORIGIONAL LINE UP INCLUDES Carl Gardner, Earl 'Speedo' Carrol & Ronnie Bright. Remember-Charlie Brown, Poison Ivy, Little Egypt, Searchin, Young Blood, £3!
COMING UP... MON 8 FROM SAN FRANCISCO
COUNTRY JOE McDONALD
THURS 11 FIRST LONDON SHOW
BO DIDDLEY

CORPORATION

Andrew Czezowski's
FRIDAY 29TH JAN
STARGAZERS
SATURDAY 30TH JAN
MOOD SIX
TUESDAY 2ND FEB
MOOD SIX
FUNK SOUL BLUES EVERY MONDAY 8—12 midnight
Open To Members 2pounds Non Members 3pounds
EUROPES ONLY THERMO DISKO
390 BRIXTON ROAD LONDON SW9 Tel. 01-737 1477

The Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441
Doors open 7.30pm Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 28th January £2.00
WAY OF THE WEST
+ THE PAST SEVEN DAYS
+ UROPA LULA

Friday 29th January £3.00
THE MEMBERS

Saturday 30th January £3.50
KOKOMO

Monday 1st February £4.50
MACHITO AND THE SALSA BIG BAND
Featuring ALFREDO 'CHOCOLATA' ARMENTERAS

Tuesday 2nd February £3.00
CLIMAX BLUES BAND

Wednesday 3rd February £2.00
ANIMAL MAGNET

Thursday 4th February £2.00
Chinese New Year Celebration featuring
HUANG CHUNG
+ China Crisis

COMING SOON

Friday 5th February £3.00
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Saturday 6th February £3.50
SHAKATAK
Monday 8th February £2.00
LIGHTNING RAIDERS
+ LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH + B.M.T.'s
Tuesday 9th February £2.00
ELECTRIC GUITARS
Friday 12th February £4.00
HOT GOSSIP
Saturday 13th February £3.00
SECRET AFFAIR
Thursday 18th February £2.00
THE DANCE
Cheques not acceptable

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

KILLING JOKE
UK DECAY
CHARGE....
AZTEC CAMERA

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
TUESDAY 23rd FEBRUARY at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

ROCK CITY

TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544 — Open 8 pm — 2 am

Friday 5th February £2.00 on door
SOUL OLDIES
Friday 26th February £2.50 Adv
FASHION
Friday 5th March £2.50 Adv
THOMPSON TWINS
Thursday 11th March £3.00 Adv
HAIRCUT 100
Friday 12th March £2.50 Adv
BILL NELSON
Wednesday 17th March £3.00 Adv
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
+ LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
Thursday 18th March £3.00 Adv
DAVE EDMUNDS
Friday 26th March £3.00 Adv
9 BELOW ZERO
Friday 16th April £3.50 Adv
JUDIE TZUKE

Must be 18 years of age or over. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Way Ahead Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, AW Associates, Lincoln — In the Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston — or by Post from ROCK CITY. PLEASE ENCLOSE SAE.

Queen Mary College Students' Union
presents
FRIDAY, JANUARY 29TH
GARY GLITTER
at the Great Hall, Queen Mary College, Mile End Rd., London E1.
Doors open 7.30. Tickets £3.00 adv. £3.50 on door.
Nearest tube Mile End/Stepney Green.

THE RAINCOATS
ELECTRIC GUITARS
XENA ZEROX
7.30 :: £2.00
FRIDAY 29th JANUARY
University London Union Malet St WC1
580 9551, ext 27

BASEMENT BAR

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 28th January £1.25
R'n'B with
RICK AND THE VILLAINS + DP95
Friday 29th January £1.25
FLESH FOR LULU
+ Steve Hooker's Shakers
Saturday 30th January £1.50
TOY DOLLS
+ Angela Rippon's Bum
Sunday 31st January £1.00
ONLY AFTER DARK
+ The Odd Hits
Monday 1st February £1.00
JELLYROLL RECORD HOP
Rock'n'Roll, Rockabilly, Rockin' Blues & Jive
DJ LUKE THE JUKE
Tuesday 2nd February £1.00
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Wednesday 3rd February £1.25
Heavy Rock
TEAZE DANCER
+ Stealer

* 100 Club *

100 Oxford St W1

Thursday 28th January
Live Reggae
CORNERSTONE
+ Support
Tuesday 2nd Feb
UK SUBS
+ Erazerhead

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING
APRIL 26, 27 MEATLOAF

JANUARY
27 Haircut 100
27, 28 UFO
28 Stiff Little Fingers
30 Edgar Winter

FEBRUARY
2, 3 UB40
4, 5, 6 Teddy Pendergrass
7 Altered Images
8 Stranglers
9, 10 Sammy Hagar
12 Clint Eastwood / General Saint
13 Blitz / Partisans
14, 15, 16 Alice Cooper
20 Krokus
21, 22 Teardrop Explodes
23 Killing Joke
28 Depeche Mode

MARCH
2 Blackfoot
4 Emmylou Harris
10, 11 10cc
9, 10 Earth Wind and Fire
13 E.W.F. (Birmingham)
20 Iron Maiden
26–29 Motorhead

APRIL
2 Frankie Laine
7 Elkie Brooks
9-12 Country Music Festival
23-27 Elkie Brooks
23 Scorpions
26–27 Meatloaf

MAY
4 Gladys Knight
13 Level 42
24 Judie Tzuke
27, 28, 29 Ry Cooder

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
POSTAL APPLICATION ENCLOSE SAE PLEASE.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY

SATURDAY 30TH JANUARY 7.30pm
Listen
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
+ FLYING PADOVANIS
COMPLETELY SOLD OUT
Two Guitars Clash

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Outlaw & Kiltorch present
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
THE RAVISHING BEAUTIES
SUN · MON 21st · 22nd FEB 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS 3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

ROX INTO '82
SAT 30th JAN
SHAKATAK
with 200 MPH Dance Music Man
FROGGY
ROX
LONDON'S NEW DANCE CLUB
EVERY SATURDAY
ROYALTY SOUTHGATE N14
1 min Southgate Und. Stn.
Tel. 01-886 4112

the Soul Kitchen presents

WED 3rd FEB
"A CERTAIN RATIO"
BIER KELLER, WATERLOO ST, NEWCASTLE £2.00
TUES 16th FEB
"AZTEC CAMERA"
CASABLANCA, HAYMARKET, NEWCASTLE £1.75
TICKETS IN ADVANCE FROM RECORD SHOPS
THE SOUL KITCHEN — THE ONLY FUN IN TOWN

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 27th January £1.00
STIFF ALL STARS
Thursday 28th January £1.25
Dining Out Records Presents
THE VOLKSWAGENS
+ KAN KAN
Friday 29th January £1.25
Dining Out Records Presents
NEW AGE
+ WORLDBACKWARDS
Saturday 30th January £1.25
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Sunday 31st January £1.25
THE 45's
Monday 1st February £1.00
TONTONS M/ASSAI
Tuesday 2nd February £1.00
THE SWINGING LAURELS
Wednesday 3rd February £1.00
THE ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS

THE Circus

WINDMILL THEATRE
GT WINDMILL STREET W1

FRI JAN 29 + SAT JAN 30
U.K. SUBS
THURS JAN 28 **IMPULSE** £2.50
+ KISSING THE PINK
+ NIGEL PLANER
+ THE WET PAINT THEATRE CO. PRESENTS
CHRIS WARD'S
DEMONSTRATION OF AFFECTION
LICENCED BAR 7.00 11.00 p.m. (PUB PRICES)
SEATS £3 SHOW STARTS 8.30 p.m.
BOX OFFICE 01 437 6312

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 28th January £1.25
SCARECROW + The Zoomiiz

Friday 29th January £1.50
Jazz Funk night with
KABBALA + Souls Valiant

Saturday 30th January £1.50
TILT (ex Cobras, Count Bishops) + Last Flight

Sunday 31st January £1.00
GUY JACKSON + Hieronymus Bosch

Monday 1st January £1.25
LUCKY SADDLES / AUNTIE AND THE MEN FROM UNCLE

Tuesday 2nd February £1.50
JOHN WATTS ex Fischer Z + Venus & Mars

Wednesday 3rd February £1.25
24 HOURS + Mad Shadows

Jazzcentre
100 Club, 100 Oxford St., W1
Friday 29 January 8.30-1am
Afro-Jazz funk with
Julian Bahula's
JAZZ AFRIKA
Dave Bitelli's
INTERNATIONAL RHYTHM ORCHESTRA
£2 JCS/100 Club/£3 others.
35 Great Russell St, WC2. 01-580 8532

THE BLONDES
appearing at
Legends
on
TUESDAY 2nd FEBRUARY
½ price drinks 'till 11
Adm £3.00

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052 / 0351

Thursday 28th
LES PAUL: WIZARD OF WAUKESSHA
+ JAZZ HOOFER
2.20 4.00 5.40 7.20 9.00
Friday 29th
WIVA: THE SOUND OF JAZZ
+ WEST COAST SPECIAL
1.00 3.00 5.00 7.00 9.00
Saturday 30th
1.30 Malle's LIFT TO THE SCAFFOLD
(Sep Perf) TAL FARLOW + MASK
3.05 4.40 6.15 8.00 9.30
11.30 All night
BODY HEAT: MALTESE FALCON
+ POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
+ WHERE DANGER LIVES
+ BUILDY MY GALLOWS HIGH
+ GILDA
Sunday 31st
1.30 STORMY WEATHER
(Sep Perf) LAST OF THE BLUE DEVILS
5.20 8.05
+ JOE ALBANY 7.00 9.30
Monday 1st
Pasolini's SALO
1.00 3.00 5.00 7.00 9.00
Tuesday 2nd
Kurosawa's: THRONE OF BLOOD
2.20 5.40 9.00
+ RASHOMON 4.10 7.30
Wednesday 3rd
Turkeys: GLEN OR GLENDA 4.00 7.30
+ PLAN 9 1.40 5.10 8.40
+ ROBOT MONSTER
2.50 6.20 9.50
Thursday 4th
Screwball Comedy: Carol Lombard in
NOTHING SACRED 4.25 7.30
+ TO BE OR NOT TO BE 5.45 8.40

OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Rd SW9

Thursday 28th January £1
APOCOLYPSE
+ Only After Dark

Friday 29th January £1
BLACKHEART
+ The Creamies

Saturday 30th January 50p
THE ESCORTS
+ Backhander

Sunday 31st January
DISCO

Monday 1st February
DISCO

Tuesday 2nd February
DISCO

Wednesday 3rd February 50p
EMPTY VESSELS
+ Curtis

LONDON CINEMA GUIDE

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1 & 2 SHAFTESBURY AVE.
Sep Perfs. ALL SEATS BKBLE last perf
Mon-Fri. Allwknd perfs. Bar, pkg nearby
1: ARTHUR (AA)
Wk & Sun 2.15, 5.15, 8.25 Late show Sat 11.25
2: GHOST STORY (X)
Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.0, 8.0 Late show Sat 11.00

ABC 1 2 3 4 & 5 FULHAM RD.
Seats Bkble Last Sep Progs. L'cnd bar
Doors open 15 mins prior
1: ARTHUR (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: BODY HEAT (X)
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.40
3: RICH AND FAMOUS (X)
Sep Progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.50
4: GALLIPOLI (A)
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.45
5: 6th Great Month
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

ABC 1 2 3 BAYSWATER DUE E.N.S WAY
1: GALLIPOLI (A)
Progs 2.0, 4.55, 7.50 Sun: 4.55, 7.40
Late show Fri & Sat 11.00
2: ARTHUR (AA)
Progs 2.50, 5.25, 8.0 Sun: 5.15, 7.50
Late show Fri & Sat 11.00
3: RICH AND FAMOUS (X)
Progs 2.0, 4.50, 7.45 Sun 5.0, 7.50
Late show Sat 11.00

ABC 1 2 3 & 4 EDGWARE RD.
1: GHOST STORY (X)
Wk & Sun 4.45, 8.45
NIGHTHAWKS (X)
2.50, 6.45 Sun 6.45 Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
2: ARTHUR (AA)
1.30, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50 Sun: 3.55, 6.20, 8.50 Progs 3.15, 5.40, 8.05 Sun: 5.40, 8.05 Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
3: BODY HEAT (X)
3.05, 5.45, 8.35 Sun: 5.45, 8.35 Progs 2.30, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.10, 7.50 Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
4: Monty Python's LIFE OF BRIAN (AA)
2.0, 5.30, 9.0 Sun: 5.30, 9.0
AIRPLANE (A)
Wk & Sun 3.45, 7.10 Late show Sat 11.15

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End Cinemas & Greater London
RING TELEDATA 01 200 0200 (24 HRS)
Progs at all cinemas subject to late change

LYCEUM STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 28th FEBRUARY at 7·30
bo diddley
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
the METEORS
RODDY RADIATION & the TEARJERKERS

TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088
the B.M.T.'s

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 Phone 468287

Thursday 28th January
OK JIVE
Thursday 4th February
FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Tuesday 9th February
MARI WILSON with the **IMAGINATIONS**
Late bar 9 - 2 am

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE ROOM
THU. 28th • Highly regarded quartet from Liverpool. Toured the US. West coast. "Brood-ing, anxious music with a tough edge". TIMES.

HIPNOSIS
FRI 29 • Sussex 5-piece who pep up late nite Jazzy pieces with shifting funk rhythms and superb dynamics. Best known for their cut on the SLIPSTREAM compilation album.

CAYENNE
SAT 30 • Ex-patriots from the jazz and funk/Disco bands of the 70's who've hit a winning streak playing Salsa.

SUN • ALTERNATIVE TONES + WET PAINT + HIERONYMOUS BOSCH
MON • LAST TOUCH + ITALIAN PARCELS + FIRST OFFENCE
TUE • CARDINALS + FREE HAND + VANE

THE STARGAZERS
WED 3 • Jive rhythms, hard blown sax, cool vocalising. Pre-BERRY R&B.

THU. FEB 4. **CUBAN HEELS**

THE DOORS OPEN 7·30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8·30 A.M. till 0 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1129 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

PVK present
BRIAN KNIGHT
(legendary slide guitarist)
and his BAND
Saturday 30th January
NEW MERLINS CAVE
Margery St W1
Adm £1 R&B!

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101 CLUB
101 St John's Hill SW1
233 8309

Thursday 28th January £1.00
STEVE BOYCE BAND
+ Marillion
Friday 29th January £1.50
RYE AND THE QUATER-BOYS
Saturday 30th January £1.50
RICK SMITH AND THE VILLAINS
+ Diamond Chestnuts
Sunday 31st January £1.00
THE WAVES + Jump Squad
Monday 1st February £1.00
FOREIGN LEGION
Tuesday 2nd February £1.00
THE QUIET ZONE + Xena Zerox
Wednesday 3rd February £1.00
THE DADS + Crying Shame

MOONLIGHT — STARLIGHT
100 West End Lane — West Hampstead Tube

Thursday 28th January £1.50
'A Splash of Colour'
THE SILENCE + THE TIMES
Friday 29th January £1.50
'A Splash of colour'
HIGH TIDE + THE EARWIGS
Saturday 30th January £1.50
'A Splash of Colour'
MILES OVER MATTER
+ MARBLE STAIRCASE
Sunday 31st January £1.00
THESE BRIDGES
+ Carved To A Noise
Monday 1st February £1.50
PAINT
+ The 5th Incident
Tuesday 2nd February £1.50
SHORT STORIES
+ Mouse & The Underdog
Wednesday 3rd February £1.50
THE HELICOPTERS
+ Zeitung Da

Thursday 28th January £1.50
LOWER LEVELS
+ Kayser House
Friday 29th January £1.75
EXTRAS
+ Fear Of Flying
Saturday 30th January £1.50
ARC CONNEXION
+ Alternative Tones
Sundays — Closed
Monday 1st February £1.00
New Band Night
ST VITTUS DANCE
+ Ghost
Tuesday 2nd February £1.00
New Band Night
IMPERFECT HOLD
+ Just So Stories
Wednesday 3rd February £1.50
New Band Night
COLD FISH
+ Naughty Liquids

HTSU presents 8-12pm
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
+ THE FIRM
HARLOW TECHNICAL COLLEGE, HARLOW, ESSEX.
FRI 29th JAN ADV TICKETS £1.50 FROM STARTIME RECORDS AND COLLEGE SU OFFICE £2.00 ON DOOR.

Middx Poly SU presents
REVILLOS
at All Saints, White Hart Lane, N17
Tube: Wood Green. Bus: W3
Rail: White Hart Lane.
Thurs 4 Feb. 8pm. Late bar. £1.50 NUS
£2.00 others on door or adv on 441 2304

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the STAR
206 LONDON RD. CROYDON
Open 7 nights a week
Phone 01-684 1360

Thursday 28th January £1.00
S.A.L.T.
The occasional blues, featuring LITTLE STEVIE SMITH, harmonica player to the greats
Friday 29th January £1.00
HERSHEY AND THE 12-BARS
+ Diamond Chestnuts
featuring STEVE WALLER of Manfred Mann fame on guitar
Saturday 30th January £1.00
NATIONAL GOLD
+ EL 34
at last Hard Rock has hit Croydon. Not to be missed

Sunday lunchtime Free adm.
STARCORE
featuring Nicky Barclay
Tuesday 26th January £1.00
IDOL FRET
+ Toytown Wilde Boys
Wednesday 27th January £1.00
MAINLAND
+ Kryis

Animal Magnet
LIVE AT THE VENUE
WED. FEB. 3
+ SINISTER CIRCUS

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
A CERTAIN RATIO
MAXIMUM JOY
DANGEROUS DISCO

7.30PM, THURS, FEB 18TH · LYCEUM, STRAND, WC2
ADVANCE TICKETS £3.00 FROM THE BOX OFFICE 01 836 3715 · LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 01 439 3371 · PREMIER BOX OFFICE 01 240 2245 & ROUGH TRADE · SMALL WONDER · HONKY TONK · BONAPARTE (KINGS X) ADMISSION ON THE NIGHT £3.50

THE GOLF CLUB
383 Euston Rd NW1 — Opp. Gt Portland St Tube

Thur 28 Jan — DECOY AVENUE + The Thin Man £1.50
Fri 29 Jan — THE ADDICTS + Martyr £1.50
Sat 30 Jan — Rockabilly Party With THE DELTAS + The Frantix

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St, SW6 :: 736 1413

Thursday 28th £1.00
BASILS BALLS-UP BAND
Friday 29th £1.50
RICKY COOL
Saturday 30th £1.50
RED BEANS & RICE
Sunday 31st £1.00
JOHNNY G
Monday 1st £1.00
MOTHERS RUIN
Tuesday 2nd £1.00
GINGER
Wednesday 3rd £1.00
LITTLE SISTER

North East London Poly
S.U. Ents presents
Live at 8 pm
OTWAY and BARRATT
+ Support & Disco
on FEBRUARY 3rd, 1982
in BARKING PRECINCT MAIN HALL,
Longbridge Road, Dagenham.
Admission £2.00 :: £2.50 on door

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presents SATURDAY 6th FEB
7.30 – 11.30 :: Adm £1.75
Spuming out ectoplasm
FIVE OR SIX
THE ORANGE CARDIGAN
PLAYDEAD
COLD WAR
at the London Musicians Collective,
42 Gloucester Ave, NW1

Greyhound Stadium
THE GREYHOUND
900 High Road,
Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath.
No 98 Night Bus to Central London

Thursday 28th January £1.00
8 pm-12 pm
60's Revival Night
FRUIT EATING BEARS
+ Support
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THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT

The Sound
King Trigger
Jean Loves Jezebel

The Venue

JEAN LOVES Jezebel! What a wonderfully whacky name! I can almost hear the fat rejuvenescent businessman at the little plastic table next to me leaning over next Monday's conference table and leering "I went to see a brand new group called Jean Loves Jezebel last week!" If he had deigned to LISTEN to Jean Loves Jezebel instead of hungrily devouring this week's *NME*, he may have found out that they were about as avant-garde as Steve Strange in flares and loafers circa 75. Imagine four or five members of Killing Joke discovering an unorthodox way of neutering a cat and you'll get the idea.

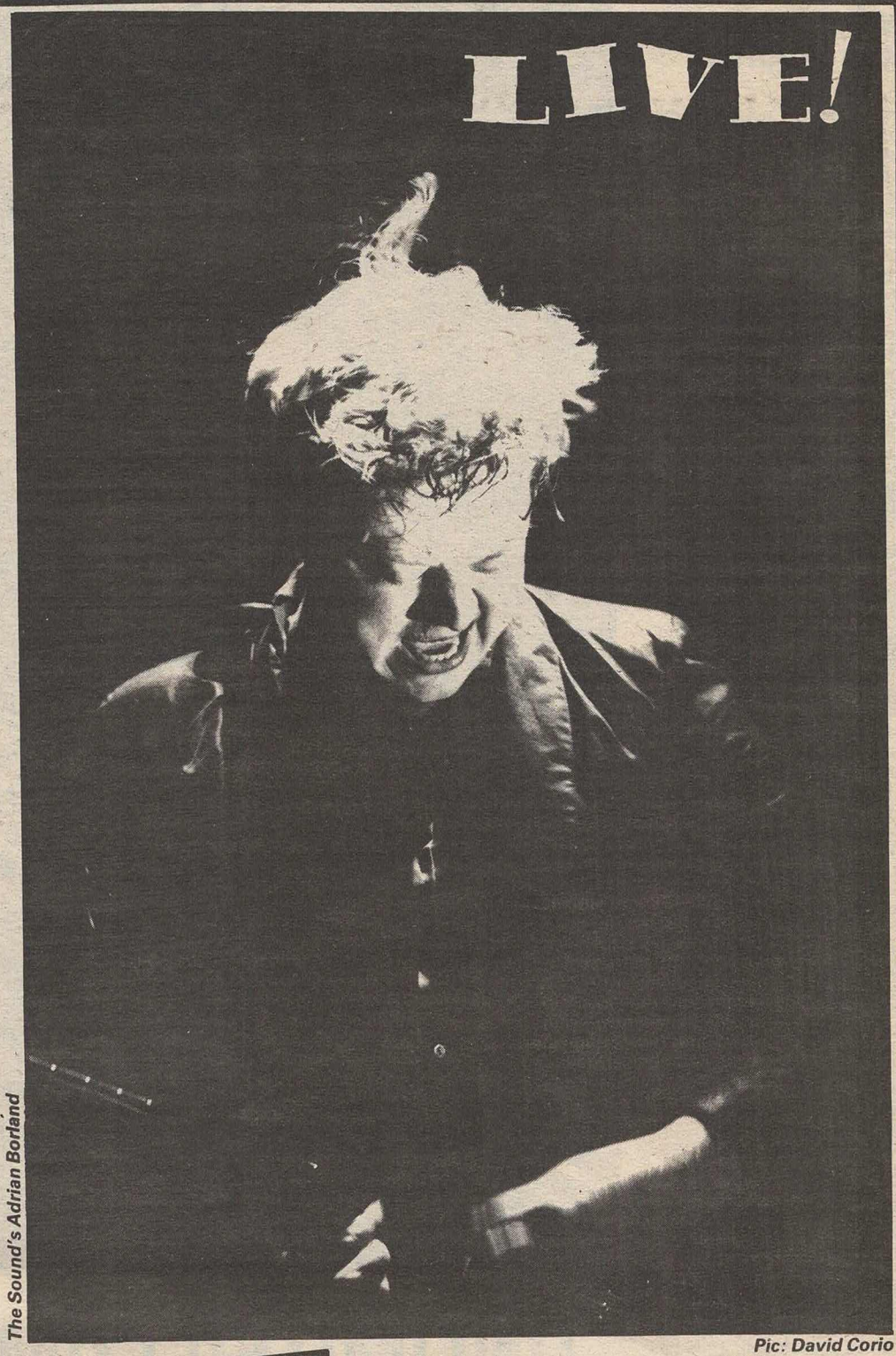
King Trigger sounded promising when they started, but after 15 minutes, acutely painful gigphobia set in. The varied attractions (?) of toy drums and the resonant vocal-chorded dancerette *a la* Anabella could have been contributory analgesics but they weren't, possibly because they were drowned out by three very loud voices. The best sound effect was the (not so) new thing in cartons. Very Fire Engines, I thought. Very Adam and the Ants, thought the person on my left. Very Skids, thought the person on my right. Ouch, thought my head.

The Sound were staunch,s(t)olid, and as unremarkable as I expected, but no more so than numerous other bands who pass by as 'Progressive' instead of 'Rock'. Rather than swaying between extremes, like The Bunnymen, who produced magic on bits of 'Crocodiles' and 'Heaven Up Here', and then reduced all the brilliance to stultifyingly boring mechanical executions in gigs, The Sound fluctuate only slightly, rarely veering on the borders of the excellent or abysmal, but treading a safe middle ground between the two.

The difficulty comes in deciding whether it's better to be average and forgettable or to try for higher things at the risk of sounding incredibly pompous and pretentious — one look at Ultravox is enough to resign one to mediocrity for ever.

Well, it was an average rock gig, so why didn't I enjoy it? Rock's about forty, I've just turned 18. One of us is definitely over the hill.

Leyla Sanai



The Sound's Adrian Borland

Pic: David Corio

Anti-Nowhere League

100 Club

"TELL US where yer gonna be afterwards in case we get split up" — mock punks make mock arrangements before the music starts and the mock fights begin.

If "meet me at the barricades, babe" has passion, at least "meet me at the lost punks office on the corner of Oxford St. and Tottenham Court Rd." has irony.

No matter. The punks are looking suitably punk, mohicans mirror-poised, studs positioned and stares posed. Only the skins retain any spontaneous sharpness, play cool spectators not fooled spectacle and eye the regular painted leather jackets who've turned out for the regular Tuesday night at the 100 Club.

This Tuesday: Anti-Nowhere League — last week number one in the independent charts, this year's leaders of the panto-punk brigade.

Four old bikers (leather and chains) from Royal Tunbridge Wells appear onstage and get taken for a punk band.

The spikey-tops borrow a trick from last year's leaders of the panto-punk brigade and play phlegm-throwers; the League steal a tune from an old folkie and trash 'Streets Of London'.

Animal, Eugene Reynolds with knuckledusters, is the villain (he's the one you hiss), Magoo is the ugly sister (he's the one you feel sorry for). The League do a Ramones and do away with variation to play a one-speed, one track, loop-film set leaving the punks to dance to the drums.

Lobotomised Revillos sing *"I wanna get covered in mud"* and behave just like *Daily Mirror* punks should: Little 'n'Large without a TV contract, Sid Snot without the fag-throwing antics, low comedy without the jokes.

Old men stave off retirement by slave-producing comic strips for the infants who read the *Beano* or while away the hours before the day of pensioned reckoning conversing with toddlers in forced falsettos from behind a Punch & Judy canvas tardis as a last resort or . . . play snuff rock to the punks.

Way back, before Malcy dragged Annabella out of the launderette and Julie dragged Stalinist skeletons out of the closet, the punk public had the sense to shun a group of shorn, old wallies playing fast and shitless.

The Depressions never had Straight Music behind them to force the junk down our throats — Anti-Nowhere League are already half way down.

Stick your fingers in after them and chunder.

X.Moore

Level 42's Mark King

Pic: 'Peter Anderson

Level 42

Barracuda

THERE'S those who have taken funk for form's sake and shaped it into a fresh pop and there's the clouded Alternative approximation of the rhythm, and there's the cool, self-contained scene that's continued on its way, almost unaffected by the current funk fuss.

And then there's Level 42, drugged up to the eyeballs with funk feel and fervour, and somehow tonight things aren't going quite right. . .

Chasing those soft, jazzy melodies with a sure resolution, sidestepping into instrumental flurries that are almost too showy, their's is a smooth, mellow sound, shaped to display an undoubted virtuosity. Beneath that suave surface there's that furious bass-like taking the tune or worrying the rhythm with a kind of obsessive dedication. And although Mark King sweats and labours to turn this into an occasion, introducing Gary Barnacle to guest on sax, there's a tepid, deadening passivity in the air this evening, that even Level 42's best efforts can't quell.

As if sensing a lack of sufficient contact or effect, they make valiant attempts to channel the curiosity into a clearer participation than the occasional couple shuffling awkwardly in front of the stage. At times it seems as if they're divided in intent between providing an anonymous, buoyant backdrop to dancefloor festivities or directing attention more resolutely at themselves. This indecision, or incapacity, results in a sort of stasis, perfectly pleasant but not projecting enough energy. Trying to overcome this, they resort to handclaps above the head, to DJ-type announcements and an increase in desperate enthusiasm that never really spills out from the stage.

It leaves a strange dislocation that makes Level 42 look misplaced. Tonight it seems as if they've slipped sideways and failed to connect with the correct audience. Perhaps it's the result of a lingering snobbery about British boys playing funk, perhaps it's caused by a taste for a melancholic melody that can look limpid rather than fuelled and latent force. Perhaps, after all, it would have been better to turn your back and use it simply as soundtrack.

Lynn Hanna

Rhythm Of Life White Brothers Map Of Africa

The Venue

THE CRUMBLY noise of trebly guitars, their singer's studiedly casual clothes, the ardent melodies which cut through the rasps of sound and hold them in place; all this suggests a Postcard from Scotland, but Map Of Africa are a London band. They reveal a good deal of poise. They approach the task of stealing the distanced attention of the sparse spectators realistically, acting out each tune with measured care, not fooling themselves with pointless heroics. But there was clear enthusiasm too. They filled up the void with the sweet smell of promise.

The practical approach of Map of Africa made the ridiculous White Brothers look especially stupid. Months back, I thought they were inoffensive, faintly funny and charmingly inept. They are still inept. But now they are loud, politically irresponsible, and the epitome of low, simpleton camp. They want to be outrageous, but they just get laughed at.

Rhythm Of Life remained a mystery. They are the late Josef K's words and voice, Paul Haig, coupled with recent Human League support, The McNaires. Initially, they seem like an artful re-arrangement of the Iggy-Oakey ice-box delivery, and the Bogart mail-order catalogue, into a perfect cliche of the same. But how straight are their faces? I don't know, but Haig projects with the efficiency of a sly android, blonde, doleful and be-suited, spooning each painstaking tune with an immaculate croon.

All is calm and self-contained. A tape announces the details between each two songs, in the voice and inflexion of an American radio keep-fit programme; a voice which has become the one which little children should not accept sweeties from.

Since Josef K split, Haig has pursued several lines, yet the cool execution of this show is undeniable, elegant and curvaceous. It substitutes the droll but affecting heartache mood of the Human League for a more obvious paradox between cartoon and Haig's very own soulful introspection and wit. The bass-player's brilliant, burlesque rendition of 'Sex Machine' suggests some blend between a budding synthi-soul revue and a big daft joke. In fact, they might not last long at all. Still, guessing games are sometimes the best.

Dave Hill

Evan Parker *Pic: Peter Anderson*

UNLIMITED COMPANY

Company

Round House

FOREWARNED, FOREARMED — a little knowledge to look for dangerous things. One of the principles behind Derek Bailey's Company idea is to keep the improvising players involved from becoming too familiar with each others' styles, to retain the unexpected and banish staleness. So the line-up remains fluid, the groupings open to unpredictability.

Seven on hand on this occasion. First, a trio of Bailey, John Zorn on reeds and George Lewis on trombone. With Bailey's guitar deliberately anti-resonant it was hard not to stay with the other two. Zorn is a man who refuses to play a clean note, growling through dismembered clarinets in a jar of water, leg-muting his saxes and generally perverting the course of sonics. His gremlin presence was balanced by the dignity of Lewis, one of the few black Americans to play in European improvising groups. He understated his superb command of the instrument but consistently chose a provocative continuation — anyway, I love trombones.

Company has demonstrated the clarity of new improvisation to an unprecedented degree. Each player is called upon to assert greater individuality than when playing solo; if not, the line snaps and the group is lost. It can lead to a severe kind of tension. At a particularly thorny point in this set a latecomer had to struggle into his seat in front of me and a suppressed hysteria seemed about to burst out of the collision of intent players and audience and this improvident distraction.

Overall, this was an obligingly entertaining Company. The duet between Steve Lacy on soprano and pianist Misha Mengelberg trounced wrongful accusations of no melodic content. A long serious piece had the keyboard underpinning Lacy at his brilliant best; then in the second work-out Mengelberg (*Die Achterlijke Klokkenmaker* to a tee), cigarette holder smoking furiously, reacted to the sax's strangulated outpourings by thrumming the piano strings, playing the closed lid of the piano and finally attempting to play the stool. Feelings are laid bare in this music without rules of rhythm or harmony — that doesn't mean laughter has to be excluded.

Bailey, Evan Parker on tenor and soprano and Jamie Muir rattling a bewildering array of drums, cymbals and bells rather left me out. As usual the percussion grew overwhelming, and Evan seemed more reserved than usual. To close, everyone except Bailey and Parker in a pretty crazy finale. Lacy, forehead as expressive as Stan Laurel's, was imperious and ingenious; Lewis did a cop talkover through his mute; Zorn spilt some of his water; Muir pretended to be steel-panning; and Mengelberg lost his marbles altogether. Company love to play.

Richard Cook

Syncopation

Manchester

THE MIGHTY movement against last period's London-led swing towards ephemeralism and forgettable fashions has already established its grass roots energies. Just examine the work of a certain fast breeding genre of provincial band and start counting an endless list of catalytic dissenters. There's Derby's frenzied Catwax Axe Co., Bristol's manic Electric Guitars, Birmingham's toxic Tarzan 5, Liverpool's imposing It's Immaterial, Sheffield's awesome Dance Society, Norwich's lost exiles, Bonsai Forest . . . a nationwide network of strong new sounds and sturdy styles to smash the narcissist's mirror forever.

In Manchester, some of us have just discovered the significant Syncopation, this city's latest crusaders devoted to sweeping away the nation's less worthy, fashion groove thangs. Tho' simply discovering Syncopations hasn't been easy as they favour the myth-making technique of keeping their gigs almost a secret. Details of their selective activities are whispered on the local grapevine and if you're as tired of these elitist, pretentious tricks as I am, then you might be reminded that the most popular bands round here have always been determinedly shrouded in intrigue and manufactured mystique.

But once you manage to dig them out, surprising Syncopation don't let you down. They're an alarming amalgam of radical ideas and fresh approaches, yet they remain tinged by a traditionalism that makes them far more accessible than alienating. Intuitively, they come across as just right, polarised pop-opportunists to lead us out of the bloody mess we're in. I'm relying on them.

So is this the second or third wave of vital Manchester bands that startling Syncopation currently stand at the helm of? Our parish is biting back, is teeming with hard, new contenders; you should know their names — Chameleons, Diagram Brothers, Passage, Bee Vamp, Foreign Press. Remember? Someone should be clamouring about these people. God knows, I haven't the time. I'm giving it up. Perhaps a poignant new pen will come save our city.

Mick Duffy

Syncopation *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

CRIES AND

New Order

North London Polytechnic

NEW ORDER at the London Poly was sold out before it was announced: by Christmas most outlets were starting to turn people away. The straggles of fans desperately searching for touts outside the hall demonstrated how popular New Order have become. It would be easy to put their popularity down to the legacy of an inherited legend, but they're not so easily dismissable.

That they have something valuable to offer in their own right was evident a long time ago from a Peel session recorded early last year, which sounded a lot more confident than their live appearances at the time. When they played Heaven in February, they were nervous and unformed, a condition catalysed by the heavy cloud of anticipation hanging over everyone, and the obvious scrutiny with which they were observed and assessed.

At Walthamstow in early autumn, they sounded old and tired, almost jaded before they'd fully begun. Maybe they were disillusioned by the guarantee of fame hallmarked on their shoulders.

Now, gradually, New Order are finding their direction and becoming more immune to external pressure. There's still

Modern Romance

The Venue

THERE WAS one thing that happened over the weekend that really made me realise just how deep down into the rotten scabby depths some people can dive. There are no traces of dignity on such people. I'm thinking of B.A. Robertson on *Friday Night, Saturday Morning.*

Actually, there were two things that happened over the weekend that truly made me realise how embarrassing some people can be. B.A. Robertson and Phil Oakey on *Friday Night, Saturday Morning.*

Now I'm warming to the topic, there were three things that happened over the weekend that completely staggered me because they were so puerile and crappy. B.A. Robertson and Phil Oakey and Mike Read on *Friday Night, Saturday Morning.* I suppose you could say there were four things that happened over the weekend that made me want to be sick. B.A. Robertson and Phil Oakey and Mike Read on *Friday Night, Saturday Morning* and Ozzy Osborne allegedly biting the head off a bat somewhere in the great land of freedom.

No: seriously. There were five things that happened over the weekend that covered me with a desperate, filthy gloom. B.A. Robertson and Phil Oakey and Mike Read on *Friday Night, Saturday Morning.* Ozzy Osborne biting the head

WHISPERS

an aura of ghostliness about them, but this is more due to the unusually beautiful nature of their music than to the simulated fragility they tend to be associated with. Inevitably, they lack the passion brought to Joy Division by Ian Curtis' searching and identifying vocals, but their mood is such that vocal subversion would be out of place. They explore new dimensions with conventional instruments, touching both melancholy and potency.

This new discipline shows a certain growth . . . once they would just drift and float, but now they're almost equally able to retain taut, rigid patterns of movement. Only once, when the sound faltered, did they lapse into an incoherent jumble — at other times the fusion of instruments ventured on the sublime. Gillian's keyboards hinted and lifted, shades of 'Decades' and 'Atmosphere' glimpsed from behind, producing the preface to their future where 'Atmosphere' could be an epilogue to their past.

Comparisons will always be made between New Order and Joy Division. One similarity is clear: both produce(d) a feeling ultimately involving, and although it would be infinitely easier to watch from the wings, it's almost impossible to remain dissociated.

Leyla Sanai

off a bat. And Modern Romance at The Venue. You don't believe I went, do you? Oh, I did, I did.

It was scabby, embarrassing, puerile, crappy, sickening, filthy, desperate, gloomy. Geoff Deane bit the head off a horse and all he could bring himself to say was: "Chew to the Latin Groove". I needed cheering up so I went home and read some Sylvia Plath. Then I watched *Friday Night, Saturday Morning*. It was touch and go for a while. . .

Paul Morley

PIPSQUEAK!

Orange Juice

Venue

HE MAY be a lover but he ain't no fuckin' dancer ... the lovelorn lad stands on the carpeted stage, surveys a sold-out Venue and lapses into another of his smug fables: "We're the twee and superficial Orange Juice and this song is like the taste of melted butter on warm toast."

The tail end of last year saw Orange Juice ring in the changes. They moved from the cosy Glasgow independent Postcard to big, bad Polydor, acquired a new guitarist from Josef K in Malcolm Ross, a new drummer in the mysterious Merseysider Zeke and a new manager in former *NME* contributor and *Smash Hits* editor Ian Cranna.

Most of their old faults and failings remain intact, however, the worst being an irritating tendency to revel endlessly in their own self-conscious amateurism. Orange Juice are self-conscious about everything, even their own self-consciousness, and this Venue show was a shambles. And crooner Edwyn Collins loved every last minute of it, wallowing in a series of cock-ups and walk-offs that were better rehearsed than the songs themselves.

Orange Juice have the songs, as their four fine Postcard singles showed, to ride in on the back of Haircut 100's chart success, if only they had a little more discipline and a little less contrivance to go with it, although they could also do without that horrendous cover version of the Reverend Al Green's 'L.O.V.E.' — their taut, resonant sound already had a few subtle hints of Willie Mitchell's soulful Hi snare-bashing without resorting to making it *that* obvious.

As it is, Collins is too *knowing*, too smug and cynical, to be the pop face that his songwriting talents warrant. A stand-up comic maybe, but never a true star. Not even with pixie luck.

Look, Edwyn, cut out all the wilful amateurism, the drum solos and the sloppy false-starts and loosen up a little ... I prefer my Orange Juice without the artificial sweetener.

Adrian Thrills

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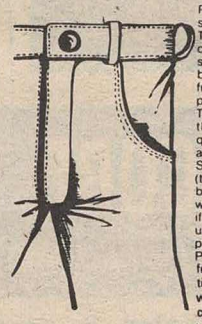

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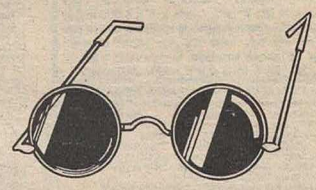

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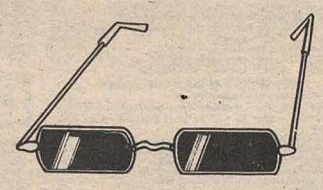

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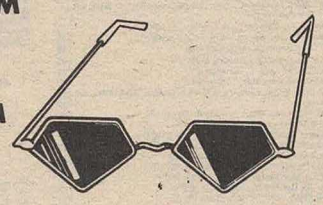

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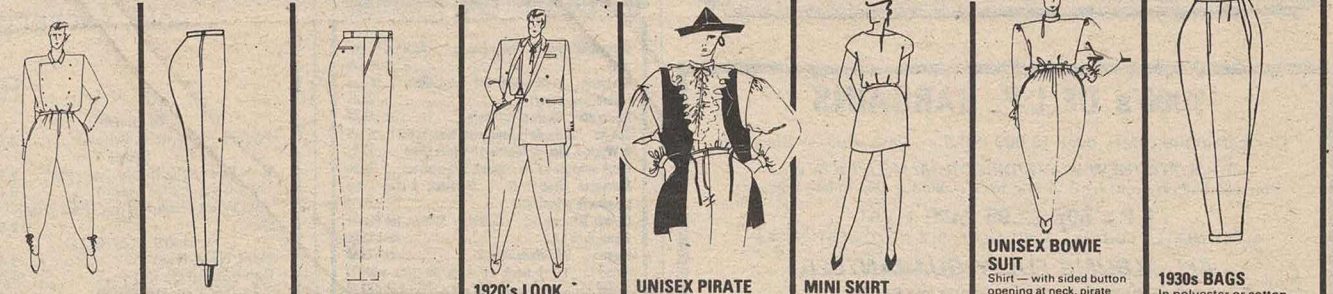

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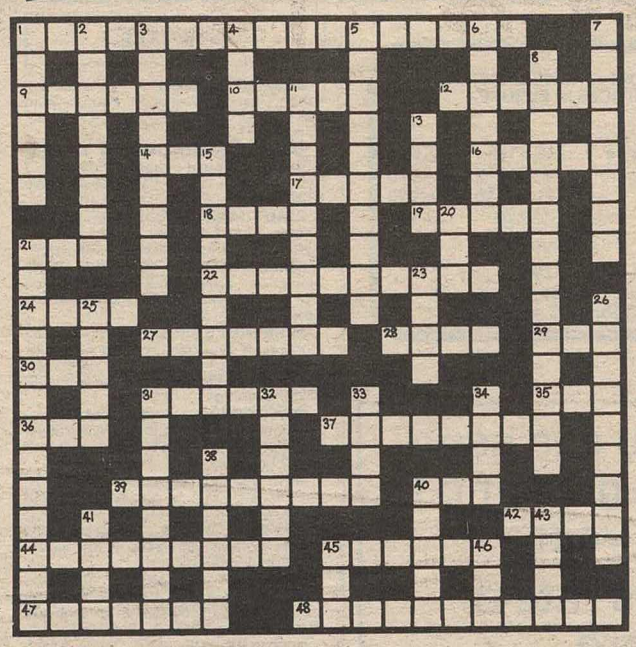
ACROSS

1 What Bolan might say to a tree (3,5,2,2,5)
9 The item returned to sender (6)
10 Strange (5)
12 **and 28** Flutey band living in the past (6,4)
14 Rose's wash (3)
16 Stevie Wonder pulls on a chicken bone (1,4)
17 Royals under pressure (5)
18 Word banded about in the '60s meaning spiritual teacher (4)
19 See 25 down
21 Dirk wears white ones (3)
22 Dick Dick Society, Harry Harry Association (3,3,4)
24 Was their name a blight on their career? (4)
27 What music in a different kitchen (7)
28 See 12 across
29 The gun that's all the rage (3)
30 You made him feel like dancing (3)
31 10 across's face (6)
35 Abbreviated Arc'ers (1,1,1)
36 Just Yoko (3)
37 Sparks reckoned it wasn't big enough for the both of us (4,4)
39 Royal scammers (6,3)
40 Cause for which all of Europe is demonstrating (1,1,1)
42 Elegant? (4)
44 Bowie's young US Citizens (9)
45 The Furs' sister (6)
47 Lennon said of him "We'd never have made it without him and vice versa" (7)
48 Paul Gadd's glam name (4,7)



DOWN

1 Colour of a '70s river (6)
2 Ure and Co. (8)
3 Comedy duo originally pushed by Lou Adler (6,3,5)
4 What Keith Carradine is (4)
5 Kool and the Gang try their hand at magic (4,6)
6 Band of sages? (3,4)
7 See 15 down
8 Group formed by Curtis Mayfield, whose first hit was 'For Your Precious Love' in 1958 (3,11)
11 Jobson's ballad (9)
13 Some of the sewing equipment had by Smokie amongst others (4)
15 Those responsible for you losing that loving feeling (9,8)
20 Adler/Reed/Rawls/Toilet (3)
21 Grateful Dead nick your visage (5,4,4)
23 How you play gimmix (4)
25 **and 19 across** The sedative effect of Chrissie (1,2,2,5)
26 A festival, a bird and a film of the former (9)
31 A candide attempt at cabaret (8)
32 **and 34** Does this man have an interest in an American premium almost (4,1,1,4)?
33 The white duke's anorexic condition (4)
34 **See 32 down**
38 Heads stay in light (6)
40 See 3 down
41 Porgy's lady (4)
43 Canned/This (4)
45 Sharples, the only true heroine (3)
46 Ear Muffs Installed (1,1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across:— 1 Bedsitter; 5 and 22 'Let Them Eat Jellybeans'; 9 Eye; 10 See 23 down; 12 'Bleed'; 13 Deep Purple; 14 See 48 down; 15 'Okie'; 16 and 25 down Cuban Heels; 17 and 36 across 'New York'; 20 'Abel'; 22 See 5 across; 26 Stowaways; 28 *Event;* 30 Leg; 31 Topper; 32 Sleeve; 34 'Sam'; 36 See 17 across; 37 Mute; 38 Stig; 40 and 35 down 'Final Solution'; 41 'Surfacing'; 43 Gen X; 44 Ant; 45 Nelson; 47 Forever; 49 Ohio; 50 and 42 down 'Everything's Gone Green'; Down:— 1 Brubeck; 2 'December'; 3 and 4 down 'Tie A Yellow Ribbon'; 4 See 3 down; 5 Landis; 6 Hoople; 7 Moore; 8 The Eagles; 9 'Eden'; 11 Dee; 18 Abba; 19 Banshees; 21 Beatlemania; 22 Jet; 23 and 10 across Steve Miller Band; 24 Pretty Things; 25 See 16 across; 27 'Waste'; 29 'Spurts'; 33 Tuna; 35 See 40 across; 39 Groove; 40 Fox; 42 See 50 across; 43 Gees; 46 Lie; 47 Fet(ish); 48 and 14 across Joe Ely.

Next week in NME

THEATRE

Theatre Of Hate to be precise, explaining why they're all so sweet and loving when they've got a name like that.

DANCE

Getting down to a serious hippity hop with the B-Boys of the South Bronx.

FILM

B-movie horror stories spun by creepy Wes Craven, director of The Hills Have Eyes and Deadly Blessing.

MUSIC

Blimey, we nearly forgot — The Four Tops, The Damned, Solitary Brick and a whole bunch of other beautifully crafted hats (I don't know why I said that) ...

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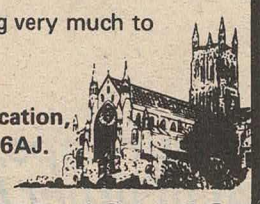

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Reggae Runnings

CARRYING THE swing among toasters currently is **Lone Ranger,** who comes forward with two new albums: 'Badda Dan Dem' for Studio One and 'Rose Marie' for Winston Riley.

The Brentford Road set is Ranger's second LP for the label and is a 10 track excursion of familiar Coxsone dubs, including Alexander Henry's 'Please Be True' as 'Fish Tea', the legendary 'Real Rock' rhythm for 'You Too Greedy' and the presently popular fourfold rhythm of the title track, elswhere utilised by Ranking Joe on 'Mortima Simmonds' and Hugh Mundell's 'Walk With Jah'. Also included are echoes of the 'Black Onion bump for 'Plant Up A Vineyard', and 'Three Mile Skank', an early effort and former single release utilising the similar melody as adopted lately by the Mighty Diamonds for 'Pass The Kouchie'.

Lone Ranger *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

'Rose Marie' (DH LP 2002) is a Channel One recording released on Black Joy and serenading Papa Ranger's original interpretation of 'Hallelujah I Love Her So' for the hit title track, with familiar rhythm on 'Fe Mi Woman A De Bes'' and a declamatory 'Judge Not'.

NEW on the Sugar Minott owned Black Roots imprint is a six track showcase of **Triston Palma** material entitled 'Presenting' (BR LP 010), which features variations of 'A Love I Can Feel' for 'I Don't Want To Turn My Back' and a further John Holt rhythm, 'My Heart Is Gone' on 'Everyday'.

From Miami on Jam Rock surfaces a new **Gladiators** LP: 'Babylon Street'. Produced jointly by Albert Griffiths, Earl "Chinna" Smith and Tony Robinson, the album was recorded at Channel One and Harry J studios in realisation of such as 'The Race', 'The Warriors', 'Cuts', Rainbow' and a recut of their former Studio One title 'Jah Jah Go Before Us'.

New 12" discomix releases include: **Investigators,** 'Summertime Blues' (Inner City IC 109); **Jimmy Lindsay,** 'Dole Queue' c/w 'Turn Out The Lights' (Music Hive) — produced by Lindsay and Lloyd Coxsone; **Junior Brown & The Sound Power Band,** 'Show The Youth The Way' c/w 'Mr Talkative' (Kingdom KV 8021); and **Ranking Toyan** 'Pants And Blouses' c/w **Roots Radics Band,** 'Major Diseases Dub Part 2' (Grimm Ben) — produced by GG.

Latest 7" pre release titles from Jamaica include: **Rita Marley,** 'There Will Always Be Music' (Tuff Gong); **Ranking Devon,** 'If You Were Here' (Mighty Cloud); **Levi Williams,** 'Thank You Father' (Mighty Cloud); **Everton Williams,** 'Where Is Love' (Will Power); **Hugh Brown,** 'Gimme The Music' (Music Works); **Lee Van Cliff,** 'Dread Fe De Yard' (Gorgon); and two from **Yellow Man**: 'I'm Getting Married In The Morning' (Volcano) and 'Shortie' (Spider Man).

This Saturday 30, a sound competition for the West London Cup takes place at the Priory Youth Centre, Petersfield Road, Acton, W3. Presenting: **Stix Man, Java International. Meritone** and **Tribulation.** Doors open: 7.30 pm.

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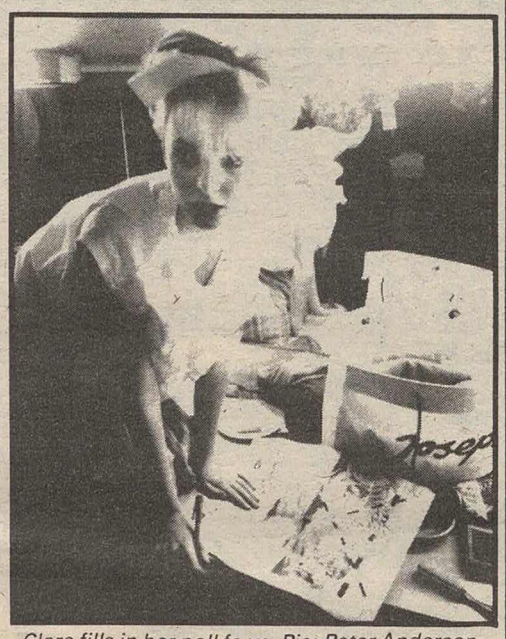

Clare fills in her poll form. Pic: Peter Anderson.

MISS GOSH!

From page 21

"I think we're also very wary of becoming too fashionable, too stuck up. We've always been the opposite of that."

"We've never really been part of any trends," adds John. "If you link yourself too strongly to a trend then you go under when that trend dies. Even the so-called Scottish scene. We were never really part of that. That scene never really existed. It was just the press building something up. The hip bands were people like Orange Juice and Josef K, but what's happened to them?

"The hardest thing in the world is to write a good hit single. It's quite easy for a band to be self indulgent and get praised by all the critics. It's much harder to be poppy and successful."

SO WILL THEIR deserved success alter the Images in the coming months?

Their collective wit seems capable of ensuring no one in the band grows too big for their boots. So how are they going to handle their success — both in the chart and in the current poll?

"This is just the start," whines the ever boastful Tich. "Eventually, we're going to be so big that we buy up our record company CBS."

And then?

"The first thing we'd do is order Joe Strummer to get a facelift. I mean, The Clash are a good rock band and all that, but . . . well, they just need a few more Marshall stacks."

And then?

"We're just going to get bigger and bigger. I mean, I've grown an inch in the past month."

"Don't be disgusting Tich," says Tony.

"Nobody mentioned *anything* disgusting Tony," says Clare reproachfully. "That's just your dirty mind."

AND WHAT of Clare in the coming months? Is she destined to lie awake at night and agonise about being an overgrown schoolgirl?

"Only when she takes her dummy out," replies Jim.

It promises to be quite a year for Taloolah Gosh and Altered Images.

UB40

FROM PAGE 11

UB40's anti-religion song. It's a topic he feels strongly about.

"I think religion is a pain in the arse, a crutch for people who can't handle reality. And the churches, especially the Catholic church, have kept the working class down by teaching subservience — that social position is not important compared with piety and the life to come."

At last, something we agree on!

LATER, OVER A steak-and-wine lunch, I try a final onslaught on UB40's lyrics.

Take 'Little By Little'. You say the rich exploit the poor, that's how the system works, and you also say *"the rich man's mountain will come crumbling down"*, but you don't say *how*. There's a kind of phoney reassurance in the song because it implies the downfall of the system is a natural event. A lot of your songs have this kind of complacency, a notion that identifying a problem, and caring about it, are, on their own, enough. You don't say people have to *act* to bring about change. (All this and I'm still on my first glass of wine!)

Robin chews his steak thoughtfully.

"I think it *is* natural," he says. "I think the collapse of capitalism is a natural event, it's a self-destructive system. But, yeah, OK, most of our songs *are* bloody simple, too simple most of the time."

"Good, though," adds Earl.

Yes. No. I don't know. UB40 can be bland and superficial but they aren't just radical chic. Their recourse to 'accessibility' as a defence against any and every criticism leaves me a mite suspicious — have they never heard of The Sex Pistols? There is an alternative! — just as their off-duty sexist banter makes me wonder about the depth of their radicalism. They seem to limit themselves to an excessive degree but I wouldn't write off their softly-softly skank into the hearts of the nation as a false strategy — not just yet.

The danger is clear: what began as a disguise, to lure in a large audience, could easily become a trap — the short, sharp trip from one kind of social security to another — and UB40 would find themselves as a kind of dub-it-up Pink Floyd for the '80s, all demoralised humanism and antiseptic popcraft, the night of the longeurs.

The alternative is a vital, relevant, genuinely populist and popular reggae band, ready to take on adventure. That's what they say they want, and they've got the suss to achieve it.

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Illustration by Andy Martin

AND SO the advances of the last few years are relegated to the 'Stairway To Heaven' division. It's easy to dismiss the likes of Joy Division, Sex Pistols and Scritti Politti (to name but a few) as the New League of Pomp-Rock Champions — but its wrong, and we all know that, don't we, Adrian Thrills? This type of "oh, shit, it's back to 1974" talk seems to be the bible of the pop press at the moment, but this conclusion has only been arrived at because of this futile little 'Chart' mentality that encourages such travesties as Peel's Festive Fifty or the Scottish Dance Fifty. It occurs to me that these listings only exist as a means for these 'arbiters of taste' to conduct some sort of up-market 'hip' consumer research. By relegating post-punk music into convenient little categories such as these you're bound to come up with a disturbingly familiar picture — and if you're cynical, like Thrills, then you can quite easily liken it to the early 'progressive' cul-de-sac of the early '70s.

The *NME*, the Peel Show, the "avant-garde" dance clubs all claim to be committed to generating a constant flow of ideas which should (and usually do) result in 'forward' movement. So why impose all these limitations on such development? By stifling the 'freedom of thought' involved in REAL creativity, you're destroying everything that formed the loosely-based 'spirit of 1977' (sounds like a cliche now. . .).

It's all very well for you to sneer at John Peel, who has massive faults — but at least tries to encourage creativity. What exactly are *you* doing to encourage those aspects of 'pop culture' that refuse to pander to the demands of Big Business? By and large, you've condemned the independents for their distinct lack of advance — but how far have you gone towards fighting the greed of the BPI in their swallowing up of new bands? It wasn't long ago that the BPI was a swear word, and no band worth its salt would touch them — but now, thanks to the *NME's* embrace, the major companies are BIG NEWS. A sort of "go fund their bank balance, all you aspiring hipsters" mentality has slowly emerged. . .

Collectively, the pop media has shunned the independent idea. It now unconsciously feeds the open mouths of the big boys. One glance at the 'Scottish Dance Fifty' reveals that *every* entry is a BPI product — even if the likes of Some Bizzare and Mute would have us think otherwise, but what's in a NAME? In the Peel Chart, 25 out of 50 entries are on independent labels — in other words, Mr Thrills, it's hardly a case of the people concerned living it up in Monte Carlo, is it?

I can't repudiate the charge that the independents are in a rut — they *are*, but it's not solely their fault. If pop is once more to be free from the constrictions of BPI demand, then it's up to the likes of *NME* to destroy the credibility of the majors — but somehow I can't see that happening. That, however, is all it would take for the rot to be stopped. Even in the Sussex Tory heartland, where I live, there are bands refusing to *sell* themselves and putting out their own 'product' (BPI terminology) themselves. Peel played the Indifferent Dance Centre single 'Flight And Pursuit' *once*, but there was *no* mention of its release in *any* of the pop press. This happens all the time, and it's largely to blame for the decline of the independents, in that the larger ones have to start behaving like majors if they are to stay out of the red. So 'free' pop remains in its localised, bankrupted strait-jacket, struggling to breathe. . .

Take your fingers out of your zoot-suit pockets and encourage this sort of creativity. Isn't it time that you collectively took the example of your own Chris Bohn and jumped out of the centralised cocoon that you've slowly crept into?
Paddy Buckney, West Sussex.

The end of civilisation as we know it! 'Anarchy In The UK' knocked off the top of Peely's Festive Fifty. Actually, speaking socio-psychologically, I feel that the Festive Fifty's virtual take-over by Joy Division shows firstly that desperation is replacing optimism in our society, and secondly that we are looking inwards more: now that we have seen youth take to the streets that barrier has been broken, and we are now free to look into our own souls.
Michael Sandy, Luton.

I didn't take the Peel or Scots charts any way seriously. Still, the image conjured up by that Festive Fifty was of people drifting away from hope and exposition and taking strange comfort in a place even more restrained and constrained than the chart world. You've certainly made me check my fingernails, Paddy, but I guess I'll never shake off this awesome fascination I have for the pop charts. And, being cynical, I could say that the ext letter is this week's representative of the Peel show. — PM. I can't see that NME has "shunned the independent idea" when we carry our own Indie Top Thirties every week, Mr Buckney. Nor are we slow to cover the best of the Indie groups and acts — even those with no record company at all. I agree that creativity is more important than big money and big companies — but are the two necessarily incompatible? Even Picasso got rich — NS.

As a member of The Shapes, I have played songs about meeting Batman in a Launderette, eating lots of beans and attending private functions on the Planet Skara. Our last masterpiece extolled the virtues of forsaking women in favour of going out with trees. Imagine my surprise therefore upon reading Joe Daly's letter concerning Solidarity in *Gasbag* and discovering that we are not, after all, the most stupid people in Leamington Spa.
Brian Helicopter, Leamington Spa

In *Gasbag*, that's funny, but if you set it to music and released it on the Garibaldi label I think you'd be damned lucky to get a review — PM.

I have just watched the appalling interview involving your editor and Steve Taylor on the BBC and it seems as if a few facts have been glossed over. *NME's* declining readership is not solely due to the fact that there is less money around nowadays: there wasn't much more money around a couple of years ago and yet kids were pouring into London to buy over-priced gear at Boy and Seditionaries, because if it's important to you, you'll try and get it. *NME* is not important any more to many people because it has become increasingly difficult and depressing to read. This is not so much to do with the dense prose used in many articles as the content of the articles. Writers such as Paul Morley and Ian Penman seem to have lost interest in music and now appear to be scrambling to find any subject about which they can intellectualise.

Certainly, the popularity of dance music might have something to do with this, as much dance music does not make itself readily available to intellectual criticism, but good writers must be prepared to involve themselves in the whole range of their subject. The now geriatric tactic of being controversial, of simply praising what is unpopular in order to ensure a response, has become boring. The aging leaderene of the movement, Julie Burchill, is now *so* predictable. People aren't reading you because you've lost the enthusiasm for what you're supposed to be writing about.
A Friend

It wasn't long ago that I was being ridiculed for consistent 'over enthusiasm', and just lately there are those dazed by Penman's 'liberalism' — didn't you read his singles page last week? How you can categorise a paper with writers like Hanna, Corderoy, Hoskyns, Thrills, Martin, Bohn, as unenthusiastic? It has to be a joke, or is it misspeak? — PM.

The real problem with rock and roll is that most people are just not interested in it. Fans follow groups that match their hairstyles, buy records to remind them of their latest lover and then in a few years they'll be married, stop buying records and for them the music will have died. *(Excuse me, but that's the saddest thing I've read this year — whole lifetimes of consumption and joy crushed into one sorry sentence at the beginning of a miserable Gasbag letter. — PM)* Are the bands any better? They are being chased by the stick of no money to the carrot of fame. They follow success leaving discarded ideals scattered on the floors of the small clubs. They play music like a prostitute makes love. And the music press is here to make money by fulfilling a demand. Whether player, punter or publisher, the music appears to be a secondary concern. The motivation is not music, art or social awareness but money. See through all the disguises and go find the alternatives.
Martin Boorman, Southampton.
**An alternative: There was a young lady named Fleager/Who was terribly eager/To be all the rage/On the tragedy stage/Though her talents were pitifully meagre.
— Edward Gorey.**

When I was buying *NME* regularly about six or seven years ago there used to be articles such as complete discographies of The Beatles, Dylan, etc, which I am sure would be of interest to today's readers. It would be nice to read an article of this sort without being asked to ponder on the effects of Tory monetarism or US foreign policy or whatever.

Another feature which I recall from the distant past of the mid-'70s was a listing of the best 100 LPs — 99 compiled by the editorial staff and the remaining one suggested by readers. (It embarrasses me to recall that I wrote boosting the claims of 'Derek And The Dominoes In Concert'.) Also in February 1976 there was the *NME* Hot 100 — the best singles of all time in the view of your staff. It would be fascinating to see either or both of these lists recompiled in view of the musical changes that took place later in 1976. Would the likes of Aretha Franklin, The Chi-Lites and Moody Blues retain their places?
Bruce Hamilton, Aberdeen.
**I wouldn't put a penny on the Moody Blues. About your earlier point, may I introduce you to this semi-person — it'll be an exhilarating experience for you, Bruce, one you could only get inside these pages.
— PM**

Referring to *Taxi Zum Klo*, Paul Morley and Chris Bohn attempt manfully to justify what is a shabby wallowing in the side of humanity given over to decadence, fascism

and worse. For example, this piss-in-the-mouth sequence can surely not be condoned on *any* level, be it filmatic or factual, and would no doubt be roundly and rightly condemned if used as a torture in, say, South Africa or El Salvador.

But, aesthetically of course, in the context of *Taxi Zum Klo,* Morley regards it as right and proper. No doubt he regards the film's other more minor pecadillos with an even greater amount of culturally sound tolerance. The sooner he and *NME* realises that *Taxi Zum Klo* debases mankind and retards our progress the greater credence I'll pay to your concern over, for instance, rape.

Jose-Maria, Mud Huts.

Can all those hostile letters really be representative of readers' ideas and feelings? Reading *Gasbag* lately I have almost become sorry for Penman and Morley and Thatcher. *NME* is a good music paper.

Vic Dead, Solihull.

Our ad agency ran a competition to come up with an advertisement that sort of summed us up. This is the winner: we'll be running it in all the Sundays over the next month. What do you think? — PM

As Bill Burroughs says, "Why is it that people think that the name Burroughs is synonymous with the word junk?" In Chris Bohn's otherwise excellent review of 'You're The Guy I Want To Share My Money With' Burroughs is yet again described as a heroin addict. Burroughs was addicted to junk for about twelve years, getting hooked around 1940 and kicking it in 1953, using Dr Dent's apomorphine cure. As Burroughs says, it is impossible to write anything if you are on junk. (*Junky,* written in 1951, was written during a brief cure.) All of Bill's other books have been written in the almost 30 years since he kicked junk, so it is ridiculous to talk about "the benevolent aspect of his heroin habit" in relation to his writing. Twelve years is not "(an almost) lifelong addiction" for someone born in 1913 and still going strong. I had dinner in New York with Bill only a few months ago and can assure you that he is not on heroin.

You don't have to be a junkie to write about junk in the same way you don't have to be dead to write about death. Let's judge Burroughs by his writing, not by the myths and rumours that circulate about him.

Miles, Omnibus Press, London W1.

Now that Altered Images have had three appalling singles in the charts *(two actually, both succulent — PM),* is it not about time for them to do a gratuitous appearance on the world's longest commercial — *Jim'll Fix It* (*a la* Adam, Beat, Bad Manners, Sham, etc, etc). My 'Noddy Book On How To Become A Successful Pop Band' denotes this as stage 4 in the long trip from obscurity back to obscurity (this time next year). Stage 5 is appearing on chat shows.

Big Phil, Paving Slab.

Well done, smartie. If you skip into Thrills' Images piece you'll see how correct you are — although I would disagree about the unhappy ending. I hope your ribbons fall out. — PM

Ha! Ha! I've got a sneaking feeling that The Jam have cleared the board again. If this doesn't make Morley, Thrills and Penman resign nothing will.

Christine, London.

Another smartie. Sad to see Dollar didn't get anywhere. Still, it's the results of my Dollar/Throbbing Gristle competition next week. That's fooled you — PM

Featured on next week's Oxford Roadshow . . . sorry, wrong caption . . . glamour tips from 20 years back courtesy of The Exciters, who spun R&B heartache on titles like 'Tell Him', 'Do Wah Diddy Diddy' & 'Run Mascara.'

T-zers

EVENT of the week was almost certainly **Rip Rig And Panic** on the *Riverside* show — but as *T-Zers* was watching *Dr Who* at the time, we'll forget that and start with a joke sent in by reader **Jon King** of Muswell Hill: Q. How did the punk cross the road? A. Stapled to a chicken . . .

Don't know where he plucked that one from, but since all you animal-lovers are bound to be climbing on your high horses, we might as well go the whole hog and tell you that **Ozzy Osbourne** bit the head off a bat during a show in Des Moines, Iowa. The good news is that the bat bit back, and odious Ozzy was rushed to hospital for extremely painful anti-rabies injections. Ozzy, who makes his living biting the heads off birds — a few years ago he was decapitating doves — is rumoured to be thinking of blowing up a live goat on stage. *T-Zers* suggests Ozzy was misheard, and really plans to blow up a live yoghurt on stage. As for killing small helpless creatures, a spokesperson said "This is what Heavy Metal is all about"

Talking of animals, it seems that **Bow Wow Wow** are gaining a reputation for, er, unruly behaviour. Goldsmith College Students Union claim the band did £500's worth of damage to their dressing-room after a recent concert and had to be escorted off the premises by security men. And at another London gig, an RCA executive was bottled as he tried to break up a backstage band fight. Singer **Annabella** attributed the strife to "nervous energy", but a cynical *T-Zer* suggests the band's quarrels are over ways of boosting their record sales into three figures . . .

Margaret Thatcher rings to confirm that the government is continuing its vendetta against **Alice Cooper**. Officials have insisted that the rock star's snake, which features in his stage act, must have its own work permit before they'll allow it into the country. Quite right too, mumbles a disgruntled *T-Zer,* bloody snakes coming over here, stealing our jobs, tempting our women . . .

NEWS from Germany — or rather **Chris Bohn,** who's the next best thing — that **Moritz Rrr** *(Get that phone will you? — Ed)* — no, no, that's his name, **Moritz Rrr** *(Will somebody answer that? — Different Ed)* — has designed the sleeve of the next **Depeche Mode** single, 'See You', a punningly-titled ode to the Commercial Union, or so we're assured . . .

Black out time for **Barry Manilow**. Manchester councillors threatened the heart-throb crooner (real name **Norman Tebbitt)** with a High Court injunction unless he restrained his fans from lighting candles during shows at the city's Apollo Theatre. The candle-lighting is an essential ritual at Manilow concerts, commemorating the famous occasion at a 1974 Poughkeepsie show where the singer's false nose fell off onstage and he was unable to find it in the dark . . .

Quote of the week must come from the 20 stone **Meatloaf** — America's answer to **Cyril Smith** — who says "I've always had sex appeal, though it's hard to explain why." *T-Zers* can't even begin to . . .

Fun-loving **Kevin Rowland,** or **GBH** to his friends, writes an essay to tell us that the next **Dexy's** LP will be produced by the **Langer/Winstanley** team who've done so well for **Teardrop** and **Madness.** It seems **Tony Hatch** was too busy . . .

Clare Grogan had her image altered while recording for *Swapshop* when fellow band member **Tony McDade** accidentally bashed her on the bonce with his guitar, causing "a lump the size of a golfball" (A golfing doctor). **Errol** tells us that as Clare's head is only the size of a golfball to begin with, the injury is more serious than it sounds . . ,

THE only slightly less-famous **Paul McCartney** — the ex-**Wings** bassist, in case you've forgotten — has also been in the wars, punching and kicking photographer **Paul Massey** in the foyer of a BBC studio where he was to record *Desert Island Discs. T-Zers* reckons this was a bit extreme, even though Massey does work for the *Daily Star.* Macca later apologised, which is more than he's ever done for 'Mull Of Kintyre' . . .

Talking of The Street Of Shame, *T-Zers* hears rumours that **Rupert Murdoch's** News International organisation has bid for a 51% share of **Richard Branson's** disastrous *Event* magazine — and this only days after Branson had failed to buy a large stake in *Time Out. T-Zers* suggests that the Dirty Digger trots along to the Virgin Megastore where what seems like the entire print-run of *Event* is palmed off free each week on protesting customers . . .

Sticking with the nice guys, we hear that train-robber **Ronald Biggs** has formed a Brazilian pop group called **Evil Mouth** and wants to play at Dingwalls. This *T-Zer* would rather watch Alice Cooper's snake . . .

Zooming off into the realms of High Art, we can reveal that Mekon **Mark White** has an exhibition of paintings currently on view at Crouch End library, one of which has already been purchased by the **Human League**'s new manager, **Rob Warr**. *T-Zers'* favourite, glimpsed by our man in smock and beret, depicts a pair of socks hanging above an inscription that reads: "No matter how much I love you, I'm not washing your socks." Mr White does not have a goatee

And **Garry Numan** has no luck in the air. The flying synthesiser made a forced landing at an RAF base in Hampshire last week, due to bad weather conditions. The strange thing was that, on landing, he asked "Is this Calcutta?" . . .

Here's another strange thing — The Who's **Kenny Jones** applied for the vacant drum-seat in **Theatre Of Hate,** but the job went to the totally unknown **Nigel Preston,** who tells us "Everything I know was taught to me by **Tony Stewart**" . . .

BIZARRE? **Stevo,** Bizzare supremo and manager of **Soft Cell,** is the brother of Joseph Pearce, editor of the National Front's *Bulldog* paper, who was jailed recently for inciting racial hatred . . .

Help! Bands wishing to aid **The World's Fifth Most Wonderful Human Being** are urged to offer their services to Rock Against The Law Lords, a new organisation set up by Fare Fight, the people who are campaigning to reverse the Lords decision that the London Transport cheap fares scheme was illegal. Anyone interested should ring **Peter Normington** on 01-764 9318 . . .

In for one good cause, in for another. This Saturday (30th), **Talkover, Jangeletties** and **Tablet** are playing an anti-nukes benefit at the Frontline Theatre, 57 Atlantic Rd, SW2 (Brixton tube) . . .

'Ghost Town's' topping of both *NME* readers *and* writers poll makes it the first single to do so since, oh, at least 1976, and **Thin Lizzy's** 'The Boys Are Back In Town'. Thin who? . . .

Well, there you go, another poll over, February nearly with us, and only 11 months now until **Jimi Hendrix** turns into a Merman . . .

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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